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# CONTENTS

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1. June (Poem) .....	1
2. Eliza J. Lindley.....	2
3. A Day at Woodbrooke.....	4
4. The Present Day Status of International Arbitration .....	7
5. Oratorical Contests.....	21
6. Commencement.....	23
7. Freshmen Declamation Contest.....	28
8. Editorials.....	29
9. Exchanges.....	31
10. Athletics .....	32
11. Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	36
12. Locals and Personals.....	37
13. Directory.....	39



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# The Guilford Collegian.

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## JUNE.

The birds of spring are singing,  
The wedding bells are ringing,  
    There's honey in the honeysuckle vine,  
The humming birds are humming,  
The sunshine keeps a-coming,  
    Corn is good and wheat is looking fine.

Now, tell me, what's the reason  
At this particular season,  
    The world and all that's in it is in tune.  
There's little strangeness in it,  
If you'll think for just a minute,  
    You'll see it's just because this month is June.

“E. H.” '13.

## ELIZA J. LINDLEY.

Eliza J. Lindley, the daughter of Samuel and Mary Hill, was born in Randolph county, N. C., the 8th of 2nd Mo., 1826. She was the last of a family of fourteen children to pass away. Never robust in health, she lived to be older than any of her brothers and sisters. Her father was a man of liberal sentiment, interested in everything that pertained to the welfare of church and community. He was a man of executive ability who taught his children that idleness was to have no place in their lives—they must do something with a purpose. He was one of the promoters and supporters of New Garden Boarding School, and a member of the first Board of Trustees. He owned a large tract of land on Uwharrie river and there reared his family. He afterward moved to Union—now Randleman—and was one of the largest stockholders in Union factory.

Most of his children attended New Garden Boarding School, and it was while there that Eliza and her sister were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their mother, who was a member of the Yearly Meeting's Boarding School committee, when a messenger arrived with the crushing news of the sudden death of their mother that morning. This threw the responsibility of the home on the eldest sister, Anna, to whom Eliza was devotedly attached.

In 1850 Eliza married Dr. Alfred H. Lindley, of Chatham county. They made their home at the Lindley homestead until the beginning of the "Civil War," when they removed with their growing family and Dr. Lindley's mother to Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Eliza was, from childhood, quick to grasp ideas and greatly enjoyed wit and merriment; even in her eighty-seventh year she laughed as heartily as a girl. A certain stateliness of bearing and character was always present with her, though she never held herself aloof from any one.

She was a life long and useful member of the Society of Friends, giving largely to the support of the church and gladly

sharing her home with those who were traveling in the ministry, and carefully entertaining those who needed her assistance. Her religious life was not of the fluctuating kind. She knew on whom she had believed and under the most trying circumstances and bereavements she was enabled to go forward with a zeal that is well worth our emulation. Her faith was clear and strong, but not dogmatic. She kept abreast of the religious as well as the political world, and was able to look at questions fairly without presuming to dictate. She had remarkable self control, seldom allowing herself to be surprised into unadvised expressions. She was a good listener and remembered accurately. She was unassuming and though in her later years, possessing much wealth, she adhered to simplicity of life and appreciated worth of character wherever found. She was intensely interested in people and much of her assistance was given without her left hand knowing what her right hand did.

She was one of the earliest members of the Women's Christian Association of Minneapolis and also one of the prime movers in and contributors to the work of one of its branches, the "Woman's Boarding Home," and for forty years until her death, was president of its board of directors.

Eliza and Dr. Lindley were much interested in education and contributed liberally to Earlham, Guilford and Penn Colleges. Their donation was the first given to the Endowment Fund of Guilford College.

There was a peculiar sacredness in the relation between herself and husband that continued through more than fifty years. Each had the greatest admiration for and confidence in the other and each was equally solicitous for the welfare of the other. Dr. Lindley preceded her only a few years, to await her coming. Her devotion to her family was beautiful as was also the devotion of her son, Clarkson, and his family to her. He was the only one of her five children left her in her old age. She passed beyond the 18th of 2nd Mo., 1913.

## A DAY AT WOODBROOKE.

To begin the day early is not in keeping with the English love of a cold sponge or plunge and so at Woodbrooke breakfast does not come until eight o'clock. At this hour the students and other inmates of the building file into the dining room where is one long table with a T at each end. The chairs are moved back to the walls on either side and after the servants have filed in and have taken their seats the warden reads a whole chapter (long or short) and then follows a corresponding period of silence. This seems unusually long when one has just found several letters in her "pigeon hole" and is anxious to know their contents. With the morning Bible reading over and after the servants have disappeared we all move up to the table and certain ones pass the "porridge" and others the coffee or tea as one chooses. This meal is very informal and we wait on ourselves getting up and getting bread or eggs or butter or marmalade. Breakfast always consists of "porridge," and toast and butter (never salted), some sort of meat or eggs (always a choice between two), and bread and marmalade or honey. These are all eaten from different plates and when done with one kind you are supposed to place the empty plate on a side table unless your neighbor chances to do it for you. "In clearing away" we have our week "on duty" and in the month I've had only one week thus far. The boys too have a share and all work together. At 8.40 we assemble in the lecture hall for a devotional period of 20 minutes' duration and these are very soul-filling times. There is simply the silence which is living with now and then the spoken word or prayer. Lectures begin at 9.45 and there are three each morning, but no student is likely to have all three as they do not suppose we shall take more than 10 or 11 per week. These lectures are on religious (Biblical) and social topics, and while attendance is not compulsory you are supposed to be present regularly. Lunch is quite a repetition of breakfast, in manner. There are no fixed seats and every one has a pigeon hole just out the dining room door where the

“serviette” (napkin) is kept and on entering the dining room one usually takes the most convenient vacant seat. Lunch consists of some sort of hot vegetable fixed up in a nice way, and a salad and cheese (always cheese three times a day), some sort of jam and green fruit. But the oranges and apples would hardly stand a showing in an American market, they are so small. England certainly does not know what good fruit is. Till four o’clock is the recreation hour and one goes to walk over England’s fine roads or plays tennis or croquet or goes in to Birmingham. Frequently trips are planned and we visit some place of interest. For example, we were taken through the Cadbury cocoa works last Thursday, but it would take a whole paper to describe the trip. At four o’clock we have tea, which is served in the common room (parlor). The bell rings for this just as for any other meal and we have with the tea bread and butter in the thinnest slices and cake.

From tea till dinner there are some few lectures or seminary work. Dinner comes at seven o’clock and is quite a set meal; the maids are in service here in their black dresses and white aprons (they wear blue or prints in the morning). The maids do all the serving at this and there are always three courses. The first course is always lamb or beef (a choice) and vegetables—potatoes and onions (good ones) and spinach and something else which they call cabbage, but which has no resemblance either in looks or taste to the American dish so called. The second course is always rice pudding with fruit (the fruit varies) or some sort of pudding, either plum or suet or lemon, and it is always good. The third course is invariably crackers (they say biscuit), cheese and butter. The warden frequently has some guest (we nearly always have visitors) tell us a story or in some way give a sort of toast.

After dinner we meet in the common room and sometimes have music (especially on Sunday night) or have informal discussions on various topics or perchance we may have nothing and then we read or write or whatever we like till ten p. m., when we have our evening hymn, all standing and the hymn sung all through, even if there are eight verses as there were tonight.



Thus goes our day. But it does not give you an idea of the good fellowship or the variety of life which we have here. There are four from Australia, three from Holland, four from Norway, one from Persia, four from "Merrika," and the rest are H-English if they are not Scotch.

English weather can be charming, but it mostly "weeps in rainy tears," but no matter what is planned we never stop for rain unless it be a tennis game and hardly that. Neither do men or women bother very much with umbrellas and I have yet to see the first use of overshoes by the students. The rain-coat is a very necessary article and the hats worn by the women of English are such that rain does not hurt them very much.

England and the English are very nice, but I must say that I can sing "America" now with greater appreciation than ever before.

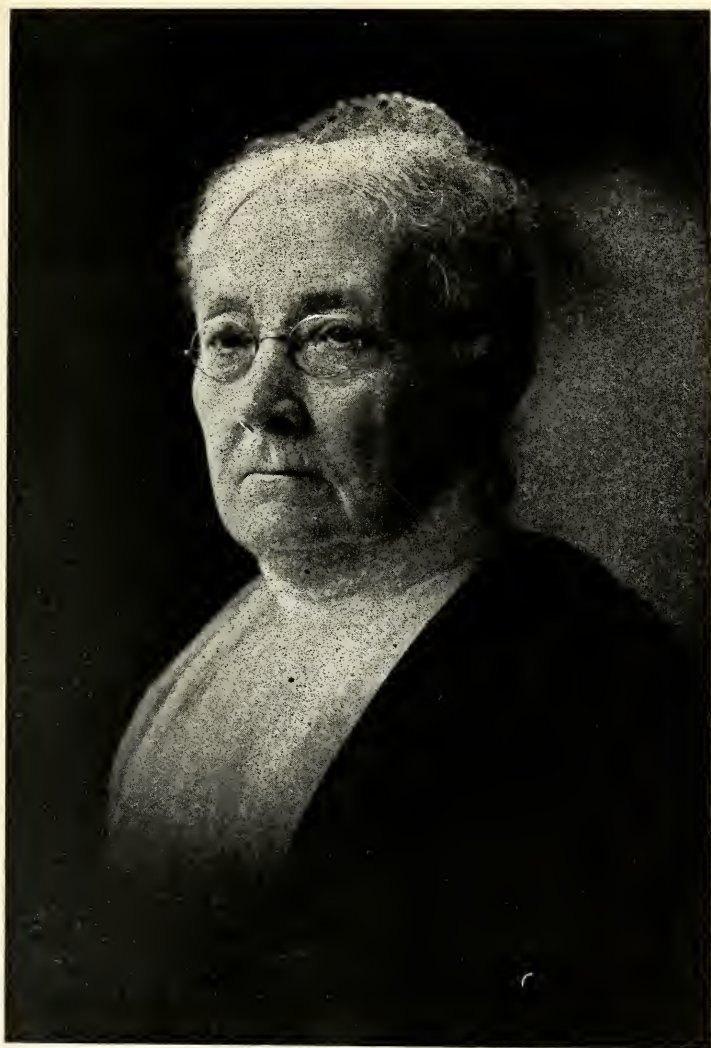
"I love its rocks and rills,  
Its woods and temple hills."

JULIA S. WHITE.

Selly Oak, Birmingham, England.







Eliza J. Lindley



THE PRESENT STATUS OF INTERNATIONAL  
ARBITRATION.

(The one hundred dollar prize-winning essay by Bryant Smith in the fifth Pugsley prize contest, under the auspices of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration 1912-1913.)

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## THE PUGSLEY PRIZE ESSAY CONTESTS.

In 1908, Mr. Chester DeWitt Pugsley, then an undergraduate student in Harvard University, gave \$50 as a prize to be offered by the Lake Mohonk Conference for the best essay on "International Arbitration" by an undergraduate student of an American college. The prize was won by L. B. Bobbitt, of Baltimore, a sophomore in Johns Hopkins University. The following year (1909-10) a similar prize of \$100 was won by George Knowles Gardner, of Worcester, Mass., a Harvard sophomore. A like prize of \$100 in 1910-1911 was won by Harry Posner, of West Point, Miss., a senior in the Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College.

The prize of 1911-12 of which John K. Starkweather, of Denver, Colo., a junior in Brown University, was the winner, was the first offered to men students only (other similar prizes having been offered to women students) in the United States and Canada.

In the fifth Pugsley contest (1912-13) the prize was awarded to Bryant Smith, of Guilford College, N. C., a senior in Guilford College, at the same place, whose essay follows. The judges were Chancellor Elmer Ellsworth Brown, of New York University, Rollo Ogden, Editor of the New York Evening Post, and Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., retired.

Each winner is invited to the Lake Mohonk Conference next

following, where he publicly receives the prize from its donor, Mr. Pugsley.

The winning essays in the first, second and third contests are printed in the annual reports of the Lake Mohonk Conference for 1909, 1910 and 1911 respectively, while the winning essay of 1911-12 is printed separately in pamphlet form.

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The first concerted effort looking toward an eventual world-wide peace and international solidarity was the Hague Conference of 1899, where representatives of twenty-six nations assembled in response to a Rescript from the Czar of Russia, whose avowed purpose, as set forth in the Rescript, was to discuss ways and, if possible, devise means, to arrest the alarming increase in expenditures for armaments which threatened to bankrupt the national governments.

Unable to accomplish anything definite in this respect because of the vigorous opposition headed by Germany, the delegates turned their attention toward giving official recognition and concrete form to ideas which had already obtained in the settlement of international disputes, and toward the formation of a court before which the nations might have their differences adjudicated. The principles embodied in Good Offices and Mediation and Commissions of Inquiry have given gratifying evidence of their efficiency, each in its respective capacity. The original achievement of the Conference, however, was the Permanent Court of Arbitration. The composition of this court was to include not more than four persons from each of the signatory powers, from which panel, in case of an appeal to arbitration, each party was to select two judges, who, in turn, should elect their own umpire unless otherwise provided by the disputants. That it would be subject to criticism might have been expected. That twenty-six nations could unanimously agree upon any court whatever was the real occasion for surprise. The four cases arbitrated during the eight years intervening between this and the Second Hague Conference served

to bring out its defects, chief of which was its decentralized and intangible nature. Nominally a court, in reality it was but a panel scattered all over the world from which a court could, with great difficulty and expense, be selected. Nominally permanent, in reality it had to be re-created for each case to be judged.

The Second Hague Conference, working on a basis of this short experience, undertook to remedy these inherent defects in the arbitral machinery by leaving the Permanent Court just as it was, and by creating besides an International Court of Prize to serve a special function indicated by its name, a Court of Judicial Arbitration to supplement the work of, if not eventually to supplant, the former court. To insure greater impartiality and also to encourage the weaker powers, the expenses of the new court, instead of falling upon the litigants in each case, were to be prorated among the ratifying powers. To insure greater tangibility and permanency, the new court was to be composed of only seventeen members, each to serve a term of twelve years, at a salary of \$2,400.00 per annum, with an additional \$40.00 for each day of actual service. Furthermore, the court was to meet once a year and to elect each year a delegation of three of its members to sit at The Hague for settling minor cases arising in the interval between regular sessions, having the power also to call extra sessions of the entire court whenever occasion should demand. To insure a more judicial personnel, the Convention specifies that members shall be qualified to hold high legal posts in their respective countries. The method by which members of the court were to be appointed, the one point upon which the delegates were unable to agree, was deferred for subsequent determination.

This, in addition to the one hundred and fifty odd treaties privately entered into by two or more nations, many of which contain pledges to submit certain classes of disputes to the Permanent Court, is, in brief, what has been accomplished by way of constructive political organization by the modern peace movement.

How much does this signify? In view of the present attitude of the social mind, what are we to infer from this as bearing upon the ultimate outcome of international arbitration? It shall be the purpose of this paper to answer that question.

In an address before the Mohonk Conference of 1911, Dr. Cyrus Northup, ex-President of the University of Minnesota, said: "What is really wanted is not continued talking in favor of peace with the idea of converting the people; for the people are already converted! They are ready for peace and arbitration!" In the October number of the Review of Reviews for 1909, Privy Councillor Karl Von Stengel, one of the German delegation to the First Hague Conference, is quoted as follows: "It must be stated emphatically that in its ultimate aims the peace movement is not only . . . Utopian, but . . . dangerous . . . ." These quotations are given as typical of the attitude manifested by the two extremes, the injudiciously optimistic and the ultra-conservative, toward every social reform. All true progress pursues a course intermediate to these two.

The idea entertained by so many enthusiastic peace advocates, that the world is ready for peace if we but had institutional facilities adequate to carry out the will of the people, is erroneous. In all democratic states political institutions are but a concrete expression of the social mind, the media created by the people, through which society executes its will. "With a given phase of human character . . . there must go an adapted class of institutions." Therefore, I submit that if the people were ready for peace they could easily provide the means necessary for its accomplishment.

The first gentleman quoted above drew his conclusion from the indications that of the two million inhabitants of his state, one million nine hundred thousand would favor arbitration as shown by the enthusiasm manifested at a meeting of the State Peace Society a few weeks before. Similar conditions in other parts of the country, he thought, would corroborated the application of his assertion to the entire country. Such a conclusion is fallacious in that it fails to consider three essential facts



about the people of the United States, which largely determine the attitude of any people toward war. First, they have no grievance. Second, no appeal is being made to their patriotic bias. Third, their emotions and passions are quiescent.

The first of these needs only brief mention. No people in this enlightened age wishes to fight as a matter of course, regardless of any reasonable pretext. If nations never had any personal interests involved, there would, of course, be no more war. In this respect the people of the United States are not ahead of the other parts of the civilized world. Disinterested parties have been in favor of peace for two thousand years.

The other two facts deserve more extended consideration.

The disposition in individuals to pluck motes out of their neighbors' eyes and leave beams in their own, in the nation becomes what Herbert Spencer calls the bias of patriotism. According to him patriotism is but an extended self-interest. We love our country because our own interests and our country's interests are one. Unable to view international affairs apart from national interests, we are handicapped in making those balanced judgments necessary to judicial arbitration. An act reprehensible under the Union Jack becomes patriotic under the Stars and Stripes. At both Hague Conferences all the powers were seemingly in favor of curtailing expenditures for armaments. The unprecedented increase in expenditures which followed bespeaks their sincerity, or, rather, bespeaks each nation's mistrust of the sincerity of others. A number of years ago the Farmers' Alliance, organized in some of the Southern tobacco states, voted to reduce the acreage of tobacco for a given year in order to raise the price. So many members tried to profit by this opportunity to realize a high price for a big crop that there was a greater acreage planted that year than ever before. Can we expect better of groups than of the individuals of which the groups are composed? Most nations question the justice of Russia's policy leading up to the War with Japan, England's course in South Africa, and America's attitude toward the Philippines; yet the body of citizens of each of these three countries, while concurring in the general

opinion concerning the other two, justifies its own government's actions with patriotic pride.

The chief respect in which this bias interferes with the progress of international arbitration is in restricting the scope of general arbitration treaties, the average formula of such treaty excluding all questions which involve "national honor and vital interests." A greatly modified survival of the spirit which in primitive peoples regarded the tribe over the mountain or across the stream as a fit object of hatred and fear, the objection to a judicial settlement of such questions assumes that a nation's honor and vital interests are goods peculiar in that they may be inconsistent with justice. The attitude of the United States toward the recently proposed treaty between England and America may be taken as typical of the attitude which prevails on this subject generally. The formulatoꝛs of the treaty took an advanced step in that, instead of reserving questions of national honor and vital interests, they provided for the arbitration of all differences which are "justiciable in their nature by reason of being susceptible of decision by the application of principles of law or equity," thereby recognizing the judicial nature of arbitration. The action of the Senate, however, which sustained the opinion of the Majority Report of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, objecting to the last clause of Article III. of the treaty, would indicate that the significance of a general arbitration treaty attaches not so much to the definition of its scope as to who shall determine what cases conform to the definition. It would seem that the nature of the reservation is relatively unimportant so long as its interpretation devolves upon the parties at variance. The Majority Report, objecting to the delegation to the Joint High Commission of the power to determine the arbitrability of cases in terms of the treaty, contains this statement in which the Minority Report likewise concurs: "Every one agrees that there are certain questions which no nation . . . will ever submit to the decision of any one else." As cases of this nature it enumerates territorial integrity, admission of immigrants, and our Monroe Doctrine. The significance of this insistence



upon a means of evasion is evident. There is not yet enough international confidence. The powers are not yet ready to submit to unlimited arbitration.

The other enemy to rational judgment,—and rational judgment must be the only basis of arbitration,—is the danger of emotionalism. The average man is yet largely irrational. When cool and self-possessed, and when his prejudices and traditions do not interfere, he can pass rational judgment upon questions in which his own interests are not concerned; but when his passions are aroused he dispenses with any effort to reason and acts in obedience to blind impulse. He knows that it is expensive to fight, that it is dangerous and that it is wrong; but when he is provoked, he fights. The characteristics of the average man are the characteristics of society. We have not yet outgrown the mob.

Interwoven with this impulsive temperament and associated with some of the most cherished affections of the human heart, is the spirit of war, developed by thousands of generations of ancestral conflict and passed on to us an heritage to be rooted out of our nature before we shall realize in its fulness the ideal for which we strive. Mortal conflict sanctified by religion, devastation idealized by literature, pillage justified by patriotism, fellow-destruction ennobled by self-sacrifice,—these form a complex of contradictory emotions from which men are as yet unable to unravel the one essential characteristic of war, namely; the attempt to dispense justice in a trial by battle, and make it stand out in its revealed inconsistency, dissociated from its traditional concomitants of which it is neither part nor parcel. The romance of knighthood and chivalry still appeals to the human heart, notwithstanding the fact that war, love and religion, the knight's creed, are an inconsistent combination. Most men can be made to see this in their minds, but cannot be made to feel it in their souls. Many old Civil War veterans, who would not consent for their sons to volunteer in the Spanish-American War, would have gone themselves had they been able. Some did go. To men so disposed it is useless to talk of the horrors of war. Give us a just griev-

ance; let some competent enthusiast inflame this passion with a war cry like "Remember the Maine," "Fifty-four forty or fight," "Liberty or Death," and reinforced by the animal inherent in man, it will arouse popular demonstrations devoid of all reason, creating a force that cannot be controlled by a cold, calculating intellect. Can you listen to a bugle call on a clear still night without a quickening of the pulse as there flashes through your soul a suggestion of all past history with its marshalling hosts and heroic deeds? Can you see a military parade without a suggestion of Dixie and The Star Spangled Banner, or feeling your bosom swell with patriotic pride? This association may be, and doubtless is, a delusion, but it is a delusion developed and fortified by thousands of years of custom and precedent and it would be contrary to the history of human progress if man should become disillusionized in one generation. It may take centuries. If we are to have international arbitration in the near future, we must have it in spite of this spirit of war rather than by destroying the spirit. In fact, the only practical way to destroy it is to let it, like vestigial organs of which biologists tell us, degenerate from disuse. This inherited emotional tendency remains as a threat with which we, as exponents of arbitration, must reckon before we are justified in saying that the world is ready for peace.

.Because of these two social characteristics, the patriotic bias which perverts judgment, and uncontrolled passions which submerge reason, the educational propagandists still have a task to perform.

Let us now examine the stand-pat idea that unlimited arbitration is but a dream as expressed in the quotation from Privy Councillor Stengel. This is further from the truth than the other extreme just discussed. He who will, with an unprejudiced mind, examine cross-sections of history at widely separated stages, cannot fail to see that along with the growing tendency of reason to predominate over passion, superstition and custom, has been a parallel tendency to restrict militarism as a social activity. From war conceived as religion to war as

patriotism, then war as commercialism and the tool of ambition, man is now coming to the more rational conception of war as the despoiler of nations. David speaks of the "season of the year" when nations went forth to battle. Fifteen hundred years later, governments pretended at least to justify their military operations on rational grounds. Today war is the last resort, and even its most ardent defenders do not attempt to justify it except in disputes which involve national honor and vital interests.

In view of the foregoing facts, it is evident that the modern peace movement has by no means the whole of the task to perform. Rather, we can almost justify ourselves in the assumption that war is not long to remain one of our social inconsistencies and that it is now making its last, and, therefore, most determined, stand on questions of national honor and vital interests.

Among the numerous forces contributing to this evolution of international peace, the chief agencies have been, and still are, moral and industrial. These same forces are working today with cumulative effect.

Warfare is becoming more and more inconsistent with the ethical spirit of the times. Men may talk of the expenses, horrors, and devastations of war as paramount causes for the tendency to substitute arbitration; but antedating all other causes, underlying and strengthening all others, is the slowly changing social conscience which, as each generation passes, appreciates more fully warfare's inconsistency with justice and antagonism to right. This same cause found civilized society taking keen delight in the heathen barbarity of a gladiatorial combat, and has transformed and lifted it up to where it is horrified at a bull-baiting or a prize fight. It found human beings with absolute power of life and death over other human beings and has evolved the view that all men are created free and equal. It found individuals settling questions of honor by a resort to arms, and has substituted therefor a judge, council and a jury. These three institutions, gladiatorial combats, slavery and dueling, were no more regarded in their day as

only temporary phenomena of social evolution than is war so regarded by military sympathizers of today, yet these have one by one been eliminated, and war is fast becoming as much out of harmony with the ethical spirit of this age as was each of the above out of harmony with the spirit of the age which dispensed with it, and the effort to demonstrate that war is just as dispensable is meeting with success. The teachings of Christ, who two thousand years ago announced the doctrine of human brotherhood and surrendered his life to make this doctrine effective, have slowly but surely wrought their leavening influence upon the source of all war, namely, the hearts of men. Warfare has for centuries been gradually yielding to deepening consciousness and that it must eventually, if not soon, take its place beside the long discarded gladiatorial profession, the outlawed slave trade, and the discountenanced custom of the duelist, must be evident to any one who takes more than a superficial view of the great determining forces which shape human progress.

Besides moral forces, industrial forces were mentioned as a factor tending to the adoption of arbitration. During recent times, under the impetus caused by the relatively modern innovations of steam, electricity and the press, this class of causes has been unusually effective. Industry has overstepped international boundary lines. Through the division of labor we are passing from the independence of nations to the interdependence of nations. International banking, transportation, and commerce, by establishing communities of interest in all parts of the world, are binding the peoples of the earth into one great industrial organization. As striking evidence of this development, more than one hundred and fifty international associations and more than thirty-five international unions of states have been formed. The modern intricate system of communication is a veritable nervous system which, in the event of any local paralysis or upheaval, informs the entire industrial organism. The figure is no longer the "shot, heard round the world," but becomes the "pulse-beat, felt round the world." If Spencer's definition of patriotism, that is co-exten-

sive with personal interests, is correct, the bias of patriotism cannot retard the progress of arbitration much longer; for patriotism will be a world-wide feeling, since personal interests are no longer restricted to nationality.

No, Herr Stengel, each passing year finds the causes which make for war weakened and the causes which make for arbitration proportionately reinforced. The skeptics are the dreamers and the peace workers are the practical men of affairs.

From the foregoing synopsis of the technical accomplishments of the modern peace movement to date, and from the effort to interpret their significance in the light of fundamental social characteristics and the present social attitude, I trust three things have become evident.

First. The movement for international peace through arbitration, far from being a mere bubble on the surface of society to be burst by the first war cloud which appears on the horizon, is a movement, centuries old, coincident with social evolution, deep-rooted in the very nature of a developing world-wide civilization.

Second. International peace through arbitration is not to be a ready-made affair, coming in on the crest of some wave of popular enthusiasm as was expected by many in 1899.

Third. Being an outgrowth of the natural laws of human development, a result so much deeper and more fundamental than political laws can produce, international peace through arbitration may be furthered, but cannot be accomplished, by legislation; may be delayed, but cannot be prevented, by the neglect to legislate. To undertake to hasten arbitration by forcing legislative proceedings beyond what the people will indorse, would be as futile as to turn up the hands of the clock to hasten the passage of time.

To those who can appreciate these facts there is no occasion for discouragement in the suspicious attitude manifested by the powers toward any definite step in the direction of unrestricted arbitration, apparently so inconsistent with their general pacific professions. "Rapid growth and quickly accomplished reforms are necessarily unsound, incomplete, and disappointing."



With the truth of these deductions granted, it would seem safe to assume that the institutions for the settlement of international difficulties will develop in much the same way as have the institutions for the settlement of difficulties between individuals. It should be profitable, therefore, to compare the present growth of arbitration with the evolution and decay of the various modes of trial as the idea of judicial settlement diffused itself through the mind of the English people causing established forms to give way to something better. Dispensing with the Blood Feud, which hardly deserves the name of trial, the oldest form of such institution was Trial by Ordeal which, according to Thayer in his Evidence at the Common Law, seems to have been "indigenous with the human creature in the earliest stages of his development." This form gradually fell into disuse before the more rational form of Compurgation introduced into Teutonic Courts in the fifth century. In 1215 it was formally abolished. Compurgation was abolished in 1440 as its inferiority to Trial by Witnesses became fully recognized. In the latter form, instituted early in the ninth century, when the witnesses disagreed, the judicial talent of the day conceived of no other method of decision than to fight it out. Thus we have Trial by Witnesses and Trial by Battle developing concurrently, although they were recognized as distinct forms. After two centuries of effort to abolish it, Trial by Battle was made illegal in 1833, the last case recorded as being so decided occurring in 1835. Out of the Trial by Witnesses has evolved our modern Trial by Jury, at first limited to certain unimportant cases, then having its sphere extended as its superiority became more evident, until finally it superseded all other forms and today is the accepted mode of settling even questions of honor.

The growth and extension of international arbitration has not been dissimilar to this. Six cases were arbitrated in the eighteenth century, four hundred and seventy-one in the nineteenth, while more than one hundred and fifty cases have been arbitrated during the first thirteen years of the twentieth century. Between the First and Second Hague Conferences only four cases were submitted to the Permanent Court of Arbitra-

tion. Since the Second Conference, notwithstanding the unsatisfactory disposition of the Venezuelan affair, eight cases have been tried, a ninth is pending, a tenth will soon be docketed if the United States is not to act the hypocrite in her international relations by refusing to submit to England's request to arbitrate the question as to whether or no we exempt our coastwise vessels from toll duty through the Panama Canal. Defects have been detected in the Permanent Court of Arbitration and we are well on the way toward a better court. Representatives of only twenty-six nations took part in the deliberations of the First Hague Conference; representatives of forty-four nations took part in the deliberations of the Second Hague Conference. Wars of aggression and conquest, though not formally outlawed, are effectively so, and arbitration for the recovery of contract debts is now practically obligatory. As time passes and its feasibility gains credence, arbitration, like the jury trial, will extend its sphere of usefulness until it too settles questions of honor. Nor need we imply from this analogy that it will take such an age to accomplish this result. Because of the increased mobility of society, resulting from the greater like-mindedness and consciousness of kind incident to our modern communities of interests and systems of communication, and from our greater susceptibility to rational rather than traditional appeals, a reform can be wrought more easily and the people can adjust themselves to the change far more readily than several centuries ago.

Bearing in mind, then, our attempted analysis of counter social forces at work, our deductions from this analysis, and the foregoing analogy whose significance grows out of the truth of these deductions, let us conclude with a suggestion as to what the next Hague Conference should attempt. It should, of course, like the former Conferences, extract as many teeth as possible from war. As to improving our arbitration facilities, its first task evidently should be to determine some method whereby members of the Judicial Arbitration Court shall be apportioned and selected. If, as has been suggested, it is decided to use the same scheme of apportionment as that for the International Court of Prize, the provision that each party to

a case shall have a representative on the bench should be changed so as to provide that neither party shall have a representative on the bench. If this court is not to be a misnomer like the Permanent Court of Arbitration, its rulings must be in accord with the principles of jurisprudence rather than with the spirit of compromise such a provision would tend to produce. With this accomplished and the Judicial Court of Arbitration put in practical working order "of free and easy access" to the powers, it may be doubted whether anything further can be done. If the powers can be made to agree to submit to the court all cases growing out of the disputed interpretation of treaties, a great advance will have been made, but it is doubtful whether the present state of public opinion would indorse such a progressive step. These international legislators can do no more than provide channels through which the spirit of international peace can exercise itself as it expands, and the Judicial Court of Arbitration, at the optional use of the nations, conforms admirably to this requirement. The delegates should, therefore, avoid the universal tendency of such bodies to legislate too much. None of these Hague Conferences can alone accomplish the ultimate purpose of the so-called dreamers, but each Conference may be a landmark on the upward journey toward that consummation, anticipated by Utopians from the earliest times, foretold by prophets from Micah and Isaiah to Robert Burns and Tennyson, labored for by practical statesmen from Hugo Grotius to William H. Taft, when each man shall be a native of his state and a citizen of the world.

#### AUTHORITIES.

For Acts and Conventions of Hague Conferences: Texts of the Peace Conferences by James Brown Scott.

For Data Concerning Proposed Treaty with England: Text of Treaty and Majority and Minority Reports of Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.

For Statistics of Arbitration Treaties: Revised List of Arbitration Treaties, compiled by Denys P. Myers.

For Development of Trial by Jury: Evidence at the Common Law by Thayer.



## THE ORATORICAL CONTESTS.

A speaker at our college recently remarked that the art of oratory was coming to be regarded as one of the less important arts in most colleges.

This is not the case at Guilford College however. Great encouragement is given to the young people in this line by the four literary societies and the faculty of the college. The societies give valuable prizes annually in debating contests in society and in public oratorical contests. The faculty show their hearty co-operation with the societies, by their willingness to suggest subjects and correct orations.

The first of thees oratorical contests this year was the one given by the Philomathean Literary Society April 18, at Memorial Hall. There were five young ladies in this contest and they all did credit to their society. The successful contestant was Miss Katharine Dorsett, a member of the Sophomore class. Miss Dorsett very enthusiastically rendered her oration on the subject, "William Booth and the Salvation Army." Other interesting features of the evening were an instrumental solo by Miss Lillian Simmons and a vocal solo by Miss Hazel Harmon. Miss Harmon is of the class of '12 and a former Philomathean. She as well as her voice is greatly loved at the college.

The second contest in the series was the twenty-sixth annual contest of the Henry Clay Literary Society Saturday, April 26, in Memorial Hall. The six orations showed the result of clear thinking and systematic research work. The last oration though, "A Lesson from Denmark" by W. Alpheus White, Jr., won the prize, a gold medal, and with it the great applause and approval of the audience in his impressive appeal for the conservation of our resources in the South, which could and is already beginning to bring about such striking results as those realized in Denmark as a result of improving what it had.

Vocal selections by Hugh A. Stuart were, as they always are, greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The Zatasian Literary Society gave its annual contest Saturday, May 3rd, at Memorial Hall. Miss Ella Davis Young gracefully and efficiently presided and the six young ladies gave six interesting and for the most part well developed orations. The last speaker, Helen Clare East, won the prize, a complete set of Shakespeare, on her comprehensive oration, "The Power of Reduction," in which she drew some wonderful lessons from the power to form and reform habits.

The last oratorical contest of the spring was the one of May 17, by the Websterian Literary Society. The audience was highly entertained by the well written and well rendered orations of the six Websterian orators. Three or four of the orations showed especially good thought and broad-minded views. The subjects were just the kind in which such earnest, enthusiastic young men should be interested. David E. Henley won a Webster's Dictionary as a prize for being the most successful. His oration on "The Power of the Press" appealed to every thinking person present, as the evils or possibilities of the press were so vividly pictured. While the judges, Messrs. Thomas R. Foust, R. M. Vestal and W. C. Hammond, retired, the Websterian quartet rendered "I'd Like to Go Down Souf Once Mo'."

Though only one from each contest could win the offered prize, yet all won something which will be to them worth more than the mere value of the prizes given to the successful contestants. And the successful contestants won the experience plus the material prize.

## COMMENCEMENT.

No commencement in the history of Guilford College has passed off more smoothly than has the one just past.

The exercises began on the evening of the 24th with a musical recital under the direction of the musical instructors, Misses Craig and Dawson.

The auditorium in Memorial Hall was filled and the program rendered was pronounced by those present up to the usual high standard of such occasions.

Sunday morning, May 25th, came bright and clear. One could not ask for a prettier day, and by 11 o'clock, the hour for the baccalaureate sermon, the new meeting house was well filled.

Prof. Joseph Peele opened the exercises by reading a portion of the third chapter of Proverbs and lead in prayer, after which President Hobbs, with a few well chosen words, introduced Bishop Edward Rondthaler, of Winston-Salem, N. C., who was to preach the baccalaureate sermon. To all who have heard Bishop Rondthaler on such occasions, it is unnecessary to say that his sermon was of a high order. He based his sermon on 1st Thessalonians, 1st chapter and 3rd verse, "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father."

By way of introduction however he began by saying that it was a pleasure for him to come into a Friends community again, since it brought back to mind the pictures of his childhood, and assured him furthermore that he was in a community characterized by the light of faith, hope, and love.

On these three virtues Bishop Rondthaler preached in his simple, but forceful style one of the most impressive sermons ever heard at Guilford College.

To all present he emphasized the fact that faith in work, patient hope that lays hold of work, and love of work, charac-

terized the life of Christ and that of the Apostles and should characterize our lives.

Concluding he said to the graduating class that it was his desire that they graduate upward and not downward along the ideal path of faith, hope and love.

At 8 o'clock on the same day the annual address to the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations was delivered by Dr. Neal L. Anderson, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Winston-Salem, N. C.

Silas J. Lindley, president of the Y. M. C. A. opened the exercise by reading the 19th Psalm, after which Cathaline Pike, president of the Y. W. C. A., led in prayer.

Mr. Lindley then introduced Dr. Anderson, who had for his subject, "Life's Open Vision." He showed in a very forceful manner that this is a time of a great bringing in of the Kingdom of God in the world, and that Christian nations are today extending the church to limits undreamed of in the past.

For the further spreading of Christianity in the world he said that the door is open, especially to the young men and young women of America, since "she holds in her hand the spiritual conquest of the world."

Dr. Anderson's address was scholarly, instructive, and comprehensive, and the Christian Associations at Guilford College were indeed fortunate in having him to address them.

On Monday, May 26, at 2.30 p. m., a large audience gathered in Memorial Hall to listen to the class day exercises of the graduating class. This was the second time that exercises of this kind have been held here, the custom having been started by last year's class. The stage was beautifully decorated in daisies and roses, representing the class colors. The following program was rendered in a highly creditable manner:

1. Salutation by President of Class.....J. T. Chappell
2. Class History .....Tecy Gladys Beaman
3. Class Poem .....Anna Laura Davis
4. Solo—Sword of Ferrera.....Hugh A. Stewart, Jr.
5. Oration—The Loneliness of Leadership.....Bryant Smith
6. Class Prophecy .....Leora Alice Chappel

7. Last Will and Testament.....Kinnie T. Futrell
8. Giftoorian's Presentation.....Eugene H. Marley
9. Song—Pale in the Amber West.....Class Quartet
10. Valedictory .....Ella Davis Young

The program was a real success and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

At the close of the Senior class exercises Monday evening at 4.30 o'clock came the annual baseball game between the Alumni and the Varsity. Some of the star players of former years were in the line-up for the Alumni. Everybody was glad to see "Peck" Dixon, "Cab" Lindsay, and Tate Hill on the field again. They showed that they had not yet forgotten how to play the game, and they along with their team mates allowed the varsity to defeat them by a score of only 8 to 4 in a seven-inning game.

At 8 o'clock on the same evening the twenty-fifth anniversary exercises of the Alumni Association were held in Memorial Hall. President Cox called the Association to order, after which Miss Louise Osborne was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Association. After appointing some committees the president announced that the usual plan of having one member of the alumni to make an address to the Association had been changed and he asked the secretary to read the program, which was as follows:

1. Music.
2. Brief addresses: For the Trustees, J. S. Cox; for the Advisory Committee, Mary E. M. Davis; for the College, President Hobbs; for the Faculty, Prof. J. Franklin Davis; for the Old Students' Association, W. T. Parker.
3. Music.
4. Greetings from the Graduating Classes 1889-1913.
5. Music.

The addresses and words of greeting from members of the various classes, though a digression from former custom, was a complete success and the meeting was enjoyed by all present.



After this meeting a reception in honor of the graduating class was held in the reading room of the Library.

Tuesday, May 27, was to say the least, a rainy day. Despite the inclement weather a large audience again assembled in Memorial Hall, and at 10 o'clock the commencement exercises began. Rev. F. W. Grabs, of Bethania, N. C., conducted devotional exercises. After the singing of an anthem President Hobbs read his report and announcements, and the conferring of degrees followed. Out of twenty-five members in the graduating class, nineteen received the B. A. degree, five their B. S. and two graduated in music.

Next on the program was a solo and President Hobbs then introduced Dr. William Wistar Comfort, of Cornell University, who delivered the annual address to the graduating class. After a few introductory remarks, Dr. Comfort confined himself to a discussion of man's "hobbies" in life.

He said that every person should have a hobby and also should have something else—that it is not what a person has to do, but what he does that counts in the world. Tell me how a man spends his spare moments and I will tell you his character, he said.

Again, Dr. Comfort contended that as we necessarily give ourselves daily for physical strength, we should necessarily give ourselves for some ideal. He said that we must do something more than make a living, we must live a life.

Prof. Joseph Peele closed the exercises with a benediction and the commencement marking the close of one of the most successful years at Guilford College was ended.

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Below is a list of the honors and prizes awarded during the year:

In the Senior class Era Lasley won "highest honors."

The Bryn Mawr scholarship, worth \$400, was won by Era Lasley.

The Haverford scholarship, worth \$300, was won by Baxter K. Richardson.

The Marvin Hardin scholarship for Sophomores, worth \$60, was won by Mary Doan.

The Philomathean oratorical prize was won by Kathryn Dorsett.

The improvement prize by Mamie Ulrich.

The Henry Clay oratorical prize was won by W. A. White, Jr.

The improvement prize by Rhesa Newlin.

The Zatasian oratorical prize was won by Helen East.

The improvement prize by Grace Taylor.

The Websterian oratorical prize was won by David E. Henley.

The improvement prize by Benjamin Watkins.

The Freshman medal for declamation was won by Robert Mitchell.

The prize of \$10 for the best paper on "College Patriotism and How to Secure It" was awarded to Bryant Smith.



## FRESHMAN DECLAMATION CONTEST.

On the evening of May 16 the students of and the community around Guilford College were highly entertained with the annual declamation contest given by the Freshman class who rendered the following program:

Mark Antony's Oration Over Cæsar's Body—Fred H. Morris.

The New South—Fowell H. Mendenhall.

Vesuvius and the Egyptian—Josephine V. Coble.

The Unknown Rider—Edwin B. Carroll.

Virginius—Juliet A. Ballinger.

In L. Catilinain Oratio I.—C. Robert Mitchell.

In addition to these declamations, H. A. Stewart sung in his masterful style, two beautiful selections which added much to the pleasure of the occasion.

The judges, Dr. Meredith, Prof. Downing and Miss Osborne, all from the Guilford College faculty, gave their decision in favor of C. Robert Mitchell, who held the audience completely spellbound while he poured forth his oratory on a portion of Cicero's Oration against Cataline. Not only did Mr. Mitchell deliver his selection in the most creditable style, but also spoke it in Latin, a feat never equaled by a Freshman at Guilford College. The prize was a beautiful gold medal given by the class '05 for the encouragement of literary work among beginners, also a volume of Cicero's Orations was awarded to Mr. Mitchell by Dr. Meredith. The other contestants spoke well, but nothing could equal the charm and novelty of Mr. Mitchell's performance.



# The Guilford Collegian

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Societies

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## Editorials

With this, the last issue of the school year, the new and inexperienced staff takes up its work of editing the Collegian. We appreciate the confidence and trust placed in us by our fellow students and shall endeavor to the extent of our ability to make the Collegian a credit to our college. We also appreciate the fact that this means hard work and that with-

out the co-operation of the student body we shall fail. The college and its intellectual status are judged to no small extent by the degree of excellency manifested in the college publication and for this reason we earnestly ask the co-operation of faculty and students in making the Collegian a success. This issue of the Collegian will reach its readers during the summer vacation and we desire to encourage them to prepare some contribution for use next year. Stories, articles, poems and jokes will be appreciated. Let us therefore, students, faculty and friends, work together in every way possible to make the Collegian for 1913-14 a true mirror of activities and progress at Guilford. The Collegian wishes for its friends a happy vacation.

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*Our Purpose.* Summer is here and with it comes vacation.

As we scatter to our homes, leaving school and school work, how many of us realize why we are going to college? Did we come to school merely because our fathers sent us, as we thought, to pass away the time, or did we enter college with a definite and determined purpose. Many parents sacrifice much in order that their children may reap the benefits of opportunities which were not offered them. They are glad to do this however and bid us good bye with supreme confidence in our ability to "make good." How many of us have betrayed their trust? Did we come to school as a matter of course or did we enter fully realizing that we must work and work hard in order to show our appreciation of our parents' love and self-sacrifice. Every young man and woman should enter college with a purpose to win something. It is true that we cannot always map out our life's work but we can enter into our studies with a zeal and enthusiasm which will broaden and develop our lives in a manner which cannot but be an aid in any pursuit. If we have spent this college year in such a way that we can look back and say "Well done," we shall enter upon our summer's vacation with a happy heart and an easy conscience and after a vacation well spent we shall return to school next year ready and eager for work.

## EXCHANGES.

We are glad to have a number of magazines in the exchange department this month. The exchange editors of the Guilford Collegian have changed places though, so the merits and demerits of the exchanges pointed out this time will be few and meager.

The Earlhamite is always worth reading. Though the May number is not rich in stories, the articles and poems are well worth while. The editorial on Alumni and its place in the college is good. It's what most college students need to read. If the students will apply the golden rule and think of the time when they shall be alumni, they will be more ready to give to the present alumni their just due.

The Buff and the Blue April number is lacking in verse, and has only one story, but the practical articles and exchanges deserve commendation.

We received a number of High School magazines.

The Senior class number of the Black and Gold, gotten out by the Winston High School, is really a very creditable magazine. The illustrations make it very interesting and attractive, and give one a very favorable impression of the Winston High School.

The Lexington High School Magazine has a very interesting variety of contributions.



In summing up the activities in the different phases of college life as they have existed at Guilford during the year just closed, we must unhesitatingly assign the athletic department a place in the first division. Never has there been witnessed so much hard work and such determined efforts among the students to gain a place on the different varsity teams, and never has Guilford, or any other college of North Carolina, excelled the records made in some of phases of athletics here this year. Intense interest has been manifested in most departments during the entire year, which, coupled with the efficient coaching of Charles Doak, has been among the great factors in determining the success of athletics at Guilford this year. Taking the different departments in their chronological order, we first have

#### TENNIS.

While no envious records have been made in this department, still, by the persistent efforts of Messrs. Hartman, Brown and Chappelle, we have been able to maintain our usual standing and have succeeded in breaking even with our opponents.

Quite a lot of enthusiasm has also been shown among the classes in tennis this year. First Messrs. Brown and Wood,

who played for the Sophomores, defeated the Freshmen's hopes which were entrusted to Messrs. Long and Seamens; then the Senior team, composed of Messrs. Hartman and Futrell applied the whitewash to Messrs. Pearson and McBane, who played for the Juniors. In the final contest the Sophomores proved too weak for the Seniors and the '13's were awarded the class championship for the second time. The girls have also shown quite an interest in tennis this spring and on the afternoon of May 13 we were invited to witness the final contest between the Sophomores and Juniors, each having won from the Freshmen and Seniors respectively. The game was desperately contested, but Misses Marshall and Fox for the Sophomores were at last forced to yield to Misses Futrell and Worth, who redeemed their class from the defeat previously suffered by the boys. It seems that no game is better suited for girls than tennis and we hope to see the courts occupied with girls next year instead of so many wild onions which have been rather conspicuous this year.

#### BASKET BALL.

Though we were severely handicapped in the matter of arranging games with other colleges, yet when the Guilford quintet was given a chance it always showed itself more than conqueror. Captain Benbow, who has gone through four years' hard service, played in great form, while "Big Bob" Edwards continued to create terror for his opponents in center. Stuart and Finch developed into two extremely fast and strong guards, while Moorefield did creditable work as forward. This team was unable to find its match the whole season and finished its schedule with a perfect record.

#### TRACK.

For some reason Guilford has not put out what one would call a track team this year. This seems to have been due, not to any lack of material, but for lack of interest among the fellows who were not taking part in basket ball and base ball.



Some good material was left from last year's squad and a number of new fellows showed "stuff" at times, but they seemed more anxious to watch the increasing development of the base ball team than to win a "G" on the track. "Uncle Sam" Nelson has been elected manager for the coming year, and we trust that he will, by his willingness to work and interest in track, be able to get together a creditable team to represent us next year.

#### BASE BALL.

Last, but by no means least, comes mention of the record of which we are the proudest. Never in the history of Guilford nor probably of any college in the State, has there been a better record made in base ball than there has been made here this year. The team won 13 games and lost 1, thus finishing with an average of .929. No college in North Carolina can more justly claim the championship than Guilford; for we won every game played with the other colleges except A. & M., who broke even with us in a two-game series. All the other colleges either went down in defeat or refused to meet the "Quakers" for some obvious reason. The team was almost the same as last year, with the exception of P. McBane, who filled Short's old place at second while Short and Benbow alternated at third. This change worked well for "Mack" played a fast and snappy infield and hit the ball hard. Stuart played a great game at short and Edwards held down first in masterful style. These men formed a veritable stone wall against which the opposing sluggers could only dash in vain. Fike, Thompson and E. McBane allowed but few drives to touch the ground in the outfield, while Futrell and Moorefield caught well behind the bat. The batting of the team was terrific; the average of the entire team for the season being .325. E. McBane led the team for his second consecutive year, who out of 55 trips to the plate gathered 24 hits, 13 of which went for extra bases, giving him an average of .436. Stuart was a close follower, who landed on the pill for an average of 406, while Benbow,



Fike, P. McBane and Shore ruined the hopes of many pitchers, both old and young, with their hard and timely swatting.

Though every man on the team has played his part in a most creditable manner, yet simple justice compels us to make special mention of Ernest Shore, the club's leading pitcher, and probably the best college pitcher in the South, who by his clever captaincy, his earnest devotion to his team, his winning of the 11 games that he pitched, and his hard hitting when hits meant runs, has gained for himself, the everlasting esteem of his fellow students. Thompson, the fleet-footed centerfielder, who has done creditable service for the last three years, has been chosen captain for next year, and we trust that through his directions, coupled with such efficient coaching as we have had this year, we may be able to even surpass our present records.



## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Though the new Y. W. C. A. officers have been silent through the Collegian they have not been altogether idle. The cabinet members have been regular and prompt in attendance at the cabinet meetings each Sunday night. We have had one of our Student secretaries with us and felt much helped and inspired by Miss Powell's talks and personal influence during her few days here. Miss Pearle Wyche, of Greensboro, came out and gave us one of the most interesting talks we've ever had. Her subject was "The Holy Land." Her beautiful description and appropriate remarks made the talk very impressive and helpful.

The address of Mr. Anderson, of Winston First Presbyterian church, on Sunday night, May 24, was inspiring and wonderful in its appeal on the subject of "The Open Vision."

Four of our cabinet are going to the Blue Ridge Conference and we're praying for and hoping for great things in our work next year.



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Prof. Downing (on Chemistry A.): "Moore, with what do we heat ferrus oxide to produce carbon dioxide and iron?"

Moore: "With fire, I reckon."

Does Lillian Simmons need to learn to catch automobiles, or the ground?

John Chappell (speaking of the sinking of the Maine): "Why I remember it happened when I was a small boy. Everybody all over the country was aroused when they heard it."

R. B.: "The explosion must have made a terrible fuss."

J. C.: "No, the sinking."

Blanch F. (thinking of a minister's religious standing): "Uncle Sam, I wish I had your good name."

Uncle Sam: "You may have my name."

Prof. Dixon to Dr. Binford: "Do you swear by the hairs of your head?"

Dr. Binford: "Do you mean by the invisible?"

When he dissolved partnership with Jessie Cecil, Henry Jackson received a Payne.

Student (very pleadingly to Prof. Dixon sitting on the other side of Miss Dawson at the table). "Will you please talk to Miss Dawson a few minutes. I want to eat a little before the bell rings?"

Prof. Downing (to Eiline Lewis, who is looking about over the labratory): "Well, what are you looking for?"

Eiline: "Some hydrogen sulphide."

Prof. Downing: "You know it's a gas."

Last Resorts: Suicide, The Pawnbroker's, Marriage, English V., The Fire Escape, Under the Bed, A Want Ad., Hair Tonic, Biology I., French, Home.

If you want something good for your system, ask Martha Geslain about French manners. And yet it doesn't seem as if in the old gallant South this would be at all to the point!

William Futrell: Aunt Mary, I heard something this morning.

Aunt Mary: What was it?

William: A cow bawl!

How little it takes to make life unbearable! A brunette in the hash, a fly in the casey, a man's conceit!

We are looking forward to next year to see our additions to the faculty—our wives.

If you wish instant annihilation, ask Helen about the familie!

Wanted: More people to say "I made an A report," instead of "Oh, oh, I passed on *everything!*"



# CONTENTS

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1. Farewell to Summer .....	39
2. First Impression of America on the Mind of a Chinese Student .....	40
3. The Return.....	44
4. The Reason Why .....	47
5. The Opening Reception.....	53
6. Changes in Our Faculty .....	55
7. Editorials.....	56
8. Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	60
9. Y. M. C. A. Notes.....	61
10. Athletics .....	63
11. Locals and Personals.....	66
12. Alumni.....	71
13. Directory.....	72





# The Guilford Collegian.

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VOL. XXVI

OCT., 1913

NO. 2

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## FAREWELL TO SUMMER.

We have come at length to the last bright day,  
And the sunlight falls with a sorrowful ray  
On summerland haunts that have grown so dear  
To our hearts that beat with the heart of the year  
Thru all the joyous summer!

Already the golden-rod gilds the field,  
A brown seed pod has its heart unsealed;  
A royal-robed aster, nods nearby  
A long farewell to a butterfly,  
On this last bright day of summer!

Farewell do we say, farewell today,  
While hide-and-go-seek the shadows play,  
And a dove note comes with the Bob White's call,  
As he answers his mate from grasses tall,  
"Must we say farewell to summer?"

Like golden arrows the glad days sped  
To chase the nights, and the darkness fled,  
With the firefly lights and the moonbeams fair  
Away thru the balmy, perfumed air  
Of the happy, dreamy summer!

Now memories only to us remain,  
Fond memories, the links of a priceless chain,  
Where secrets are woven, our hopes and fears,  
And this shall we keep thruout the years,  
Tho we say farewell, O summer!

W. HODGIN.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA ON THE MIND OF  
A CHINESE STUDENT.

[Mr. Li Tien Lu, a professor in Peking University, whom some of us were privileged to hear at our conference last summer and to whom we are indebted for the following article, is at present in this country taking work at Vanderbilt University.—Editor.]

Let it be understood that the writer of this statement at the request of an American friend, writes from an experience of only two months' stay in this country, although he knew quite a little about this country from books and talks before he made his trip over. Therefore he produces this from a simple desire of entertaining rather than from a heart of criticism.

Therefore let my readers put off for a moment their grave and sage looks and taste the pleasantry of a Chinese. I could almost see in my imagination those of a congenial nature after reading this throw themselves on the back of their chairs and shout half-choked with laughing, "Li," "Li," we will forgive you for your innocent jokes; and also those who are disgusted at my writing cast away their paper and cry "Chine," "Chine," no more of this.

After my things were packed up my luggage consisted of a steamer trunk that looks exactly like a baby's coffin and a suit case that might be mistaken for a safe. The afternoon of the 9th of May made an indelible mark on my brain, when my beloved wife and friends were seeing me off at the Peking Station. Tears were in her eyes, while I was then Spartan-like in spirit that felt ashamed of being seen yielding to tears, although I felt a heart-rending pain at the departure. I ran upon the train and it whistled and started.

I knew I was going to America, but I did not know America where I was going. I thought I was running away from a country abounding with Sphinxes and monsters and was going to visit a land inhabited by Utopians or angels. But fortunately and surprisingly I found out before long to my advan-

tage that Sphinxes and monsters have already found their way across the seas and are now living and multiplying everywhere.

I was not long on the train before the blank page of existence was allotted to my reading. I embarked at Taku and before I was aware of it the ship set sail and in a few hours my father-land or my mother-country faded into a hazy line as I looked back for a last and parting glance. I could not for a time persuade myself to draw off my eyes from it until it entirely disappeared.

The change of ship at Kobe launched me into an American sphere as it was an American boat and most of the passengers were American people. There was no less a difference of feeling than of nationality on the boat. The majority of the passengers felt a great joy and satisfaction as the ship daily propelled them nearer their Dulce Domum, while I shared the fate with those that were distressed by the idea of being very minute carried away farther from home.

On a boat like this money always puts a conspicuous stamp on a man or a woman in spite of his or her intrinsic worth. First class passengers enjoy air, space, and privacy, while the third class "customers" are obliged to fare their best in a dungeon where sex, privacy, and sanitation may well for the time being be obliterated. In other words, in this evil world men are less men and women are less women when their pecuniary capacity fail to measure up to the standard. God forbid that His image should go imperfect for the lack of a gold stamp on his forehead.

Twenty days came and passed, and we woke up a few leagues from our haven. In a few hours our fears, longings, and weariness were recompensed by the sight of San Francisco.

Before the ship sailed into the harbor, the immigration officer came on board the ship to examine the passengers. After a tedious wait came my turn, and after a series of careful inquiries and minute investigations I was found satisfactorily

"Allright." But for all that I was prohibited from landing, but was to go to Angel Island first.

I was so happy at hearing that, because there was indeed nothing more delightful to me than to have an interview with some sort of angels. No sooner had I got off the launch than I found out that the Angel Island was the London Tower for the unfortunate Asiatics, and all the angels there wore devilish looks.

So long as I was not a laborer and therefore exempt from the Exclusion Law, so long as I was not infected with any disease and had means enough to pursue a course of study in this country, and so long as I was identified by the passports issued by the American Consul in China; I simply could not understand the phrase of "being held for observation," except by interpreting it as another way of saying "the Asiatics are unwelcome." At the time when I was honored with the privilege of visiting the Island there were something like 140 of my noble countrymen who had been confined there for days, for weeks, and even for months, waiting patiently for the tardy verdict of "released," or "still held," or "to be sent back."

I sincerely hope that China and Japan will soon be in a position to remedy this straitened situation brought to bear on all the Asiatic countries, not in the way of demanding justice, if there is none, but by way of renewing friendship with this noble country founded upon the principles of equality and liberty, and which was rightly called by the ancestors of this people "a land and refuge for the miserable and oppressed." "May the Californians live to see that day," is the loud rhymic outcry I read on the walls inscribed thereon by some high scholarshipped Chinese in their mother tongue, who had been put to, and were undergoing, the same indignities and who wrote it from a sentiment far from being pleasant and liberal which I cannot permit myself to approve of.

After arriving in the Blue Ridge Association at Black Mountain my hopes were more than fully realized, because a great many things there were found such as beyond what I had expected to meet. There I had the privilege of attending three different summer conferences. It was there that I have seen

large groups of promising, earnest, noble, good Christian young men and young women brought face to face with the problems of their life purpose and their life work. It was inspiring and quickening that they showed readiness and willingness in responding to their callings, either to go off as foreign missionaries or to remain at home as saving factors. For the very cause of Christ and his Gospel they have shaken off the shackles of doubt and care, despised the flatterings of ease and comfort, and bravely shouldered the responsibility of saving souls, challenging persecutions and sufferings to exercise their bitterest.

Blue Ridge Association deserves well the epithet of "the Christian home of the South," where the natural scenery inspires aesthetic and sublime notions, and the influence of the people creates an atmosphere of holy living.

During the Yearly Meeting of the North Carolina Friends at Guilford College I was cordially invited to spend a week among them. It was the first time in my life to have worshipped in a Quaker Church, but, I must confess, it was some agreeable and invaluable experience to me, which will stay with me as long as I live. The simplicity of their habits, the plainness of their apparels, the freedom of their worshipping, and the devoutness of their language make one love the Quakers as soon as he understands them, if not as soon as he sees them. It is a hard task for a ship to keep her balance on a stormy sea, and it is a harder task to be temperate in a world full of vanities.

They seem to be handicapped in modern innovations but they are outdoing all the other denominations in their conservatism to what has been the best. So long as the Friends should keep on quaking for righteousness and truth against sin and satan, we are not sure but that the day will thereby be accelerated when the Quakers will quake the whole world.

Allow me to say a word of thanks and appreciation to those friends of the Conference Committee through whose efforts was my meeting with the Friends at Guilford College made possible.

LI TIEN LU.



## THE RETURN.

"Now John, thee must take good care of Edwin today," said Mary Hancock as she held the gate open for her husband, who with his little five year old grandson was going to town eight miles away, to take a load of wheat. Mary stood at the gate and watched them disappear down the sunshiney lane before she went slowly back in the house to her morning work. All morning John's cheery smile and parting words, "We'll come back to thee all right, Mary," kept ringing thru her head.

\* \* \* \* \*

The man and the little boy sat watching the broad shining flanks of the horses as they pranced easily along with the loaded wagon. Presently John broke the silence by turning to his little grand son:

"Edwin, my boy, does thee know what I'm going to get in town today? I'm going to get a new set of harness, and we'll put them on the horses and surprise thy grandmother when we drive in tonight."

"Yes, drampa," answered the little boy, never taking his eyes off the horses.

And so, on that sunshiney morning, the old man and little boy drove, each contentedly thinking his own thoughts.

They arrived in town, disposed of their wheat and purchased the new harness along with various other smaller articles.

"Those are handsome horses of yours," said the merchant as he watched John Hancock adjust the new harness, "a bit wild tho', aren't they?"

"A little restless perhaps under all these new straps, but you are safe all right, aren't you, my boys?" was the old man's reply.

The little boy was somewhat tired and sleepy on the homeward journey when, within a mile from home, he looked up pitifully and said:

"Drampa, when will we 'det home and see 'dramma?"



"Just as soon as we go down the long hill, across the bridge and a little farther," was the comforting assurance.

They had reached the top of the long hill, a hill with a narrow rocky road bed leading down it and a plank bridge crossing the creek at its foot. Suddenly just as the horses, already irritated by the rubbing of the new harness, started down the hill, a newspaper caught up by the wind, fluttered across the road in front of them, causing them to jump and start at a blind uncontrollable pace down the hill. The heavy wagon rocked to and fro, crashing down behind them. The little boy with one frightened scream clung to the seat. His grandfather swung with all his might on the lines, crying,

"Whoa! steady boys!" but his voice was neither heard nor heeded in the mad rush down, down, down. If I can only get them on and past the bridge, was John's only thought. In one moment they would be on the bridge, and the man swung with all his might upon the lines, but one horse struck the bridge, while the other crashed down to the rock bed below, pulling all with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Drampa, O 'Drampa!" sobbed little Edwin, but no answer came to the little boy's cries. The figure pinned down by the heavy wagon wheel was motionless and silent. A few feet away one magnificent animal lay frenziedly churning the shallow water with all the pain of a broken limb, while the other clad in his shining new harness lay motionless, his splendid body covered with the flowing water.

"Drampa," sobbed the frightened, but uninjured little fellow, again and again, but only the water and the wounded horse answered him.

Finally two men driving along the road, saw signs of a runaway, heard the cries of the little boy and rushed to the spot. In one glance they saw what had happened. Carefully they removed the wagon wheel from the old man's breast and tenderly lifting his limp body from its hard bed, carried it and

placed it gently in their own wagon. The little boy blankly stumbled up the bank behind them.

It was but the work of a moment to put the wounded horse out of its misery before they started on with their sad burden.

Dusk had fallen when they reached the old farm house, with Mary waiting anxiously for them by the gate. Slowly the wagon approached the waiting woman who cried out reproachfully to it in the darkness, "John, thee has been a long time coming back to me."  
"A."



## THE REASON WHY.

"Look, Harriet. Who's that coming? Harriet! I say, look! Is that father this early? What will happen? Won't mother be surprised? Now he can doctor my calf's foot; mother can't hold it and the boys never have time from their work.—Hey father, wait for us; we're coming to ride." The youngsters streaked it down the road. "Father, stop, stop! Whoa, Bob—whoa! whoa!"

In the stoutly built buggy sat a man who looked as sanctified as Abraham ever dared looked. He was one of those tall, slender, cadaverous types of humanity. A giddy plaid cap seemed strangely inconsistent with his solemn eyes and set mouth. Bob dutifully slowed up at vociferous little Philip's command. Philip, who had more racket in him than even an ordinary boy of seven years, climbed in and stopped the horse for Harriet before the Reverend William Stanton was aware that he had any children anywhere in ten States.

Philip kept up his prattle.

"Well, has old Mr. Knavely backslid for the fifty-eighth time? Something must be wronger than common because you usually can see us when we yell, but this time I had to stop Bob myself. Let's see, mother sprained her ankle this morning when she was running out to tell the boys that old Pedro was out roaring and bellowing and fast butting up old Fan's colt. The colt wasn't quite butted out, but he has been kinder still and hasn't chased my pigs around. Those pigs will never get fat. They don't get fat with exercising. Really I'm glad—or would be, if mother hadn't hurt herself—that Pedro got out. I'll bet my pigs gained ten pounds in their rest from that colt. Isn't Pedro what you would call a potun' fracture in humanity?"

Mr. Stanton always smiled when Philip's vocabulary waxed high.

Harriet sat quietly in the bottom of the buggy with her beloved Lucy Locket in her lap. Phil had christened Lucy Locket

because she had an amazing pocket in one of her dresses. Harriet was a beautiful five year old, with remarkable brown bobbed hair and an angel face. She was the type of a child that people covet.

"Father," Mr. Stanton looked down at the serious little face, "mother cried this morning an' I don't think mother would cry if she were happy an' she didn't intend for me to see her, but I did, an' she held me close for a long time an' we cried together an' finally we had to quit because the bread was ready to cook."

The minister tightly set his lips. Would Laura never grow to be brave? Perhaps she wasn't well—she must be out of doors more. Of course she could have a horseback ride whenever she wanted it. She just didn't have enough exercise. He could never understand why women made house-cats of themselves. Betty—poor little Betty—flat on her back on a frame because she had tuberculosis of the spine, needed a ride too. Laura said the rides jolted her too much and were too tiresome, but Betty certainly needed something.

They halted at the side gate.

"I'll take Bob on to the barn," boasted Phil, big enough to kill giants.

"Wait until I put my child out an' I'll go along. I couldn't stand to have Lucy hurt in any way, an' she would be such a worry for me then, an' I have enough worries anyway. Jus' a minute, Phil." Harriet tenderly placed Lucy Locket inside the gate.

Mr. Stanton got out and walked listlessly, tiredly toward the door. Then he turned for he heard a rattle coming at full tilt down the road. A raw-boned, uncouth farmer called out:

"Hey, Mr. Steeantun! Hey! Could yer come with me right away? Wife's arful sick—doctor says no us't hoping. She wants to see yer. I'll bring yer back by arly mornin'."

Go? Certainly William Stanton would go. That was just his calling. They had no schools; they had no educated ministers. What ministers there were, were in that vocation because they considered it the easiest way of making a living.

The rough, foul-mouthed ministers were adored by the neighbors. Philip once asked his father if these ministers weren't what you called Hellish ministers, because they made reference to the lower region so much.

The people on the circuit did not understand Mr. Stanton because he was so quiet and reserved. He also used words of which they had no idea of the meaning. These thrifty people neglected their children in a way, but taught them to wish to be busy. Schools were too far away. Learning the good points of a Jersey cow was far more essential than books. The children went to work early. If a boy of twelve did not know how to do all the work on a farm, he was considered a "not right" child and if a nine year old little girl did not wash dishes and know how to cook and sew, her mother was greatly condemned.

Laura Williston Stanton was but thirty years old. She was the youngest of five sisters, all of whom had served out their four years in Wisconsin University. Laura was a senior when she met William first. William was a brilliant alumnus of her alma mater and had been quite successful as a professor in Beloit. The spinster sisters advised Laura not to marry "a man so wrapt in himself," but in spite of their admonitions, the wedding took place the September following her commencement June. The next year they were back again at Beloit and Laura was sure she could never be happier. She was not far from home, had all the reading material she could possibly desire, and above all, congenial associates. The next year William had trouble with his lungs. With difficulty he finished out his year. He was very despondent and everything was for his sake, his benefit. After much thought and worry, they decided to go farther West and buy a ranch.

The ranch they chose was in Western Iowa—a very fertile area but ten miles from a railroad. Good hearted, ignorant country people were sparsely scattered here and there. The first year little Philip was born. Laura knew nothing about caring for children and no help was available. No one knew how to cook anything but fry meat and eggs. Owing to the



scarcity of farm help, they had to limit themselves to two married men and their families and six boarding single men—plain rovers. Each tenant took two boarders and two boarded with the Stantons.

During this first year William Stanton grew strong enough to dislike his imposed rest. He decided it was his calling to become a minister, as he had such mistaken ideas of his nerves and physique in general. Laura would never let the baby cry in the room with him and she never told him any of the farming difficulties. William must get well. She thought he must be undisturbed and two-by-four William thought the same.

He opened his circuit and gave every minute of his time and thoughts to his theoretical ideas concerning his parishoners. He was apparently oblivious of his ranch and children. The children would bravely speak of what father would do, but they never bothered father with any of their childish wants. On Sundays they went to church together whenever Mrs. Stanton could persuade a neighbor to stay with poor little invalid Betty and fat, stolid baby, Pudge. Sundays were her only day of any rest, but she dreaded those days because it always seemed as if there was more to do that morning than any other. There always were more dishes then and the house was a little dirtier and the children got dirty so easily.

After William Stanton went with the farmer, Mrs. Stanton had the last prop knocked out. She really had known William wouldn't do anything to ease her burdens or responsibility, but she had never ceased to hope and hope. Her head ached as if her cerebellum and cerebrum were changing locations. Her ankle was paining after its abuse. Betty had cried all morning because of her back and refused to be comforted. Pudge had sucked his adenoid-making thumb and had crowed saucely every time she lifted him, as if it were a merry business for a little woman to lift around a twenty pound log of a baby. Harriet had been a dear as usual. Harriet, a little mother at five years, was so much comfort. Betty and Pudge were her children along with Lucy Locket.

Mrs. Stanton sat down before the sewing machine to finish



her half-made dresses for Pudge. Little Betty loved fairy tales and between her sobs and moans pleaded:

"Please muvver, about Bru'r Jolly."

Mrs. Stanton with her soft, soothing voice, told the story of Brother Jolly and his dishonesty. Just when they reached the tragic place where the water reached Brother's mouth, in bounced Phil yelling, "Start again! start again! Gee Harriet, it's Brother Jolly."

"Please don't yell so, Philip. Mother's head aches. Perhaps Betty's wishes are to be considered first as this is Betty's story this time. No use in being ungentlemanly, Philip. Can't you give up graciously to little Betty?" she added as Philip ran out of the room, banging the door after him.

Little Harriet put both hands up to her mother's cheeks and said, "Mother we must remember his calf's foot is so much worse an' he had hoped father would doctor it. Your head aches so? I can keep Betty and Pudge if you want to rest, an' the sick lady will get well so father can come home. I'm sure we ned him more, 'cause Phil wants a nigger shooter and we all want him an' the baby crows at him."

Just then a heavy tread on the back porch cut Harriet's sentence short.

"Mis Stanton! Oh Miss Stanton. Jim has gone an' got mad agin an' he and Joe have fit and fit. Jim lef the big gray meules stand whilse he fit and they run and tore the big green wagon to lye all up. Could yer come?"

Mrs. Stanton folded up her sewing and sighed. It was nearly supper time and there were so many things to be done.

"Yes, I'll come George. Please saddle Fleet. Philip, will you and Betty be my big helpers while I run across to the west old hunced where they are working. I'll not be gone long. Watch the children and keep them happy."

She hurried off to help about Fleet and away they went.

"George we must get the corn in this week. How has the engine worked today? Have you gotten lots done today?"

George pulled down his hat. "Well, mum, yer see that thur is people in this wold that don't work exceptin' whin they

ur watched and they haven't did half this mornin' that they should have did. This could have been did in two days with a boss. The enjin takes a ten furrow sweep, and is a high stepper too. Oh, mum, the back eighty is startin' rust. Whin must we use that perperation?"

Mrs. Stanton sighed and wished. When they reached the "West old hundred," all the hands were joyously drinking the contents of two jugs. A fight always meant a spree. They were too slow to guiltily hide their nectar and to get to work. Mrs. Stanton said nothing but rode to the corner where she discovered the rye. She sighted Jim and went to him. Jim was suffering from extreme palpitation and weak knees by the time she was in conversing distance.

"Please, mum, yer wouldn't take sars from any old jaw of an Arkinsass mountaineer. Naw, mum, no one would. Please, mum, that hain't my rye neither. No, mum, I hadn't had any yit. It hadn't come my time yet"—but here the circumstantial evidence of an earthquake raising belch shook his frame.

Mrs. Stanton's eyes twinkled and she said, "Get the mules, find the pieces of harness and get the other wagon to haul the corn in. Hurry. I can't take much more, Jim."

Jim shambled off anxiously muttering, "Yas, mum, not my fault mum. That yaller Arkinsass mountaineer. Ya'm, not my fault. I"—. Jim was out of hearing distance.

(To be continued.)

## THE OPENING RECEPTION.

On the first Friday night of the fall term, an old student was walking arm in arm with a new one. "I hope," said the old girl, looking out on the lit campus with its great oaks throwing long shadows across the grass, "I hope tomorrow night will be like this."

"Why?" asked the girl at her side.

"Oh, because tomorrow night is the time for the opening reception, and we always want a pretty night, so that we may get out on the campus."

"What do you do at the opening reception?" inquired the new girl, rather timidly.

"Oh, you meet the faculty and as many of the students as possible. You mustn't be afraid to talk to new people. Every one wants the new students to have a good time. It's all for you."

"I hope I'll have a good time," ventured the girl rather wistfully but hopefully.

So the old students wished for a beautiful night and all conditions favorable for giving the new students a good time. And the new students in turn look forward to the first social event of their college career with something like dread, as well as hopeful anticipation.

Saturday evening, September the thirteenth was a beautiful one and the campus had never been more attractive. At seven thirty the girls began to form in a long line at the east entrance of Founder's Hall and file around the building to the front entrance, where they were met by a still longer line of boys. In double file these lines entered the broad front door and proceeded down the long receiving line of faculty members and wives of faculty members. Although the members of this receiving line stood in their places for as much as two hours the hand clasp was just as hearty, and the smile of welcome just as cordial for the last student as for the first one.

As soon as the students passed from the receiving line into

the parlors and halls, each one began to turn his attention to the card in his hand, on one side of which was his own name, on the other side a fictitious name which entitled him to membership of a family, all of whom had to be gotten together before any of the family could be served to punch. By the time "Father Japalac" had found "Mother Japalac" and the eight little "Japalacs," and the ten "Hen Teeth" were collected from the three hundred moving people, and the "Cornstalks," "Stiff-legs," and "Sticking Plasters," etc., had grouped themselves in their respective families, every one had come into contact with every one else. And by the time the ten "Hoe Handles" had introduced themselves to all the other "Hoe Handles," and had drunk their punch together, they no longer felt like strangers.

A number of Alumni were present to enjoy the occasion. Among them were John Woosley, '12; Henry Smith, '12; Hal Lassiter, '12; Adna Lamb, '12; Clara Davis, '13; Thomas Covington, '11; George Bradshaw, '08; Tecy Beaman, '13; Callie Nance, '13; Bryant Smith, '13; Grace Hughes, '13; Annabella King, '13; Rebecca Phoenix, Era Lasley, '13; Anna Davis, '13; Robert Doak, '09; Alexander Bonner, '10, and Maude Richardson.



## CHANGES IN OUR FACULTY.

Miss Craig left early in September for a year's travel and study abroad. To succeed her as head of the music department, Miss Rhodes, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been elected. Miss Rhodes comes to us with the best of preparation, having studied at home and abroad. She also has experience as a teacher in Philadelphia and Ohio.

Miss Harmon succeeds Miss Dawson as the head of the vocal department. To most of our readers Miss Harmon needs no introduction. Since her graduation at Guilford, 1912, Miss Harmon has spent some time in New York City in further preparation for her work.

We are very glad to welcome back Prof. A. Wilson Hobbs, who has been absent from the college two years at Chicago and Johns Hopkins Universities making an extended study in Mathematics and Physics. He again takes up his position as governor and instructor of Mathematics.

To our new teachers and also to Mesdames Meredith and Binford we extend a most hearty welcome.



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## Editorials

*The New Student.* There is a tendency among men just entering college to stand back and not take an interest in many of the college activities open to them. The new man often does not get into a great many phases of college life until much that should be gained is lost. This at Guilford is mainly his own fault. He should be eager to join



the Christian Association and one of the literary societies. He must know that the best men of the college, those he should desire for friends and associates, are connected with such activities and should not from any feeling of inferiority or timidity hesitate in entering and giving his support to such. The Athletic Association needs the support of every new man, and he in turn needs its support. No one can successfully get on without using the means for taking exercise supplied by it. The college magazine is for the student. It supplies the college news and keeps one in touch with all the work and progress of the college. It is essential that all students should subscribe to this magazine and also try to produce something worthy of its pages some time during the year. All of these are activities which a good student must take notice. He owes it to himself and to those who have placed him here to avail himself of the advantages for improvement they offer. By no means should he put off entering them until his second year, or even second term, for the good which would then result will be increased by immediate work. From experience we advise entrance into these activities without a day's delay.

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*"Parasitism."* A Parasite is an organism which lives on or in some other organism, which is called the host, and from which the parasite derives its nourishment. In early Roman times a parasite was a person who obtained for himself invitations to dinner with the wealthy. In exchange for such an invitation he amused his host and guests by his jokes and clever repartee. We have not a very great amount of respect for anything that savors of the parasite, but do we not continually find examples of parasitism right here in our college life? The person who gets his algebra lesson by copying some one else's, or who has some class mate, or upper class man, perhaps, to write his composition, is a parasite. The vegetable parasite obtains its sustenance from its host, and gives nothing in return. The college parasite obtains his les-

sons from a kindly "host," and can give nothing in return, and would the parasite make an adequate return if it could? The debates which are read in the literary societies, the history outlines, the Math. lessons, the Latin translations, the French sentences, are many of them the work of some one other than he who offers them. The vegetable parasite obtains its *present* life from its host. If its host dies, the parasite dies. It cannot live on. If for any reason the college "host" fails the college "parasite," the "parasite" collapses. It is not independent. It cannot exist without its host. Moreover, the "host" may fail the parasite at any time, for *does the host want* the parasite? No!

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*Debating.* Within the last few years the colleges of our country have begun to realize more than ever before that they are the battlefield of youth just as the broader world is the arena for the struggle of mature manhood. Today the college man is demanded in every walk of life. Our complex civilization with its great social and industrial problems demands men who not only possess power of character, determination and knowledge, but who know how to present their views and organize their forces. In the preparation of men for these various activities of life, there is nothing more helpful than debating. It is therefore necessary that our college men, who are soon to be the leaders in every phase of life, should devote considerable time to debating while in college. Let us notice the opportunities offered in this line of work at Guilford. Since the date of the establishment of the college our increasing interest has been shown in the development of ability for public speaking, and for that purpose there are today four literary societies, two for young men and two for the young women. All these societies are doing a great deal to promote debating, as are also the inter-class debates that have been carried on for the past twelve years. But for some reason Guilford has never met another college in debate. In ath-

letic contests with other colleges she has always held her own, and the same can be said of her standing in Y. M. C. A. work. Debating has been so successful in the college in the past that there is absolutely no reason why it should not be equally as successful in this form of contest in conjunction with other colleges. The two literary societies for young men at Guilford have a splendid record, and are now doing fairly good work. But if they, in co-operation with the faculty, will arrange to debate some other colleges this will not only greatly strengthen themselves as literary societies, but will help the college as a whole.



## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. has been a busy organization these first weeks at college. Cabinet and committee meetings began almost as soon as the cabinet members were on the grounds, and it might be noted just here that every cabinet member has been present at every meeting.

One of the first tasks of the C. W. C. A. was in connection with the Y. M. C. A. to plan the opening reception. The main responsibility of this rested on the social committees, but every cabinet member called on responded willingly. Unselfish and untiring efforts were made by the ones in charge to make the annual event a success.

The membership and finance committees have done excellent work. They have enrolled nearly all of the girls as members, and collected the majority of the fees.

The Bible classes have begun with interesting courses, competent leaders and a good enrollment.

The annual picnic is planned for about the first of October.

The old girls are delighted to have so many new members. They hope and pray that the Y. W. C. A. may mean much to the college life this year, by bringing each girl into a closer relationship with Jesus Christ.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Doubtless every college and university represented at the Southern Student Conference during the past summer have felt the effects of the spirit manifested there. Guilford was represented by the following men: H. A. Carroll, R. C. Mitchell, David Henley, Prof. George W. White, and S. J. Lindley. While we did not have as many delegates as we had wished for, yet we feel that those who attended were benefited, as was also our Association.

In many respects the conference was the most successful ever held in the South. The personnel of the speakers, leaders and delegates was all with which any college man need wish to be thrown in contact. The mention of such speakers as Dr. O. E. Brown, Dr. E. M. Poteat, Dr. C. W. Kent, Rev. Paul B. Kern, Robert E. Speer, J. Watt Raine and Dr. W. D. Weatherford, strikes a tender cord in the hearts of many Southern university and college men.

In the hearts and minds of the delegates one could read a strong spirit of the intellectual and the spiritual life. Indeed, the 300 or more men gathered there were the very flower of our young manhood—men who will most probably rise up as leaders of the great Christian and philanthropic movements battling against ignorance and sin.

No one can justly question the extreme importance of these conferences. With their inauguration the ideals of college life have been lifted, and literally hundreds and thousands have been led to Christ and to an intelligent realization of their correct place in life. Of course some may doubt the value of such conferences, but it is only those who have not known what the annual gatherings really are.

As much might be said of the whole Y. M. C. A. movement. It has numerous critics who think its days are nearly numbered, and who doubt its real value, but they are men who do not know what the Association is doing. They do not know that it is the only center of religious life in a great many col-

leges and universities of America. Truly "we must know the truth in order to vindicate it."

At this conference two great lines of work—Bible and Mission Study—were especially emphasized. In both of these studies the group system was used, that is, about fifteen or twenty men were in each class, under a good strong leader. We believe that no two things outside of a young man's regular college course, are of a more vital importance to him than Bible and Mission Study. No man can count himself educated, unless he is acquainted with these subjects.

Every evening at seven o'clock the entire conference would meet on the mountain side and listen to an inspiring address. Seek for a life work the place of service and not the position to make money was the keynote of these addresses.

While the greater part of the conference was taken up in religious subjects, yet every afternoon was given up entirely to athletics. Base-ball, basket-ball, tennis and mountain climbing were engaged in. We have heard a great deal about clean athletics, but the realization of this was brought to us at this great meeting of young men. We hope that this will be a means by which athletics in our Southern colleges will be revolutionized.

The prospects for a good year's work here were never brighter. As the result of a canvass for new members, which lasted a little over a week, we have on our membership roll every man on the hill. The different committees are entering upon their duties with the enthusiasm which brings results.

Everything considered, we have just cause to feel grateful to Him who supplies our needs for the work He has enabled us to do. However we feel that much is left to be done. Let us forget the past with its successes and failures and push forward to the great work the Master has called us to do, remembering that if we are active in our college life, we lay a foundation for future usefulness.





Never in the history of Guilford College does it seem that interest in athletics was so quick and apparent as has already been shown this year. A majority of the students arrived on Tuesday, Sept. 9th, and on the following day there were groups of fellows taking part in some phase of athletics. On the base-ball field, the squad was sufficiently large to enable us to play a snappy practice game, and since then there has been more than enough for the two teams, and quite a few have transferred themselves to the class grounds, thus giving thirty-six men a chance to develop every day. The few tennis courts that we have are alive, every favorable afternoon, with old players from last year and with several new aspirants also. Quite a few of the men are engaging in cross-country runs and some of the other features of track work. It seems that they have already drunk in the history of our past records and are anxious to see them bettered; one of which is

#### BASE-BALL.

We are now faced with the problem of supplying competent substitutes in the absence of three strong players, viz: Fike, the slugging outfielder; P. McBane, the dashing little second baseman, and "Big Bob" Edwards, who has played a great game at first base for the past three years, and who will no

doubt greet us in a Carolina uniform next spring. It is no small undertaking to develop men of the capacity of these, to fill their important positions, but we are fortunate in having some partly developed men from last year's squad in Nichols, an infielder, Doggett, an outfielder, and Futrell, a catcher, who was prevented by injuries from being a regular last year. Some good material is also shown in White, a left-handed pitcher, and Hodgins, an outfielder. Everybody, of course, is glad to see the faces of such tried veterans as Shore, Moorefield, Thompson, Benbow, T. Short and E. McBane, while Stuart, the lightning-speed shortstop, and McLean, a southpaw pitcher, are expected to come in later. Generally speaking, the prospects for a ball team are very encouraging, while

#### BASKET-BALL

is going to suffer the loss of a tower of strength in the absence of the "Giant" Edwards, whom somebody is going to be required to follow against the Carolina quintet before many months. But from a general survey of material, it seems that what it takes to fill such vacancies, we have. From last year's team there are Benbow, Moorefield and Finch, with Stuart to arrive later on; also T. Short and McBane, who were on last year's second string. Manager Finch is busy in the arrangement of a good schedule. Already he has had communications with Trinity, Wake Forest, Carolina, A. & M., and Elon, and in addition to a good series with each, we hope to arrange a Virginia trip, on which we expect to play some of her leading colleges.

While base-ball and basket-ball are the games that will arouse more enthusiasm than any other at Guilford, yet the interest in

#### TRACK ATHLETICS

seems to be fast gaining ground. Last year we had practically no real track work, but "Uncle Sam" Nelson seems to have aroused enthusiasm from the very start and the boys, who are not engaged in athletics of some other nature, have been com-

ing out, and getting a few points along this line of work. Another game that has become quite popular already is

#### TENNIS,

and although we have been handicapped on account of the condition of the courts, yet Manager Brown has succeeded in getting a few in satisfactory condition to entice quite a number of fellows who don't seem to care for the more vigorous forms of physical training.

One great feature of the athletic department this year is the addition of Prof. A. W. Hobbs, who will assist Coach Doak in whipping the new material into shape and in increasing the strength of those who have faced the battles in the past years. As a whole the athletic department seems to be progressing rapidly; for no sooner had we returned, when we heard that the old gymnasium was to be remodeled inside, a porch built, and the outside painted. This work we hope to see started at once, as it is one of the greatest needs of this institution at the present time.

#### GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

The Girls' Athletic Association has elected the following officers this fall: President, Helen East; vice-president, Katharine Dorsett; secretary, Katharine Watkins; treasurer, Mary Doan.

Irma Coble is tennis manager, Blanche Futrell basket-ball manager, and Juliette Ballinger track manager.

Basket-ball has already begun, and the girls are taking a great interest in it. Several of the girls have enjoyed long tramps, planned and led by their track manager.

Some tennis is also progressing. Three members of the faculty are working generously and vigorously on the girls' tennis courts west of New Garden Hall.

We hope all the officers and managers will prove to be enthusiastic, earnest workers. Athletics for girls answer a great need at Guilford College.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

School opened on Sept. 9th with the largest enrollment of Freshmen in the history of the college. We might also add that the Senior class is the largest that we have yet had.

We are glad to welcome the new students who are among us, and we hope that they and the college and themselves will be benefitted by their being here.

New Student to Senior: "Are you taking Eng. B?"

Senior: "No it conflicts with my psychology."

"Guinea" to Prof. Hobbs: "Professor, may I go to town?"

Professor—"What for?"

"Guinea"—"I want to see a street car."

Professor—"Go on then."

On Saturday evening, Sept. 20, Miss Julia White favored us with a most enjoyable illustrated account of her travels in Europe.

Professor Carroll on Economics: "Now class, you know if you were to go out here today to buy some article you would probably have to pay for it."

The "rats" are taking advantage of the anti-hazing law. They have assumed the responsibility of giving midnight choruses instead of the mosquitoes.

Several of the alumni and old students were present at the opening reception.

The girls had been singing at Founder's and were waiting a response from the boys—silence reigned, then Estelle said, "I wish Hugh were here; he'd sing."

White is specializing on "English" this year?

Miss Rhoades, of Philadelphia, has succeeded Miss Craig as head of the music department. Miss Craig is studying abroad.

Miss Harmon as the successor of Miss Dawson has charge of the vocal department.

Professor Carroll (discussing the law of variety on class): "You all know that it is necessary to have even a variety of foods, for instance, you would get tired of hash all the time."

"Si" Lindley: "Why Professor, I thought that was a variety."

Prof. A. W. Hobbs is with us again and is the head of the department of mathematics.

White (seeing smoke coming from boiler chimney near his room on second floor): "Say, where is all that smoke coming from? I'm afraid my radiator is on fire."

We are glad to welcome among us Mesdames Binford and Meredith. Dr. and Mrs. Binford are occupying the Simms' residence, while Dr. and Mrs. Meredith are at his old home.

(Miss Louise approaching a table at the social where several are playing rook):

Girls: "Miss Louise, won't you take my hand? Oh do take my hand and play."

Miss Louise: "Girls you mustn't say take hands."

Estelle: "That's a familiar expression."

Have you noticed the many different expressions on the faces of the girls? It's because we have an "expression class."

Estelle wonders why *some people* don't take a post graduate course.

Blanche said she sure would be glad when the graded school opened.

Miss Rhoades, classifying a girl in music who was a junior in music here last year: "Is this your first year here? And have you ever taken music before?"

Budd referring to the Scriptures, "Gentlemen, the Stoning of Stephenson was an awful affair."

Prep. to a Senior: "You are in my English C. class aren't you? Please tell me where it recites."

Blanche holding a picture of Paul S. in her hand, but looking at a picture of Rebecca on her dresser, she said: "Girls, isn't this a good picture of Rebecca."

Ask Juliette why Miss Julia locked her up in the library.

First year German boy taking a seat in third year German class seemed very much embarrassed when Prof. Davis said to him: "Your German is off today." The boy stammered, "Oh—oo—o, I thought it looked mighty funny in here."

New Student: "Do you have to pay something every time you go to collections?"

President in Psychology class asked Harris Johnson if he remembered a certain example that was given in the book. Harris made no reply. President then said, "Well, it doesn't make much difference if you don't, just say "yes" or "no." It's rather hard to know just what to say and what not to say on Psychology.

Mr. Morgan visited the college recently in the interest of the Y. M. C. A. work.

Pearson (taking the chicken dish at the table with only a back left): "Say, 'Bo,' send this dish out for some running gear."

President Hobbs in Psychology: "We will now have the story of the crazy hen—Mattie Doughton!"

All who have money to "investigate" please apply to Clyde Smith.



## FOUNDERS' GIRLS.

A is for Armstrong,  
Hazel by name,  
We have no doubts  
Of her great fame.

Here come Bulla,  
Byerly, and Boone,  
We are all quite sure  
They have plenty of room.

The Campbell girls  
Dress just like twins,  
And we always see them  
Neat as pins.

Mary Copeland,  
Tho' she came many miles,  
Has already started  
To win many smiles.

Three more jolly ones  
We must add,  
English and Faucette  
And Henley, the sad.

Ethel Groome,  
Tho not a small mite,  
Wears a happy face  
From morn till night.

Mary Ina  
Came from Starr,  
And we all know her  
From afar.

Outland and King,  
Tho not the best chums,  
We're glad to see them  
Not always so mum.

Ona Gray  
From High Point came,  
Just to tell us  
Of their fame.

Gentry and May,  
So they say,  
Go a courtin'  
Every day.

Sarah Richardson,  
Tho a Quaker,  
Is not so modest  
As we all tak-er.

W. is for Willard,  
So rosy and red,  
We always admire her,  
For what she has said.

## ALUMNI.

John B. Woosley, '12, who had been assisting the Dean since school opened, left Sept. 20th for Haverford College.

Miss Grace Hughes, '13, who has spent the greater part of the summer here, left Monday for her home in Florida.

Mr. H. S. Sawyer, '12, recently visited "dear" friends at the college. He was enroute to the University of Florida, where he expects to read law.

Lily Mae Raiford, '11, has been elected a teacher at Belvidere Academy, N. C.

Of the class of '13, Messrs. Marley and Gilchrist were here recently.

Sallie Raiford, '08, who has taken a year's work at Earlham since leaving Guilford, is a teacher at Corinth Academy, Va.

Janie P. Brown, '11, is also teaching in that school.

Bryant Smith, '13, recently left for the University of Colorado, where he will pursue a course in law.

R. E. Dalton, '09, was married during the summer.

Margaret Rutledge, '11, has also been joined in wedlock.

J. T. Chappell, '13, is teaching at Roxobel, N. C.

W. T. Boyce, '09, is occupying the chair of History and Political Economy in Whittier College, California.

# GUILFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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L. L. HOBBS, PRES.      GEO. W. WHITE, TREAS.

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## Literary Societies.

### HENRY CLAY.

S. J. Lindley, President  
H. A. Carroll, Secretary  
C. R. Mitchell, Marshal

### WEBSTERIAN.

J. W. Barber, Pres.  
P. S. Nunn, Sec.  
W. Futrell, Marshal

### PHILOMATHIAN.

Eilene Lewis, President  
Mabel Edgerton, Secretary  
Juliet Ballinger, Marshal

### ZATASIAN.

Helen East, Pres.  
Maud Cullen, Sec.  
Eleanor Fox, Marshal

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## Young Men's Christian Association.

S. J. Lindley, President

David Henley, Sec.

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## Young Women's Christian Association.

Cathline Pike, President

Gladys Highfill, Secretary

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## The Biblical Seminar

S. J. Lindley, President

Geo. E. Raiford, Secretary

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## Joseph Moore Science Club.

Prof. A. A. Dixon, Pres.      Olive Smith, Sec.      M. W. Perry, Treas.  
Dr. Raymond Binford, Aussher

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## Literary Club.

Dr. C. O. Meredith, President

Miss Hazel Harmon, Secretary

Miss Rustedt, Vice President

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## Athletic Association.

C. F. Benbow, President  
J. W. Barber, Base B. Mgr.  
S. S. Nelson, Track Manager

Fred Henley, Sec.-Treas.  
Robt. Brown, Tennis M'n'ger  
Brown Finch, B'sk't Ball Mgr.

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## Girls Athletic Association

Helen East, President  
Katharine Watkins, Secretary  
Blanche Futrell, B'sk't Ball Mgr.  
Juliet Ballinger, Track Manager

Katharine Dorsett, V. Pres.  
Mary Doan, Treasurer  
Irma Coble, Tennis Mgr.

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## Classes.

### SENIOR

W. A. White, Jr., President  
Alma Crutchfield, Secretary

### JUNIOR

J. D. Wood, Pres.  
Katharine Dorsett, Sec.

### SOPHOMORE

C. R. Mitchell, President  
Kate Smith, Secretary

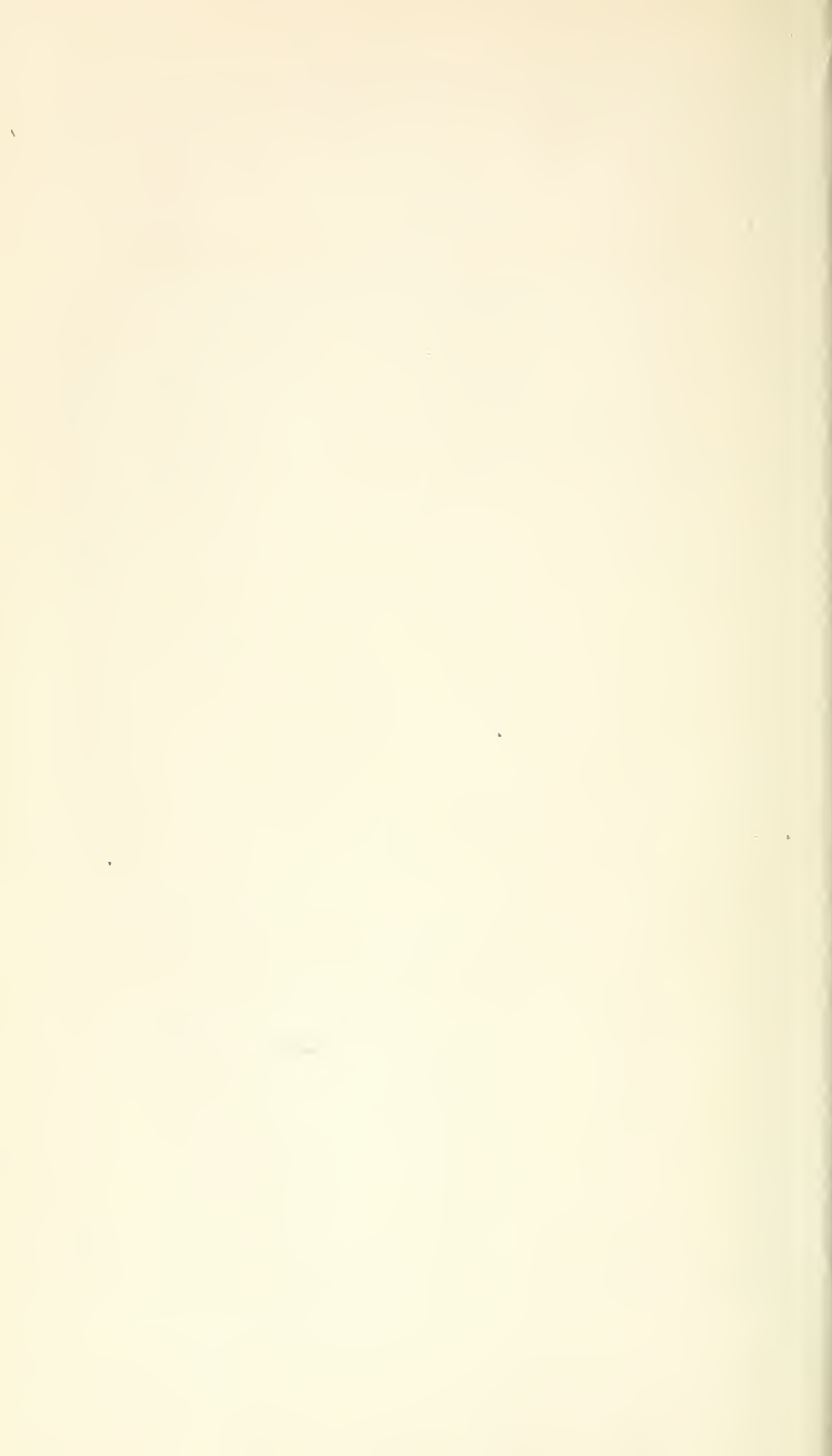
### FRESHMAN

J. P. Garner, Pres.  
Katharine Watkins, Sec

# CONTENTS

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1. Thanksgiving .....	73
2. The Reason Why .....	74
3. The Spanish Villa.....	79
4. The Thief.....	83
5. To An Autumn Leaf.....	86
6. Holland Honors a Guilfordian.....	87
7. Resolutions of Respect--Earle Budd .....	88
8. Pathos .....	89
9. Editorials.....	90
10. Y. M. C. A. Notes.....	94
11. Exchanges.....	96
12. First Reception Given to Senior Class.....	97
13. Locals and Personals.....	98
14. Alumni.....	102
15. Directory.....	104





# The Guilford Collegian.

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November! Thanksgiving! (O turkey"! ) is here—  
Opossum, persimmons and other good things!  
Very "top-o-the-pot"—such jolly good cheer!  
Everywhere listen! the dinner bell rings!  
May we not eat too much, nor e'en be too merry—  
Be truly thankful—to every one, cheery,  
Ever praising our Maker by clean, wholesome living—  
Remembering "Thanks-living's" ahead of "Thanksgiving."

## THE REASON WHY.

(Concluded)

In a brisk gallop Mrs. Stanton rode back to the house. Let's see, she must look after the incubator, feed her newly-hatched chickens, doctor "Princess Fantina," the sick Jersey cow; and then she must prepare the children's supper, stow them away and then cook for the hired men. She smiled as she thought of the *Caesari omnia uno tempore erant agenda*, and wondered if many prairie mothers were not quite a bit busier than conceited old Cæsar ever was.

Before she reached home she heard distressing shrieks and she hastened in spite of her sprained ankle. Little Betty had become twisted on her frame and was almost in convulsions from the extreme pain. Philip and Harriet had bravely come to her rescue and Harriet was gently rubbing her. Mrs. Stanton carefully straightened the little writhing mite and noticed the child was very hot. The big doctor from Chicago had said if Betty's fever ran high, it meant serious congestion. There were no creditable physicians within fifteen miles. Of course there were semi-quacks who had graduated from medical schools of little repute. They wouldn't probably be of any real assistance but they could bring temporary relief to the little sufferer.

Mrs. Stanton once more flew to her horse and galloped madly to her closest neighbor—a half mile away—to get them to go to the corner store and telephone for the doctor. When she got back, little Betty, though still suffering, was resting half contentedly. Mrs. Stanton waited and prayed and prayed, after she had done all she knew how to do. If only William had been there! Perhaps it might have been different. If she had had time to have stayed with her children, little Betty would have been as well as before. Crops were late, but what was that to neglect and inattention to Betty? Incomparable.

The doctor chuffed up in a little rattling wheezy run-about.

Betty's fever had run very high and the doctor looked seri-

ous. Harriet came up quickly and touched the doctor's arm:

"She's all the sister I have and I just couldn't get along without her, and mother couldn't, and we all must be happy."

The doctor wheezed his mosquito back and brought a sensible nurse with him.

"You can't do it, Mrs. Stanton, on that ankle you need six weeks' rest."

"Six weeks rest!" Mrs. Stanton echoed. She laughed harshly, gratingly. "And I have no time for one."

"I understand Mr. Stanton isn't at home?" the doctor unintentionally spoke crisply.

Mrs. Stanton flushed and shook her head. She went out to her crying, sleepy chickens. It seemed comforting to see the fluffy, sturdy little bodies scratching for an existence. She almost smiled when two little pugilists knocked each other down by pecking at one another's bill. Princess Fantina, the five hundred dollar cow, must be seen to. She limped painfully to the dairy barn and found little Harriet had gotten there before her. Harriet was crying over Princess and was rubbing her neck gently. Little Harriet insisted that Princess' little calf would comfort the sick cow and Mrs. Stanton wished that Princess could be comforted. Duchess Fantina had been separated from her since Duchess was three days old and she was now two months old.

When Harriet and Mrs. Stanton went to the house, the doctor was professionally girding up his loins. He smiled as he outstretched his hand.

"Be plucky, Mrs. Stanton. Miss Moore is very competent. She will bandage that ankle, and do take care of it." But Laura Williston Stanton's mind was far from the sprained ankle.

Pudge had been fed and safely tucked away—an insensible little ball. Harriet was crooning an impromptu lullaby to enraptured, starey-eyed Lucy Locket as she lay in her little crib. Phil wandered about aimless, restless, discontented. Mrs. Stanton slowly prepared her hot bread, ham, gravy and eggs for the ravenous appetites of the hands who only desired this

one menu. Once Betty had cried out shrilly—but Miss Moore had told her not to come in. She hoped Miss Moore would forget to mention about the ankle, waste of time, absolute foolishness. She wondered if the farmer's wife were better and in her sorrow she hoped for him. Certainly he could not stand to lose her. What would she do without William?

For the first time in her life she was doubtful of William's being a necessity. Why wasn't he here? Did he have oversight over Phil? Did he know that the crops were late? Did he know how many chickens she had? Did he know anything except how old Mrs. Jones could almost read the Bible, how some prayer meeting was coming on, or again could he think of aught but some ladies' aid, some marriage, some funeral, delicate condition of some one's soul? Minor affairs like home affairs could not interest him! Oh, no! The children were getting the best advantages that the country-side offered, but they were little heathens—at least Phil was. William couldn't go back and leave his work, his *great* work. He had to raise money for churches and schools. He had to raise their ideals. What were these people in comparison to little Betty and her children? Did William realize that the people were doubtful of him because he did no man's work at home? The blunt wives had made sneering remarks about Mrs. Stanton's supervising the farm—about Phil's neglect. In his own eyes William was the ideal of all the country people—he was a demi-god, a rescuer of the country—and yet they would have sought an ignorant, energetic, foul mouthed minister every time if there were one available. They admired strong physique, unconquerable wills, and in their semi-rough stage they revered their women. They had a much higher regard for her work, her amusement than some of their more enlightened Eastern brothers. These people condemned William Stanton, because he was so oblivious of his home, and because his wife stepped out of her bounds in superintending the farm and in managing the hired hands.

It was no wonder that Mrs. Stanton held Harriet and Philip such a long time that evening. She could not endure the

thought of having no one of her family near. She would give anything for a sister, mother or any one of her family. She was distracted and oh so lonesome. Too tired physically to bear her anguish and her condemning William. How she would like to read a Harper's, a Scribner, a Century! She hadn't read one since Christmas—too tired, too sleepy to read at night—too busy during the day. William took all the magazines to the country people, who much preferred the "Farm and Fireside," "Hearth and Home" variety to these. These had stories too deep for them—not melodramatic enough. Mary J. Holmes and Horatio Alger were their ideals.

Little Betty grew worse and worse that night. The nurse, brave and calm, called the doctor, but little Betty was beyond permanent relief. Mrs. Stanton sent Joe after Mr. Stanton, who sanctifiedly walked in about five o'clock in the morning, and of course he was as selfish and mistaken as ever.

"Oh, Laura, I am so grieved. I thought she was almost well. Why didn't you tell me? This will make me lose at least three days' work, and tomorrow is the commencement at the Corners."

How she despised him!

There was a multitude at the funeral. The aunts, who had come from Madison, and William's mother were surprised to see so many people there. But funerals were a semi-celebration and the funeral of a tiny girl, who had been flat on her back for two years, was well worth attending. A howling, maniacal minister usurped the floor, and for full fifteen minutes dwelt repulsively on the horrors of hell fire. Little Harriet shrieked and clung to her mother who had not shed a tear yet. Mrs. Stanton thought her head would burst. The Williston "girls" were so horrified that they were ready to tear William to pieces for dragging Laura to such a section.

But the tension was relaxed when the quiet train walked over to the cemetery, sacred with its past events, beautiful with the spring flowers and heavenly with the birds' happy songs.

The Misses Williston hurried Harriet and Philip home and made preparations for the solemn home coming. The good-



hearted neighbor women, full twelve in number, had brought pies, cakes, cookies and meat enough to last a fortnight. They were idly curious to see Mrs. Stanton again. They never had seen a bereaved mother who didn't make the best of her weeping chances. The old maids read suspense in one another's eyes. Why hadn't they guessed that Laura needed them? Why hadn't she told them she was too tired and why hadn't she told about William. Perhaps they were too busy to read between her lines. And how would this relaxation end for her?

While Mrs. Stanton slowly walked to the house, she picked up a little stocking which had been carelessly dropped. Involuntarily she ran her fingers to the toe and there as usual were two yawning holes. She laughed—a blood-curdling laugh. Her sisters clasped their hands. Had it come to that.

Mrs. Stanton went in the living room, picked up a *Century*, and sat with the magazine upside down while she sang the words of the "Little Blue Pigeon." She sang snatches of all the Eugene Field lullabies of which she was so fond. She went over to Pudge, serenely, happily sitting on the floor, and, in her attempt to lift him, fainted.

She was unconscious for forty-eight hours. The big Des Moines doctor gave his verdict—too run down a condition for any such mental strain—and never had he seen such a state of collapse. Rest and sanatorium might do the work, but probably her mind would never recover.

The aunts took blank-faced Mrs. Stanton, Philip and Pudge back to Madison. Mrs. Stanton was to be placed conveniently near. Little Phil was seized because they could not stand to see him grow into a second William—and Pudge was likewise taken. Little Harriet was left with her grandmother Stanton, dear little Harriet in her loneliness and mother love might be William's only salvation.

When the Misses Williston and their charges left, little Harriet stood on the steps waiving her handkerchief as she held Lucy Locket and clung to her broken-hearted grandmother. They started and she sank into a disconsolate little heap, weeping upon Lucy Locket's sawdust breast.



## THE SPANISH VILLA.

"Have you been to the Spanish villa?" asked Janette, casually, and Marie, who always boasts of her love of the new and adventurous, quickly took her up: "No, I haven't, and I'm crazy to go. Have you been? You have? Will you go again this afternoon and show us the way? Oh, yes, I know Eleanor and Suzanne will go, and probably Jeanne and Billy. It's three and a half miles? Well, we'll be ready by five. Oh, yes, we can. Eleanor and I came from Brown's pasture in ten minutes the other day."

It was shortly after three that pleasant July day when we six girls started from Blue Ridge to the Spanish villa. Yes, we were all girls and a merry set too. The first part of our journey led us through the wood, across the fields and then along a rough mountain road. I had no idea what we were going to see. Yes, I had a very vague idea of an old rock or cave where some Spaniards had probably camped in some primitive day. The other girls apparently had a more definite idea about the place we were to visit. They were talking constantly, as girls sometimes do when there are only girls together.

"Say, I hope we'll see the old woman, don't you? Reckon she'll be at home?" I caught from Marie.

"Woman?" I asked. "I didn't know there was a woman."

"Why yes, child", she answered quite authoritatively. "Janette saw her and talked to her one day. Didn't you, Janette?"

"Yes," replied Janette, in her quiet voice. "She's good looking and intelligent too. Her husband has been dead eight or nine years, and she wears black all the time."

"Yes, Eleanor," spoke up Billie, "and her husband is in a vault at Asheville, and she walks over there to see him. She's gone from home about half the time, and she carries a pistol all the time."

"Good gracious! I declare girls I think we ought to have had a man to come with us."

"Oh, who's afraid? I'm not," spoke up Marie promptly.

"Does she mind people's coming over there?" I asked, turning to Janette.

"No; she said bring all the young people we wanted, but not to bring any old folks."

Just before we got there, I—and I dare say the others too—was quite relieved to see a company of the hotel people walking leisurely along just in front of us. We pushed on past them and entered the brick entrance to the grounds alone. We now walked quite silently along the heavy over-grown hedge toward the house. We paused a moment to take in the surroundings. We seemed to be in a nook of the great over-shadowing mountains. They rose tall, somber, majestic around us, and below where we stood we could trace the winding mountain stream by the thick growth of rhododendron. The Spanish couple had chosen one of nature's most picturesque nooks when they came here eighteen years ago, I thought as we quietly passed on. The house was partly hidden from view by a field of luxuriant corn, until we got past the front and came into a road which led directly to it. We followed this grass-grown road up to the quaint yellow house. The building was not very large and had a flat look to us. There wasn't any porch in front, but at each end was a kind of portecochere. The one to the left led immediately into a small but effective garden. There was really nothing especially attractive about this except the general outlines. The plants and shrubbery were growing riotously. There were traces of ancient walks through and cozy corners. The portecochere at the other end of the house terminated into a kind of arbor on which vines were climbing. This looked out upon a small lake, in the centre of which was an old fountain. Out of the mouths of the dragons water flowed or dropped only intermittently. At the other side of the lake was an antique summer house and over this vines were also clambering. When we walked down to this lake we found decaying rustic seats in many attractive places. At the other side of the summer house we also found another lake some larger than the first. We now retraced our steps to the path and followed it down toward the

stream. There we found more curious things, but I shall not try to tell you about them all. The most conspicuous thing was what we took for a great old mill. The windows and doors were nailed up, so there was no possible entrance. We followed the path down the stream for a short distance and came upon several kilns to our left. In these we found pile after pile of dingy white tile. To our left were some queer, tall, narrow buildings. On the step of one of these we saw two women. No, neither of them was our Spanish lady, but they told us something, tho very little of her. They said she was a good woman, but awfully queer. These women worked for her, but had never been allowed in any part of the house except the kitchen. They said she allowed no one to go in. They verified the statement that she spent much of her time in Asheville—about fifteen miles away—at the vault of her husband. They also said she had a very wealthy son in New York or Philadelphia. They said she had been at home that day, but they knew not where she was just then. We passed on back to the house, half hoping, half fearing we would see her. But she did not make her appearance. We passed through the garden up the steps to the back of the house. We got the full affect of all the little crooks and turns and small windows, etc., of the house. We went up to a small building a few yards back of the house up the hill side. The windows and doors were open so we entered. There was no floor except of deep sand, and it was furnished quite quaintly. There was a large, comfortable rocking chair, many other chairs, all rustic, and a table in the center. Back of the house and the lakes terracing had been begun. We now descended by steps into the garden again and followed a rather dark, shaded path to the entrance by a new route. It was now half past four, so we had to hurry. But we did not go too fast for thoughts. We had been impressed by the wild beauty of the natural scenery, by the weird dress and the unique beauty of the many touches effected by some hand. We pitied the woman in her loneliness, and wondered if her former days had been happy ones. We thought too of what a beautiful place it would have been had the artist—for such he

must have been—had carried out his plans. So we all hurried homeward—thinking more than talking—and yes we got back at five o'clock.

Now if you go to Blue Ridge this summer be sure to visit the Spanish villa, and if you don't find it exactly as I've described it, you will find it even more interesting and unique.



## THE THIEF.

Nan was a delightful girl. She was not one of these beautiful, princess-wave-the-wand types, but she was so wholesome that she radiated kindness and common sense wherever she went. She had longed to give, give, give, ever since she was the tiniest girl. That mania grew as she became older and had a larger acquaintance. She had a plentiful allowance at school, but it was not sufficiently ample to meet her desire for unchecked liberality. She never published abroad what she gave, but gave it in the most loving attitude toward her school-mates. If Nan walked to town twice a day, her chums knew she would at least bring them something good to eat. She never spent her allowance to gratify her own foolish fancies, but spent it to give others something they would like to receive. Naturally enough, she enjoyed a delightful popularity.

Nan had an especial favorite, however, in a little girl named Maria. Maria was a foolish, irresponsible child, but nevertheless irresistible. It happened one day that Maria had written home for money, and had been refused. Nan pondered how she could help her, as she herself owed every cent she possessed. She looked across the hall to an open room. Its occupant, a girl whom Nan did not especially admire, was away. That girl had plenty of money, never spent any, never would miss any. Why was it? Was it fair when people wanted money so badly? Not knowing how she got to the room, Nan found herself diving into the contents of the chiffonier. She found a purse and emptied its contents into her handkerchief.

That was only the beginning. Nan found herself steadily stealing just in order to give it away in some way. She baffled the authorities. No one was suspected.

One day Maria came to Nan and said she just had to borrow money to get a pair of red evening slippers. Nan was bankrupt for the time, and was compelled to refuse. She passed by the treasurer's office after lunch, and saw many bills lying in a cash drawer. She longed for it, and clinched her fists in her



temptation. How could she do it? She loved Maria so much that she was unable to deny her a thing. She would watch her time, she had to have that money.

That evening when all were out for the prescribed exercise, Nan feigned fatigue and stayed in. She slipped to the treasurer's office hoping that it would be unlocked, and that the treasurer would be outside watching the girls, as was his habit. She crept stealthily along. Yes, the door was open and he was out. Thief like she advanced to the drawer. What if some one heard her? What if he came in? But Maria—, Nan blindly grasped a handful of bills and fled. When, breathless and wild-eyed, she got back to her room, she found she had five ten-dollar gold certificates. She looked at her face. It was that of a criminal—white, set-jawed, and stary-eyed. She sighed and sat down bewildered. But Maria and all of them—they wanted so much.

Nan slipped out quietly unchaperoned to town. She bought the red slippers and an expensive mesh bag for Maria. Her purchases, in all, proved many. She went from store to store buying, carelessly, almost happily anticipating the pleasure the others would have at her gifts.

She went back thoroughly exhausted and dazed. She had spent all but one certificate. Tired out, she lay down and went to sleep, with purse in hand, and packages scattered about the room. She slept long and soundly. When she awoke, she found the packages all removed, and the purse gone. Her roommate told her the Dean wished her to come to her room as soon as she awakened. Nan went with greatest composure.

The treasurer had discovered his loss shortly after she had been in there. Nan had been seen leaving and one of the teachers had trailed her, and noted her extensive purchases. Trade slips had been presented, and the certificates had been located, along with the one remaining in her purse.

All Nan said was, "But who will give to Maria now? I do so love to give things." They told her that they would bring a feigned telegram in the morning from her mother, calling her



home, and that the girls need never know. Nan grew whiter still, and said, "But mother will know then."

That night Nan sat up and read magazines until her roommate was sound asleep. What would her mother say? Could she endure having her mother know she was a plain thief? Her mother must never know. The officials would never tell if—ah, she had it!

The next morning Nan was found, apparently asleep. On a chair beside her bed was a note addressed to the Dean, and an empty bottle. The note ran: "I saw no other way. Mother must never know I stole. She might blame herself for not giving me more money, but my allowance was plentiful for any girl. Please let Maria have the red slippers I bought. I'm sorry—but I only wanted to give." The note was signed simply "Nan."



## TO AN AUTUMN LEAF.

O gay little dancing leaf,  
In thy dress of russet and gold,  
Knowest thou not this whistling wind  
Is a breath of winter cold,

And that thou soon must shiver  
Down here on the bleak hill-side,  
And lose at length the colors bright  
In which thy coat is dyed?

Thou hast merry been all summer,  
Doing thy own small share  
In thwarting the rays of the blistering sun  
For many a feathered pair.

But now thy work is over,  
And grievest thou not at all  
To leave the friendly mother arm,  
And to the damp earth fall?

Ah, little leaf, a lesson  
Worth much, thou teachest me,  
Thou hast lived, and done thy tiny best,  
Fall holds no fear for thee!

And now in dress respendent,  
Thou flutterest there on high,  
And smile, it seems, on me below,  
Who weep to see thee die!

## HOLLAND HONORS A GUILFORDIAN.

Of special interest to Guilfordians and to North Carolinians as a whole, is the naming of Dr. Leonard Charles Van Noppen as first appointee of the Queen Wilhelmina lectureship in Columbia University. This chair was endowed by a popular subscription in Holland, headed by the queen mother, and the lecturer is nominated by the Dutch government. The lectures are to deal with Dutch literature, which while almost unknown to American students, is said to be one of the richest literatures in the world.

Although he has resided for some years in New York City, Dr. Van Noppen is a graduate of Guilford, taking his A. B. from this institution in 1890. He was born in Holland in 1868, but his family removed to North Carolina a few years later.

Dr. Van Noppen took the degree of Master of Arts at Haverford College and studied law at the University of North Carolina. He was admitted to the bar in 1894.

During the years 1895 and '96 Dr. Van Noppen studied Dutch literature in Holland. He was lecturer on Dutch Literature at Columbia University 1899-1901 and also lectured at Lowell Institute in Boston. His native country of Holland honored him by making him a member of the oldest Literary Society in the Netherlands, the *Mattschappijder Nederlandsche Letterkunte* of Leiden.

The achievement which has perhaps done most to bring Dr. Van Noppen into favorable notice is his translation of Vondel's "Lucifer." That he accomplished this in a most estimable manner cannot but be surmised by the very fact that the Dutch were so pleased that they chose the "Tar Heel" Dutchman to represent the spirit of their literature to American students.

As a poet, Dr. Van Noppen has drawn flattering notice from the ablest American critics. He has contributed, at various times, a few articles to the best magazines of the country, although he has modestly and consistently shunned publicity. Guilfordians will generally rejoice at the great honor which has been bestowed upon this alumnus and will watch with interest his future achievements.

## RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT—EARLE BUDD.

Whereas, the all-wise Father has seen fit to call from works to reward one of our fellow co-laborers, Earle Budd, we, the members of the Henry Clay Literary Society, recognizing in him a life possessed with those qualities for which our organization stands—honesty, uprightness, a spirit of fellowship, and nobleness of character, and deeply sympathizing with those nearest him, desire to express our genuine sorrow in the loss of so promising a young life.

To the grief-stricken relatives we extend our most heartfelt sympathy, realizing that in his death not only they, but we have lost a worthy companion.

We order that this expression be enrolled upon our minutes, and that copies be sent to the family of the deceased and to the Guilford Collegian for publication.

October 31, 1913.

E. H. McBANE,  
H. A. CARROLL,  
T. G. PERRY,

Committee on behalf of the Society.

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Whereas, in the providence of God, death has entered our college and taken from among us our fellow-student, Earle Budd, we, sharing the grief of those nearest him, desire to express our genuine sorrow at his death. To his brother, our class-mate, and to his bereaved family, we express our sincerest sympathy and we order that copies of this expression be sent to them and to the Guilford Collegian for publication.

October 24, 1913.

OMA GREY,  
MARY J. SHAMBURGER,  
BENBOW JONES,

Committee on behalf of Freshman Class.

## PATHOS.

On time of dreams and autumn leaves!  
The golden rod, aster—all of these  
Whose glories burn on every side,  
What thoughts do come, what meanings wide  
Can to thee, Autumn, be applied.

What gloom and sadness fills that mind;  
Who has determined not to find  
The one great truth we all must bear,  
Before we royal colors wear  
And things eternal, glorious share.

MEIRA, '18.



# The Guilford Collegian

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## Editorials

*A Mistaken Idea.* The last two months has been a time when many young men and young women of America have undergone the trials of separation from old and familiar surroundings, and have experienced the hardships of becoming acclimated to the conditions of these new surroundings, with their new kinds of people engaged in a differ-



ent vocation. This transition has truly marked an epoch in the lives of these young people, and has, at the same time, afforded a most splendid opportunity for the study of human nature to those who are familiar with the conditions as they exist in the various phases of college life. No doubt this opportunity has been seized and utilized to a further extent than one might suppose, prior to his own consideration.

We know that it is a perfectly natural thing for a fellow to strive to the utmost in order to make a favorable impression upon the new surroundings and upon the minds of the new people with whom he is thrown in contact; we also know that there are those young people whose ambition will not allow any one else to take the front in anything, despite the circumstances prevailing; furthermore we know that no two persons are constituted exactly alike in every particular, and that everybody must make allowances for the faults and failings of those about him. But it seems that there are some young people, who, when they have first launched out into a new sea of action, think that it is absolutely essential for all their knowledge, all their powers, and all of their ability for anything to be discerned by those about them within the shortest period of time possible. The natural result of such an attitude is, of course the existence of a great amount of freshness in the different colleges and schools during the first few months, and sometimes for a greater part of the year.

There are various causes for the presence of such an evil at a college and the new student is often denounced because of this mistaken idea, without having received due consideration from those who have served out the initiation period of their college lives. In the first place, many students have entertained a peculiar idea, and sometimes a wrong one, of real college life prior to their own; many have left their homes with a good record for brilliancy following them, sometimes in the form of a scholarship, or a prize in some oratorical or debating contest, which has sometimes opened up a pathway through which a little spark of egotism has crept in and is gradually acquiring full sway; while many others naturally have an ego-

tistic element imbedded in their very being without any apparent cause, other than their own selfishness, and are anxious to obtain popularity though, usually ignorant of the process. Now any one or any combination of these elements is inclined to give to the new student, a feeling of his own importance, and right here one of the greatest of all the battles of his college life is to be fought, viz: to avoid the practice of acting fresh, and this battle is usually a much more desperate one than some students consider it.

College is not a place where the student learns very much by his "showing off," but rather a place where one learns a great deal by getting "showed up." New student, if you have very much real ability it will soon come to light in the minds of the student body and the faculty without so much exertion on your part; if you are gifted in in any particular phase of college activities it will certainly be found out from your record as you continue to go through your daily routine of college work; and you will get due credit for such without any extended amount of self-advertised brilliancy in the very beginning. There is always room at the top of any intellectual height and usually many obstacles between you and the top, so don't put yourself at the top of anything until you really get there and belong there. Then you will realize enormous returns for all labor and precaution invested; you will have shown what you doubtless had at the beginning, and the efforts of a few ounces of common sense will then receive their full reward.

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Has it ever occurred to you what makes us brand people? What influences us more than their personal appearance and their English? All of us desire to be nicely and neatly dressed. We desire to use good taste. Do we agree that having good taste in dress is being dressed so we attract no attention in any

way? Have you ever heard the Fair-Wearer-of-Silk-Stockings say:

"It is him." "Prof. So and So is one perfect mess." "He *don't*?"

(Have you ever noticed that the Fair-Wearer-of-Silk-Stockings uses the pronoun "he" in an unlimited way?) We perhaps are not so ignorant of the principles of good English, but we are so negligent, so shiftless, so unthinking. Perhaps "he," Mr. Pointed Collar, Flaming Tie, Silk-Shirter, caps the climax in grammatical errors and actually says:

"I hain't never did that away."

Of course we don't admire such people, but we must be very careful or we will be imitating them before we realize it. We never know the dire influence or impression that our improprieties in speech and dress have.



## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

This first half term has indeed been one of hard work among the Y. M. C. A. men. The various committees have been busy getting their plans underway for the year.

The social committees of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. have contributed no small amount of time and effort to their field of work. The socials planned by them and the general spirit of the institution show that their efforts have not been spent in vain. This phase of college life is considered important and it is the hope of the two Associations so to regulate the social functions of the college, as best to suit the needs of the students and meet the approval of the faculty.

So far the weekly prayer meetings have been well attended and intensely interesting. The leaders have studied the weaknesses in student life here and have presented strong appeals to the students to remedy these defects in their lives. Judging from the attendance there seems to be an increasing interest manifested in these meetings on the part of the student body as a whole. Much of the success of these meetings must be attributed to the efforts of the religious meetings committee.

Soon after the opening of college last September, nine Bible study classes were organized and a good man chosen to lead each class. These leaders soon realized the need of a Normal class where they might meet together with a member of the faculty and discuss the problems that might come up in their various classes from time to time. Consequently, a normal class was organized under the leadership of Prof. Carroll, and is proving very helpful to the leaders and to others who attend it.

At present Bible study looks prosperous at Guilford. Every leader of a Bible class seems anxious to make his class the best in the Association, and what counts for still more, to make Bible study a telling force in the student life of the college.

This year not only the leaders, but the students as a whole are showing that they are really interested in studying the

Bible and what a knowledge of it may mean to them as college men.

Below is given the names of the leaders and the average attendance in each class during the months of September and October:

Leader.	Average Attendance.
S. J. Lindley .....	97.8 per cent.
E. H. McBane .....	97.8 per cent.
W. D. Webster .....	97.1 per cent.
E. W. Pearson .....	96.8 per cent.
D. E. Henley .....	95.6 per cent.
C. F. Benbow .....	95.2 per cent.
J. R. Brown .....	88.5 per cent.
D. D. Carroll .....	87 per cent.
T. G. Perry .....	77.6 per cent.

The study of missions, though somewhat neglected in the Y. M. C. A. courses, is nevertheless a very important one. It is true all of us cannot become missionaries, but we can lend our support and influence to the cause. The more we know about the conditions in the foreign field, the more likely are we to influence others to think of the missionary field for their life work. To one with an ambition to serve humanity either as a preacher, teacher or physician, the missionary movement opens up a field of the brightest prospects. There he can preach without thought of denomination or creed, there he can teach without competition and use his medical knowledge with a telling effect. It is clear therefore that the missionary field should attract students of all classes and interest. It is the hope of the Association to enroll all the men into the various classes which will be in operation a little later in the year.

## EXCHANGES.

CATHLINE PIKE, Editor.

The first magazine we pick up this month is The Trinity Archive. The verse in this October number is better than usual college magazine poetry. The rhythm and imagery are both worthy of commendation. The stories are not so good. The plot of "An Unusual Co-Ed" is impossible, and in spite of a pretentious style the diction is poor. Though "A Scurvy Trick" holds one at first, the interest wanes decidedly after Percy leaves college. The narrative is poor and the ending is positively weak. The trouble seems to be just what the Exchange editor of this magazine explains, namely that writers of college magazine stories are too prone to invent unusual and impossible plots and to let love always play the leading part. The Exchange editor seems to have some splendid ideas and we shall look forward to the coming issues of The Archive with much interest.

"Fate and a Letter," in The Davidson College Magazine, contains one of those impossible situations. The entire plot is decidedly weak. The ending is disgusting. We find the items in "As You Like It" well worth reading. "The Greatest Things in Life," though containing deep thought and impressive truth, and all beautifully expressed, fails to hold one's interest. Though the style is smooth, easy-flowing and rhythmical, one finds it monotonous, because of the constant iteration of the same idea in different words.

The Wake Forest Student is good. The stories are wholesome and interesting throughout. The plots are novel and perfectly possible, with perhaps the exception of "Three Chops on a Poplar Tree," which is a rather interesting ghost story.



## THE FIRST RECEPTION GIVEN THE SENIOR CLASS.

On the evening of the 16th of October, the Senior class was entertained by Alma Crutchfield and Paul Nunn at their respective homes and on the lawn between them. The two houses were decorated with autumn leaves and the grounds were lighted with Japanese lanterns. After the guests were welcomed by the parents of Miss Crutchfield and Mr. Nunn, they went out on the lawn, where partners were selected for a guessing contest. The prize, a copy of Burns' poems, was won by Eileen Lewis. Favors were given to the guests, by which partners were again selected. Dainty refreshments were served, consisting of salad and ice cream courses. Shortly afterwards the guests departed, with the recollection of a most enjoyable evening.



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Thanksgiving is the next station ahead.

For instructions in bicycle riding see Mary Doan and Marguerite Tuthill.

We extend our congratulations to Mr. Isaac Fike and Miss Ethyl Nance, two former students of Guilford, who were married on October 15th.

"New York" says that he's going to write home for his bathing suit?

Found!? Ask "Nic" and Doggett.

Hugh A. Stewart, '13, spent a few days on the hill recently.

"Brink" to Professor—"Professor, may I go to town?"

Professor—"What for?"

"Brink"—"I want to get my cork foot repaired."

Fred M. is looking forward to the time when we read Romeo and Juliet in the Shakespeare course.

After drinking his eighth glass of milk, Miss Rustedt asked Milton Mason—"You don't have milk in New York, do you?"

Mason—"Oh! I only drink a bit to keep in practice."

New student seeing on the bulletin board that Kate Dorsett was to lead prayer meeting said, "Oh, I thought she was a Philomathean."

"Rat" in town seeing street sprinkler pass—"Reckon that man knows his wagon is leaking?"

Geo. W. Bradshaw, '08, was here recently.

Floy Lassiter, to a new student who had been recommended to her as a good poster painter—"Do you paint?"

New Student, musing—"Yes, I have some over there on the dresser."

Dr. Binford, to bright student in "Lab."—"From your drawing you've seen more in this specimen than anybody else has ever been able to see."

At Senior reception—"Harris, whom did you come with?"

Harris—"Boy, I had the 'Worth' of the college."

Face washing was one good feature of the Hallowe'en social.

Archie R. is just as "Graceful" as ever.

"Nic" says his appetite is on a vacation. Prof. White ought to hate to see it return.

Miss Louise to Prof. Dixon—"Now, Alfred, when I frown thee must be good."

Prof. D.—"How can I tell when thee is frowning?"

Pres. Hobbs on Psychology—"Brown Finch, when you go into the library and take down a book to study it, what is the first thing that attracts your attention?"

B. Finch—"The pictures."

Juliette is industriously reading the siege of "Troy" now.

Olive seems to see an underlying principle to everything, even Psychology.

Mina said she got a good "Deal" by coming down here.

Kate A. hasn't yet decided whether the hall is the best place to say "Good night" or not, after leaving Senior class meeting??

Mary White hasn't yet gotten used to waxed floors, for great was the fall thereon in the library the other day.

Prof. Hobbs, assigning a lesson in College Algebra—"Now you have Sat. and Sun. you might work a few of these problems.

It seems as if Mallie E. can't get enough to eat. She is always calling for More."

A few days ago Kate received the following: "We are still in the business of furnishing material for essays, theses, lectures, and etc. We will also write the complete article if you so desire. We write in English, French, and German. If you are in need of anything in our line, write us at once." She has not yet decided whether it shall be in French or German.

Prof. Binford looking at a cross section of Hydra drawn by Robert Mitchell—"Mr. Mitchell, what is this chicken after?"

Mitchell—"After a passing grade, but I'm afraid it's not going to get it."

Revised version of "That's How I Need You":

Like the Seniors need a chaperone,  
Like Edgar needs his Pearle,  
Like the Freshmen need the Soph'mores,  
Like Pearson needs a girl,  
Like Alpheus needs to hurry,  
Like Olive needs a beau,  
Like Cathaline needs her "Herby,"  
That's how Fred needs Joe."

Irma Coble—"Don't you know Prof. Downing says if a person is fat they either eat too much or have some disease. I have a disease, but Eilene you drank six glasses of buttermilk for dinner."

Eilene—"It's a big old story. I drank only five and a half."

Prof. Carroll in Sociology class, speaking of the noticeable migration of people to different parts of the country—"Did any of you feel the effect of so many people going to Florida last winter?"

Cathline Pike—"Yes sir."

Wonder if, when Mr. Downing arrives at the Pearly Gate, St. Peter will make him "*sign up*" before he can enter.—Chemistry Class.

It was very noticeable, when preparing for the Senior picnic that Jo and Gladys were anxious to help. Very fortunate that we have two "Henleys" in our class.

Hallowe'en did not pass without some ones being entrapped

by the wiles of a ghost. One of those unfortunate entrapped ones was Edgar McBane. He was quite flattered Saturday night when a ghost accosted him asking him to keep her coat for her. Mr. McBane gladly accepted the proffered garments and all during the evening waited expectantly for the ghost to return and claim her own, but the long brown coat remained in his hands, and he half sadly, half hopefully took it to his room after the entertainment was over. On Tuesday the following notice appeared on the bulletin board: "Lost—A long brown coat. Finder please return to Chellie Smith." Ask Edgar how he returned the coat.

## SOME THINGS THEY NEVER DO.

Juliette is never quiet.

Irma never has gotten a date here.

Olive never fails to have her way.

Eilene is never satisfied, if she isn't eating or sleeping.

Alph never hurries.

Silas never gets excited.

Mary Ina is never "squelched."

Floy never loses her dignity.

McBane never laughs or jokes when he's with Pearle.

Paul Nunn never loses his conceit.

Wade Barber never goes anywhere without his rabbit foot.

Mattie Doughton never fails to quote "the Faculty" as authority on every subject.

Mary Doan never begins to speak without introducing her remarks by "Well."

Gladys never gets through fixing her hair.

Estelle never fails to catch a beau.

Mabel never loses her temper.

Mary E. never fails to ask questions.

Katharine Watkins never fails to be affectionate and loyal to Blanche F.

Cathline never writes letters.

David Henley boasts over the fact that he's never enthusiastic in anything except vocal music.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

S. Addison Hodgin, '91, whose home was burned in the spring, is now rebuilding.

Arthur Lyon, '91, has recently been elected President of the State Baseball League. Old Guilfordians will remember that his fitness for this position was no doubt gained on the Guilford diamond.

Eunice Darden Meader, '95, has recently gone to Ramallah, Palestine, where she holds a position as teacher in the Friends Mission of that place.

Ada M. Field, '98, is now an instructor in the Domestic Science department in Columbia University. Miss Field quite deserves this honor and the Collegian extends congratulations.

J. Wilson Carroll, '00, has again returned to Summerfield, where he has been the principal of the High School since its beginning two years ago.

Mary D. Holmes, '05, has been a recent visitor at the college. She is in the High School work at Graham, and so can come over frequently.

Henry Doak, '08, is teaching in "The Land of the Dakotas." He is instructor of English in University of North Dakota.

William T. Boyce, '09, is a member of the faculty of Whittier College, California. The Alumni will remember that Thomas Newlin is President of the above-named institution.

Alice Dixon, '10, and Mary Mendenhall, '13, are both new teachers in the Jamestown school of which Grant Otwell, '11, is principal, and Eugene and Annie Lois Coltrane, '07, have for some years been the head.

Fletcher Bulla, '11, more familiarly known as "Stretch," is



the Superintendent of Schools for Randolph county—a position we believe him well adapted to fill.

Cupid among the Alumni has “fixed” for life the following during the summer: John Winslow, '11; Margaret Rutledge, '11; Robert Dalton, '10; William Holt, '10; C. O. Meredith, '00.

The summer has brought sorrow to the homes of the following, in the loss of a life companion: David White, '90; Flora Harding Ealon, '03.

The stork has recently left a welcome inmate in the home of J. Waldo Woody, '01.



# GUILFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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# CONTENTS

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1. Miriam's Christmas.....	105
2. The Importance of the American College .....	110
3. Miss Rhoades' Recital.....	114
4. Red Geraniums .. .....	121
5. Thanksgiving Dinner.....	125
6. The Last Night.....	126
7. Resolutions of Respect .....	129
8. Editorials.....	130
9. Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	133
10. Web.-Zat. Reception.....	134
11. Exchanges.....	135
12. Locals and Personals.....	137
13. Alumni.....	140
14. Directory.....	142



# The Guilford Collegian.

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## MIRIAM'S CHRISTMAS.

"Oh, hello!" squealed Miriam to herself as she danced up the steps to her room. "I wonder what makes me feel so good. I want to laugh and laugh and laugh. I know! I know! It's Christmas! No, not Christmas either," she sighed, for at that moment a picture came into her mind—a picture of what Christmas was going to be for her. She saw her mother just recovering from a short illness, confined to her chair by the fire, fretted by the slightest noise, yet patiently striving to be cheerful. She saw her father under that big responsibility of assuming his pastoral duties on a new charge. She saw the strange new parsonage in which her treasures seemed oddly out of place, new faces instead of old accustomed ones; but worst of all she saw the long letter that would be there from her far-away big brother who this year would spend his first Christmas away from home. With that sigh all cheerfulness left the now unhappy little boarding school girl. "Well, I wish," said she aloud, "that every person could have an individual calendar. I would certainly mark off the twenty-fifth of December from mine," and she brushed a stray tear from her face.

It seemed to Miriam, as the time for leaving drew nearer, that she among the whole mass of girls was the only one who was not bubbling over with joy because of the coming holidays. Everything was excitement, and of course Miriam in the hurry of attending last recitations, of exchanging little gifts and of packing, forgot her trouble for awhile. Even on the noisy trip to the station she was laughing and chattering with her com-

panions quite as vivaciously as ever, and she was still in the best of spirits when, several hours afterwards, she stepped down from the car to meet her father who was there expectantly awaiting "his baby."

The ride through the strange new country to the equally strange new home was truly a mixture of satisfaction and disappointment. Yes, it was true that brother could not come home. Just yesterday a letter had been received explaining fully how impossible it would be for him to come. Then too the real truth had not been written about mother. Her nerves were yet in very bad order and it was necessary for her to keep very quiet. But the new parishioners have been all that one might wish in kindly efforts to help. Nothing could be more gratifying than the sympathy and loving help mother had received from their hands during the past few weeks. All this and more Miriam found out on that long ride. At last the long-expected moment came—the horse turned towards a little white house, the parsonage.

"Just like father to slip up without telling me we were near," she thought. "There's mother! by the window. How good it is to see that face whose very expression shows the tender, devoted love of its owner. But my! This home-coming is only half complete. I don't see a big boy-man clumping down the steps in his heavy boots, I don't hear that loud 'Hey there, Sis!'" But she resolutely banished these thoughts from her mind, so that mother might see no look of disappointment. Of course the first thing to be done after the chat with mother was to see everything everywhere about the house and to find out the whys and wherefores of all the little crooks and turns. What an interesting task! what possibilities! "If I was not so tired," she said to mother, "I would beg you to let me begin right now to hang pictures and shift things about."

"But what about supper," said mother; "it is ready and waiting," and such a supper it was to the school girl. Then again came that painful little thought: there are only three of us! "Wait," she said to herself. It will be worse than this later on. It was well that she gave herself this little warning



too, for when the three were comfortably settled in the living room, it was much harder. They were sitting like those three and one more always sat after supper in the evening when they were all at home. A table was placed in the middle of the room and father was sitting on one side of it, thoroughly absorbed in his magazine, while mother was on the other side quietly nodding and resting. Miriam was sitting right by the fire in a tiny low chair, and right now she was wanting, oh so badly, to talk! How would she ever manage to be still with so much to say! But nobody noticed her so she leaned over, held her chin in her hands and began musing:

"Wonder what brother is doing tonight; wonder how we can do without our annual hunt on Christmas day. Ah, there won't be any songs on Christmas eve either." Further and further she leaned towards the fire, a dejected little mortal. Then suddenly she heard father saying, "Baby, baby, bedtime!"

In the strange new room which they told her was hers she sat down on a rug before the fire. Strange to say she did not feel sleepy any more.

"Oh, this isn't home!" she moaned aloud, "I want my room, I want my own room. Dear old room you are lonely tonight I know. Ah, if I were back with you, how happy I would be. I'd be telling you tales about school. We would think of old times; of happy little experiences of last summer, when you would live them over with me. We know things that nobody else knew. How faithfully you have guarded my treasures, my dearest secrets in your little nooks."

The bitter tears, no longer held back, burst forth in torrents; but the storm was hard and short, for drowsiness almost overwhelmed her. With a little start she rose, stretched and hopped into bed. Just a few tears, because mother could not come to tuck the covers around, then she was lost in sleep.

How soon the morning came, and what a busy day it heralded! Miriam was scarcely aware that it had begun till it was evening, and father was telling her to get ready to go with him to Christmas eve services at the church. She hated to think of Christmas eve. The nearer it came the more lonely she felt.

At least, she thought, it will be interesting to know what the new people are like. Then she found herself among them; found herself introduced to a score of girls, addressed ever so kindly by old ladies and stared at by half-grown boys and children. At length, the services were ended and she was quietly walking back home with father; alone yet not alone; blue, yet feeling that she had not sufficient reason for being so. They had reached the steps. Father and daughter paused and each looked out in the clear, cold night to the stars with a mutual longing plea! Where is the boy tonight!

"But hark! There's company here," said father for the door was noisily opening.

A tall young man was stepping out on the porch. Whirl! whirl! went Mirian's head! What's happened!

"Hey, there, dad," the young man was saying. "Sis! come here. I've got it on you now, you two. What makes you look so funny? Come in! Mother, look at them!" said he as the three straggled into the house. "They look like they had been caught stealing something, don't they? Say something Sis!"

"Ah, I can't," said she, "I got to jump up and down and laugh awhile first," and she did too, for mother was too occupied with this marvelously fine stranger to notice. Then father began asking questions.

"How did this come about, my boy? How did you get off? Have you been quite well?"

Just then Miriam spied an opening in one of the suit cases which had thoughtlessly been set right in the middle of the room. Immediately she stooped over and began prying into it. What mysterious looking bundles she was thinking as she picked up one on top. That looks like—at that moment her brother cried out, "You little rogue, keep your hands out!" But, oh, how tickled the meddler was, for she could just tell from the feel of that bundle just what was in it. How she did giggle up her sleeve!

But listen, she thought. What is he saying now? Brother had stopped in the city on his way home, and both cousins,

Louise and Bill, were coming out tomorrow to stay a week to help hunt and tear up things.

"Goodness, gracious!" said Miriam, "I believe I have got to laugh some more."

"What an awful lot of talking did have to be done. It was very, very late before the four were tired enough to sit silently around the fire. That time came, however, and Miriam was first to reach it. She could not help saying to herself as she sat drowsily holding her chin, "I do love this whole universe!" and then she thought, what a good, dear God to bring this perfect happiness to such an unworthy little mortal. The tears were starting, but they didn't get out this time, for father was saying:

"Children, won't you sing something now, and then we must go to bed?"

Miriam rose from her low chair, slipped over to the tiny organ and began playing softly, and soon to this accompaniment she was blending her voice with that most wonderful of all wonderful voices, brother's, and never was song sung with more of pride, joy and thankfulness than came from the heart of this little girl with the

"Holy night! Silent night!  
All is calm, all is bright!  
O'er you Virgin Mother and Child.  
Holy infant, so tender and mild,  
Rest in heavenly peace,  
Rest in heavenly peace,"

for out of the darkness which had so lately hovered around her she had seen the dawn of the happiest Christmas that she had ever known.

F. L., '16.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF THE AMERICAN COLLEGE.

In primitive times, when a man's body was the only tool for work or war, the development of a strong physique was the attainment most coveted. Then, so long as human affairs were controlled by brute force, the giant was thought to be the great man, for greatness was commensurate with physical powers. But when man outgrew that period of force, cunning was the quality most prized. The nimble brain outwitted the heavy arm and brought the circumvented giants to the ground. He could overreach his antagonist, plotting more secretly, winning with more deceitful skill. He who could turn and double on his unseen track, was considered the great man.

As men go on in their development, finding qualities more valuable than the strength of the lion or the subtlety of the fox, they come to value higher intellectual faculties—great understanding, great imagination and great reason. Power to think is the faculty men value most; ability to devise means for attaining desired ends; the power to originate ideas, to express them in speech, to organize them into institutions, men into a state, or a gang of operatives, and to administer to the various organizations. He who is eminent in this ability is now considered the great man.

Granting the self-evident fact that business is king, and that the business world is rapidly changing, the problem that confronts us in the morning of the 20th century is the advancement of education to meet the requirements of new conditions.

Contrary to expectations, the professions or specialties tend to narrow and dwarf the individual, crushing out originality and individuality, thus making the man who trains only one part of his mind to do one thing, pay a very heavy penalty for his specialization. The advantage which the man in business receives from a thorough training is as great today and is to become even greater tomorrow than ever before in the history of the world. The demand for knowledge which shall be both exact and comprehensive, for wisdom which shall be of details

and yet large for force, which shall be aggressive without being harsh, is becoming more and more imperative. And where can one look for knowledge, force and wisdom with a surer hope of finding these noble qualities in their noblest development elsewhere than in our worthy American colleges?

If we go into our largest organized industries we will find that the small per cent. of college men form the large majority in the upper and front ranks of each profession. We will find, for instance, in a great railway corporation that the ordinary laborers and under-officials are trained chiefly in details, in that which may almost be termed mechanical and have thus become fitted for their subordinate positions. But if we go higher up and inquire for the men of directing intelligence, who, with keen and far-sighted vision, look over this great land and send out lines and branches of railway running in every direction that seem like great iron fingers extended to grasp in their embrace the entire continent, we shall find that they—the men who organize, direct, and control these marvelous enterprises, are men whose practical education consists not so much in the education of the hand to skill, as of the brain to directive intelligence. They are men of trained minds, and disciplined intellects obtained in a majority of cases from the college and university. From this we are able to state the law believed to be universal, namely, the higher the rank or position the larger the per cent. of college graduates who occupy it.

It is evident to all careful observers that college students under the stimulating influence of college life grow more rapidly, mature earlier and reach eminence in the state and nation sooner than the non-college student or graduate. Indeed, it is estimated that graduates attain a position of success at thirty-five years of age, which non-graduates do not reach until they are forty-five. If this observation be correct then a college training virtually adds ten years to a man's life—ten years not of childhood or of dotage, but of the vigorous period of life. The college graduate having ten years more in which to labor



and grow, easily rises to the highest positions and bears away the highest honors.

These facts teach us that the mind is a vital force in all human activity—that it is “the forecast and insight of disciplined intellect, not brute muscle that accumulates the treasures and bears away the honors of the world,” and that collegiate training tends to secure such a discipline. Not that a college education can transform mediocrity into genius or brick-bats into diamonds. But it can and does polish diamonds, and at the same time it molds and shapes even brick-bats, so that they become more serviceable in the building of national character.

The reasons for this result are obvious. For four years under the guidance and inspiration of learned teachers, college students pursue a course of study and discipline which the wisdom of centuries has devised and improved for the complete and harmonious development of all the mental and moral powers. Such a training in language, mathematics, science and philosophy tends to develop the power of consecutive and continuous thought—mental grip upon difficult questions—concentrated attention, sustained and patient effort.

College training teaches that success is sure if waited for and labored for. It develops habits of industry, self-control and indefatigable application before which obstacles crumble and difficulties vanish. It accustoms one to long and laborious effort for the attainment of a desired end. It trains him in the habit of digesting what he reads and methodizing what he learns. The inspiration that springs from four years of communion with “the greatest thoughts of the greatest men that ever lived” elevates the aspirations, enlarges the horizon of mental vision and therefore tends to prevent what has been called “the intolerant self-sufficiency of the so-called practical man,” and increases the capacity for professional intensity without professional narrowness and bigotry. It prepares one to look beyond the narrow boundaries of his own vocation and to grasp in his conceptions and sympathies the multiform needs and interests of society, causing him to become of more value to himself and the world.



Such discipline, such power can be put into immediate and valuable use in any and every department of human activity and the technical and specific training that may be needed, will soon and easily be acquired. Given such a development of mind and character, and only an opportunity is needed to insure success in any vocation. It is no cause of surprise then that with such help, such training, such incentives and such opportunities, one-half of one per cent. of our young men who have graduated from college have borne away so large a percentage of prizes of our country. If this has been so in the past, when schools were few and the demands upon industrial, professional, and political leaders were comparatively light, still more will it be true in the future. Those who aspire to be leaders in any industrial or professional calling in political or social life, owing to the great demands laid upon them, must in the coming time more than in the past, possess a broad and liberal culture as well as a technical and special training—such a culture as only colleges and universities can give.

Thus realizing as every thinking man does today the great demand that has been created for the highest types of integrity, intellectual and executive ability, we are led by step after step of inexorable logic to the conclusion which so intimately concerns us, that the shaping of our civilization must very largely depend on our colleges and universities, and in their courses which take into consideration how best to equip and educate their students who intend to follow a chosen profession. These institutions have before them a momentous task which takes precedence of all secondary and ancillary question—the task namely, of preparing intelligent American citizens to take up each his own share of the nation's responsibilities which we, in this age of progressiveness, must necessarily assume.

C. R. M., '16.

## MISS RHOADES' RECITAL.

Saturday evening, December the thirteenth, the college and community were favored with a recital by Miss Rhodes, whose subject was "The Study of Poetry and Aid in the Study of Music." The lecture was illustrated by selections from the poetic drama of "Ulysses," by Stephen Phillips, and from the cantata "Ulysses," by Max Bruch.

Miss Rhoades was assisted by Miss Harmon and Prof. Crosby, who sang selections from the cantata "Ulysses," illustrating the subjects.

Miss Rhoades made the following introductory remarks:

## THE STUDY OF POETRY AN AID IN THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

It is an old and terse definition that "Music is a language—and the language of the emotions." Of the latter part of this definition I have nothing to say. I have thought upon it long and I think, well. I have read Ambrose and Hanslick, the one a defendant of the theory that it is, the other a defendant of the theory that it is not. In the face of twenty-two eminent German, French, and English authors whom Hanslick quotes as maintaining the theory that music is a language of the emotions, one hesitates to voice one's opinion, or even to come to any conclusion of the matter. The first part of the definition is, however, self-evident. Music is a language. One that is expressed in terms of rhythm, melody, and harmony—the same as any language expressed in words, oral or written, only the medium of expression is different.

It is a well-known fact that the basis of English verse is musical. Rhythm is the attribute common to poetry and music. In other words, rhythm shows poetic metre and musical measure to be the same. For example, in the verse,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,"

we feel at once one accented and one unaccented syllable,

which corresponds in music to one measure of simple or two-part time. Or again in the verse,

“Hush-a-bye, baby, upon the tree-top,  
When the wind blows the cradle will rock”

we feel at once one accented and two unaccented syllables, which corresponds in music to one measure of triple or three-part time. And it is not only in simple rhythms such as these that this analogy between poetry and music is to be seen, but in rhythms the most complex. Mr. Sidney Lanier in his “Elements of English Verse” shows that our system of musical notation covers every possible exigency of English verse scansion. This shows how rich we are in the rythmical means of musical expression, for there are, as you know, many irregularities in English verse; indeed, it is almost impossible to scan some of the higher products of English poetry.

But structural likeness, while of the utmost value in leading a pupil out of one known language into another unknown language, is really the least to be considered of the musical benefits to be derived from the study of poetry. There is a far greater benefit to be derived from another likeness or point of contact, that is, in the excitement of moods. Neither poetry nor music are information studies. They are arts which aim to develop and express, not so much our feelings and emotions as our imagination. It has always seemed curious to me that musicians and the older writers on aesthetics speak only of the contrast of feeling and intellect, quite oblivious of the fact that we have imagination. To me, it seems more probable that a musical composition originates in the imagination of the composer and is intended for the imagination of the listener than that it is the outpouring of his emotion and requires emotional apprehension. I believe that nothing great or beautiful has ever been accomplished without warmth of feeling; the emotional factor is no doubt, highly developed in the composer as in the poet, but with the composer it is not a productive factor—an inward melody, so to speak, and not mere feeling, causes the true musician to compose. A melody flashes

across the composer's mind—its origin cannot be explained—it must simply be accepted as a fact, but though the composer's mind be a mystery, its product is quite within the grasp of our understanding.

Any discipline, or thought-experience, therefore, which is a favorable stimulation to the feelings and the imagination is of direct value to the student in music. It is well known that nothing stimulates the imagination and the emotions so swiftly and so surely as the reading of good literature, particularly poetry, and I would even go a step further and say that the reading aloud of poetry is of more benefit than the silent reading, for the reason that our emotions are cultivated through the ear rather than through the eye. Our aesthetic endeavor, in the study of both poetry and music should be, first, spiritual discernment and second, imaginative, for if you will, emotional, apprehension, and it is but natural that these ends can be attained more surely in music if they are attained first, or in correlation with a language in which we are more familiar.

Music pupils in general, are surprised to learn that universities demand literary qualifications of their graduates in music. This is not a new departure. The lead was taken many years ago by the University of Dublin. It is of moment for us to note too, that many of our greatest musicians have possessed literary qualifications of a high order. Edward MacDowell was a poet of no mean stature. He has left at least one book of verbal melodies, the spiritual refinement of which it is hard to equal. I have in my possession a letter from Mr. Dudley Buck, Sr., in which he writes, in speaking of his musical success, "With me it has been mainly a matter of instinct, and more or less literary training." I think these are significant and sufficient proofs that literature as a correlative of the study of music is an asset we cannot afford to overlook or do without.

As illustrating, therefore, those poetic elements which conduce to musical conception and expression, let us consider Mr. Stephen Phillip's poetic-drama of "Ulysses."

It is needless to say much respecting the story of "Ulysses"

itself. There is only one epic in all literature which has gone beyond the limit of nation and race, down below the stratum of the cultivated, and found its way by a thousand channels into the knowledge of men and women of ordinary intelligence, and even into the prattle of little children—this is the “Odyssees” ascribed to Homer. Several years ago, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, ventured to give the world his opinion as to the literary and ethical value of Homer. Not a few were inclined to mock at this and say that Mr. Carnegie might know more about iron and steel than any other living man, but why, they said, should he put himself forward as an authority on classical literature? To me, it seems decidedly unfair, for Mr. Carnegie is a man of strong and highly trained intelligence and unbiased mind. Why, therefore, should his judgment on Homer not be regarded seriously and with respect?

To be brief, however, Mr. Carnegie saw in Homer nothing to commend or admire. He found the “Iliad” tiresome. It was all, he said, a tale of fighting, of bloodshed, and of brutality, a poem that could teach no useful lesson and that was monotonous and dull to read. For my part, I think Mr. Carnegie was right when he called Homer monotonous, because he read him in the trim, neat, balanced lines of Pope’s translation. It is recorded that Mr. Richard Bentley once said to Pope, respecting this translation, “A very pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you mustn’t call it Homer.” This remark indicates that Pope, in making this translation lost some of the flavour of the original. If Mr. Carnegie had read the fine, simple, prose-verse of Professor Butcher and Mr. Andrew Lang, or this poetic drama of Mr. Phillips, I dare say that he would have pronounced quite a different verdict upon Homer.

I wish to interrupt my thought here long enough to say that while this epic is regarded as the greatest in all literature, it is not necessarily great for us, individually. Nothing is great for us unless it does something with us, so to speak, and that something must be large, important, original, and permanent. Obviously, there are two spheres in which this large, important something may be done, the sphere of our emotions and the



sphere of our intelligence. When a book or musical composition stirs us deeply and permanently, opens up a new range of ideas which make an impression upon our lives, then we may call that book or music great for us, but not till then.

In reading this drama of Mr. Phillips, we must realize that epic and drama differ completely, and that to write this drama, Mr. Phillips had to, to quote his own words, re-arrange, re-imagine, and unsparingly accelerate and cut down, at least five-sixths of the poems as it is known to all the world."

The story of the "Odyssey" lends itself so well to musical treatment that the list of compositions both orchestral and vocal on this subject is greatly surprising. Let us consider for our purpose of illustration the cantata of "Ulysses" by Max Bruch, because the libretto of this cantata so closely resembles the drama of Mr. Phillips.

In this combination of poetry and music we are given a chance to see what a poet can do with a given theme and what more a musician can do with it, for it is natural to suppose that the union of two arts can create far more powerful moods than is possible to each acting individually. This is not true, however, in every case. There are some poems that already express all the composed could ever wish to express. On the other hand, music can sometimes accomplish in a few measures what poetry can never accomplish. Schubert, for example, in his "Ave Maria" and "Hark, Hark, the Lark," imparted to the words a depth of feeling which the authors themselves may not have experienced. But could music intensify the meaning of such words as these? "But yet the pity of it, O! Oh, Iago! the pity of it!" I have heard music forced upon these very words, but I have never heard it brought into agreement with them. It is superfluous.

We see, then, that the study of poetry aids in the study of music, first: Because poetry and music are structurally alike. The perception of poetic form leads to the perception of musical form, and the perception of musical form is the experience of musical beauty, because musical beauty grows out of tone-relations alone; consists in tone-sequences alone;



Second: The study of poetry aids in the study of music because poetry and music are alike in their inherent nature to excite moods. The experience of summoning moods in poetry leads to the perception of moods in music. In other words, poetry cultivates quick spiritual response. That the appeal is made in terms of rhythm, melody, and harmony, that is, in indeterminate terms, is all the more reason why response should be cultivated;

Third: Poetry and music are both products of the same faculties—the dramatic and the lyric. These faculties are common to poets and musicians and are correlative. Richard Wagner possessed both these faculties to a degree that his true greatness can be revealed only when he is studied first as a poet, then as a dramatist, then as a musician. Richard Wagner was a triple genius. He has no prototype in the domain of the moving arts, and in the static arts I know of but one whose mind showed a similar threefold function. Michael Angelo, architect, painter, and sculptor, was so endowed, it is said, that he could have built a church, adorned it with paintings, and decorated it with sculpture of his own. The world may never again see Wagner's equal in the triple role he played, but his work shows us that poetry and music are kindred arts. It behooves us therefore, to observe those points and functions wherein they are alike, and to employ them in the one to the fuller and more definite comprehension of the other.

The program follows:

Introductory remarks.

Prologue.

Athene pleads with Zeus that Ulysses may return in safety to his home.

Act I, Scene I.

(a) Athene rouses Telemachus to action.

(b) Penelope before the Suitors.

(c) Penelope's Soliloquy.

Song—"Penelope Weaving a Garment."

Act I, Scene II. Ulysses in Ogygia.

Scena—"Ulysses in Ogygia."

Act III, Scene I. Ulysses shipwrecked on the shores of Ithica.

Scena—"Ulysses awakens."

Act III, Scene II.

(a) The warning of the Minstrel.

(b) Penelope's rejection of the Suitors.

(c) The Suitors driven out by Athene, Ulysses and Temelachus.

Duett—"Omnipotent Zeus."

Closing remarks.



## RED GERANIUMS.

Over the wire came Frank's voice modified somewhat by the conditions of transmission yet sufficiently rich and resonant to sound agreeable in Imogene's ear. "Girlie," he pleaded, "may I come this evening for an hour or so—say at half past eight? I've something—something I must talk over with you."

"Certainly, come right along," Imogene replied. She waited an instant for his good bye, then hung up the receiver. The next instant her head went down in her hands and a great sobbing sigh stirred her from head to foot.

Of course, she knew what he had to talk over with her. It was the same thing he had been talking over with her the last six months on an average of two evenings a week. Miriam—Miriam—Miriam. Imogene had heard the name until she hated it from repetition and for another and more vital reason. It was as the very breath of life to Frank. Since that far-off evening when Miriam had insulted and stung Frank, he had turned to her for consolation. Imogene had been the confidante of his woes. She could understand them. She could realize deeply what it meant to love hopelessly; for this she had always loved Frank. Always since her first long dresses he had been to her the one significant masculine being. But of course she had no chance, for Frank had always been in love with somebody else. First it was this one and then that one, until finally the whole desire of his life seemed to become centered upon Miriam Leigh.

Miriam was the newest girl in their set. She was a very pretty, vivacious, blonde. When she entered a room, she seemed to fill it with light, melody and color in a way that made every man dash in her direction. Nobody was ever noticed when Miriam Leigh was about, least of all a quiet, plain girl like Imogene. Miriam flirted with all her admirers without choosing any. The instant she saw that she could break Frank's heart, she broke it. In consequence he yearned for her only the more.

The evening of his first heart break he had poured out his soul to Imogene and because she, too, was suffering, she sympathized. Frankly she believed that Miriam would take him one day when she had played him the length of her string, and she told Frank so. After that he flew to her with every fresh incident along the way of his wooing. Miriam had done this, that or the other. Miriam—Miriam until poor Imogene hated the very name.

So he was coming tonight with a fresh story to tell. And she must listen and smile and pretend to have only sisterly interest in him. It was hard, and growing harder all the time. Sometimes she felt like crying out: "O Frank, blindest of all men, if I only could make you see that I love you better than all the Miriams in the world could love you!"

She wondered what he would do if she should make such an outburst. "He thinks I don't care for him any more than he cares for me," she thought as she rose and left the telephone.

At dinner her father said to her, "Want to go out driving with me tonight, darling?"

She shook her head. "Thank you, dad; but Frank is coming tonight."

He looked at her for a moment. "What are all these visits of Frank's going to amount to darling?"

"Nothing," Imogene answered, "he's in love with Miriam Leigh."

"Miriam Leigh, Miriam Leigh," her father mused. "I played opposite her at Mrs. Gilliam's last bridge—mixed company, you remember, old and young. But she almost made me forget my gray hairs and I've been a family man for thirty odd years. To tell the truth, darling, she flirted with me like the 'old Harry,' and your foolish old dad was flattered. That kind of butterfly does very well in somebody's drawing room, but she won't stand the wear and tear of matrimony worth a cent. I did not pick your mother out of such qualities. You are just like your mother. Frank is all kinds of a fool."

Imogene blushed. She understood her father. But she thought her father did not understand her and the situation

as it was. If she could not have the best, it was something to be Frank's friend, pal and confidante, something to hear him and be near him occasionally even at the risk of her own heart breaking.

In a wistful, sad mood she dressed for his coming. She had a glowing red dress that he liked to see her wear and she put it on. It cast a little color on her pale face. "When God made Miriam Leigh," she thought, "He might have remembered that there were going to be lots of girls who would have to suffer because of her good looks. Or," she sighed, "He might have made us all pretty."

Ethel admitted Frank. Ethel had a beau of her own, and she did not doubt that Frank was Miss Imogene's. Ethel ushered him into the parlor with a proud air and ran to tell Miss Imogene that he was there. "Big as life and twice as natural," she said. "And he's got something for you. I saw him lay a box on the table. Oh, Miss Imogene dear, isn't it great to have a beau?" Imogene smiled sadly. She was used to Ethel and Ethel was only the maid. But she just couldn't stand it.

She went down stairs slowly and entered the room and gave Frank a guarded greeting. She was always on her guard. He must not suspect that she thought of him otherwise than as a pleasant friend. They sat down and Frank gave her the candy. The last time it had been flowers. She could think it only a gift of respect to her loyalty.

Imogene tasted the candy and Frank watched her. It was snowing outside and the wind was blowing very cold; but now he was sitting by a sizzling radiator talking to a fine girl.

"Next time," he said, "I am going to bring you a bunch of red geraniums to wear with that dress. I've an idea that would match exactly."

Imogene started and colored. So there was to be a next time! That was good news.

"Funny I never thought of it before," Frank smiled, "and if you'd tuck a cluster in your hair—low down like—to please me, if I bring them?"

"Why, yes, of course," Imogene said, trying to smile. "I love red geraniums. They are so homely and comfortable. They make me think of fire and food and pleasant voices and general good cheer." She was talking at random now, for the sake of saying something. "I believe that the ugliest place on earth would look attractive if it had a red geranium in the window. I remember—" She stopped, surprised by the change in Frank's face. "What have I said?" she murmured slowly.

"It isn't what you said Imogene. It was just the idea that came to me while you were speaking." He moved over on the davenport beside her.

"Miriam Leigh isn't the kind of girl a man would give red geraniums to, is she?" he asked.

"I don't see why she isn't," Imogene replied.

He laughed softly. "Well, she isn't. Roses and carnations, perhaps for her, but not red geraniums—not intimate homely flowers that make you think of fire and food and pleasant voices," he was quoting her now. "The red geranium is your flower, Imogene and so—" he moved closer—"I'm going to make it mine—if you are willing."

Her heart fairly stopped. She looked up at him and his eyes were very near. Her own fell.

"I know there's been lots of them," he began again anxiously.

"Of—" Imogene tried to inquire.

"Girls—like Miriam Leigh. But all the time there only was you really. They went one by one and you stayed. You needn't be jealous, but if you are—" he said, with a different quality in that wonderful voice of his—she felt his arm slipping about her, drawing her close—"I'm willing to devote all the rest of my life in proving to you that you needn't be."

J. A. B., '16.



## THANKSGIVING DINNER.

The girls who stayed at New Garden Hall during the Thanksgiving holidays enjoyed an unusual thing. The boys ate Thanksgiving dinner with the girls. From the time Miss Farlow announced that she had invited as our guests the club boys, the whole house was in commotion. If any one had been near they would have heard this question, "Is there anything I can do?" In fact each girl was willing and anxious to do her part.

The four tables were arranged in the shape of a "T," but what was more important than this was that they were soon loaded with good things to eat.

The girls met the boys at the door and marched with them in double file to the dining room where they took their places.

Four delicious courses were served:

Oyster soup with oysterettes		
Boiled ham	Chicken	Mashed potatoes
Sweet potatoes (candied)		
Cranberry sauce	Pickles	
Hot rolls		
Persimmon pudding and pumpkin pie		
Fruit salad with caramel and fruit cake		

As the servants were away every one was requested to help clean away the dishes and rearrange the tables. Again the whole house was in confusion. Both the womanly and manly qualities were shown in the way the boys put on their aprons and went about their work.

Miss Louise having consented to let them stay an hour and a half every one joined either an outdoor or indoor game, after the work had been finished. Never before did time seem to pass so rapidly.

We, the New Garden girls, extend our best thanks to Mrs. Hobbs, Miss Louise and Miss Farlow for permitting such a thing to occur, and it is the sincere desire of each one that it will be an annual occasion.

JULIETT BALLINGER.

## THE LAST NIGHT.

"Why don't you ever tell us stories as you used to, grandfather?" Willa Manford asked.

"Oh, I thought you had outgrown the story-telling age."

"I don't believe we shall ever grow too old for the good stories that you tell," said Willa's sister Lonna.

"Please tell us a story; do, do," pleaded Willa.

Willa was the younger of the two sisters, and had never ceased to be a child in her thoughts, although she was now sixteen. Lonna was at home on a vacation from college. She, too, had retained many of her childish ways.

Their grandfather sat in silence for some time and then asked, "What kind of a story would you like me to tell you, my little girls? A story of war times?"

"Tell us a ghost story," Willa proposed.

"I don't want to be selfish but I wish you would tell a story of your college days," Lonna put in.

"Well, perhaps I shall be able to please both of you, if you will let me collect my thoughts."

Lonna and Willa waited impatiently, for they knew the kinds of stories their grandfather was wont to tell. Finally he began.

"As you must know, college life soon after the civil war was very different in many respects from what it is now. In many other ways, however, it was similar to that of the present time. Nearly every college student had been connected with the negro slaves before their emancipation, and had learned to believe in many of their superstitious sayings. The belief in ghosts was one of the predominant features of the superstitions of our college. The southern students tried to make those of us who were northerners believe their negro tales. I resisted until I was compelled to believe from my own experience.

"There was an old house, which was said to be haunted, in a field just outside the town in which the college was situated.

"I 'If you don't believe in ghosts, John Wilton, we dare you to stay in that old haunted house alone some night.' This was a challenge from my fellow students. Then I must spend a night alone in an old haunted house or lose my point. But what difference did it make, since I did not believe in haunts?

" 'I'll do it, you can never make me believe in ghosts,' was my reply.

"The night on which I decided to pay the old house a visit was a clear moonlight one in the late autumn. I built a fire in the old fireplace and sat down upon the floor to read by the flaring light of the blaze. I was so completely absorbed in my book that I was unconscious of the flight of time. The fire was burning low, so low indeed, that it was difficult for me to read. I decided that I had read enough any way, so I began to think. I don't remember now what I thought of at first, but I do know that I came to think of the awful ghost stories that I had heard from the other fellows. I know that I was afraid out there alone; but I had to stay, for I suspected that the other fellows were watching to see if I left the house. I was determined to convince them that I was entirely free from any belief in ghosts.

"Suddenly I was aware of a presence in the room. At first I thought that perhaps it was one of my friends who had come to see if I was still there. Imagine my feelings, then, if you can, when a deep, hollow voice said:

" 'So you have come at last. I have waited for you a long time.'

" 'Who are you?' I mustered up courage to ask.

"All was deathly still for a moment. Then he answered.

" 'Who am I? I am he who might have been your father.'

" 'How is that? Tell me your story.'

"I no longer feared but conversed with him as with one of my friends.

" 'I have been wandering over this earth in the spirit form for twenty-two years.'

" 'Why do you have to leave your grave and come back to this cold world?' I interrupted.

"Be patient and I will tell you all. It seems a long, long time to me, but I suppose it has not been more than twenty-five years since I first met your mother. She was a lovely girl of eighteen. I was, my friends said, a handsome young man of twenty-one. We loved each other from the first, loved with a love that would never die. But, as in many another love affair, her parents objected. The main reasons for their objection were that I was not rich and that she had a wealthy suitor. They valued money above love. She refused to marry the other man as long as I lived.

"Thus we went on, she refusing to marry him, they refusing to let her marry me. I urged her to disregard their will and go with me; but she was a good daughter and feared to break their hearts.

"Finally, in a mad fit of anger, after I had entreated her for a long time to leave her parents and go with me if she loved me, I determined to have nothing more to do with her. Therefore I left.

"After a year her parents wrote me to return and marry my old love. They feared for her life, for I had broken her heart. I was so obstinate, that I blankly refused. Besides, in my desperation I had learned to love that "mockery," strong drink. So I now hurled aside the woman I had valued above everything else.

"That was the last I heard from your mother during my life time. One night in a drunken quarrel with some other fellows I was killed. For the crime I had committed in breaking a human heart, I was doomed by my Creator to wander over the earth in the spirit until I should find one of her relatives and confess my sin to him. As you may know, when your mother heard of my death she changed her love from me to the other suitor; and married him, your father. She had sworn to marry no other man while I lived. She kept her word.

"From that awful night I have wandered every night, for you were the first relative of hers that I have met. Now, I may return to my grave to remain in peace. I have made my confession. Thank God you came at last!"

"He paused as if waiting for a question, and I asked, 'So this is the last night that your spirit will have to wander over the world?'

"'Yes, now I go, never to return again.'

"These were his last words. As he spoke them he vanished whither I know not. I was not able to see him during his whole speech; but I believe that he was the spirit of my mother's old lover, for I had heard her tell the very same story several times."

"Did you ever tell your friends about your experience?" asked Lonna.

"Yes, but they never believed it. I had resisted their beliefs so long that they thought I was only joking."

"Now, tell us another story," begged Willa.

"No, no, not tonight, little girls, you must go to bed now and be ready for another tomorrow night."

So the happy trio separated to meet the next night to hear a story which was a better assurance of pleasant dreams.

L. E. D., '16.

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### RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has seen fit to remove from their earthly labors C. F. Webster and C. L. Robinson, we, the members of the Websterian Literary Society, desire to express to our fellow members, W. D. Webster and C. G. Robinson, our sincere regret at the loss they have sustained in the death of their parents.

We extend to them as also to the friends and relatives of the deceased our earnest and heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement and commend them to Him who is too wise to err.

We also order that copies of these resolutions be sent to the families of the deceased, recorded in the minutes of the Society, and published in the Guilford Collegian.

P. S. NUNN,  
M. W. PERRY,  
G. E. RAIFORD,

Dec. 7, 1913.

Committee on behalf of Society.



# The Guilford Collegian

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## Editorials

The first half of the school year is passed and to many it brings regrets. When we look back over the work of the term, we ask ourselves this question, "What have I accomplished?" To some of us it seems that we have done little and have not made the proper use of our time and opportunities. If we



have not learned during these past months, the fault is in us, not in our instructors.

The Christmas vacation is near at hand, and we are eagerly looking forward to the time when we can leave our books and go to our respective homes. However, let us not forget that our work is of first importance, and when we return after the holidays, may we start again with renewed energy. Let us profit by the lost opportunities of last term and be careful not to let any more pass by, so that we may not have to say with the poet:

“Lost yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset,

‘Two golden hours,’

Each set with sixty diamond minutes.

No reward offered, for they are gone forever.”

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*Self-confidence.* When a new student enters college he is judged by his fellow students according to his appearance. If you were to ask a student's opinion of a new boy before he has had time to prove himself, you would probably get one of three answers: I don't much like his looks, but he may come out all right; he would be a very nice fellow if he were not so fresh; and I believe he will make good.

Now, why is it that we should judge so much from outward appearance? Probably you will say that it is human nature. Possibly it is, but you will have to acknowledge that we are often correct. Why is this so? Because a man's appearance is governed by what is within, for he is, to a great extent, what he thinks he is. If a boy thinks that every one else knows more than he, he will doubt himself, and neglect his work, because he is not sure that he is doing it correctly. As a result of this, he gets his work in any way that he can, taking another's opinion rather than his own. This boy is wasting his college days, for although he may be passing his work, he is not developing independence of thought and confidence in

self that will enable him to overcome the obstacles in life, which is the purpose of a college training. This is due to a lack of self-confidence. He is the boy who may come out all right. He can accomplish this by doing his own work, trying faithfully and proving to himself that he can do what others do.

In sharp contrast to this student is the student who has never seen anything done but what he can do, and he doesn't mind telling it. He is fresh. He will probably prepare his first few lessons and recite well. Then he decides that his work is a cinch, and after slipping through several recitations without preparation, he finds that he is fooling everybody; as a result he neglects his work more and more, until he is unable to do more than make a passing grade. Yet, if you were to ask him why he made no better grades, he would probably tell you that it was because the teachers were down on him. This is a result of too much self-confidence. He may overcome his freshness by realizing that he is sometimes the laughing stock because of it, and that he is not what he says he is, but what he makes himself through his own persistent efforts.

There now remains another type of student who, when we see him entering into his new work, with quiet assurance, we feel will make good. As we know him better, we like him better. Although he may not be making "A's" on his report it is he who is getting the real good out of his college training. This is the boy who has the right amount of self-confidence; that is, enough confidence to say I can do my work, and if any one else does it better, he must work harder than ever. He has enough sense to know that in order to get the best results from his college training he must do this work faithfully and conscientiously.

Now let us all look about us and profit by the examples that we notice, not letting our lack of self-confidence make us timid and unreliable or our superabundance make us fresh; but let us strive to gain the right amount in order to make the best of our opportunities and become men.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

Two things stand out prominently in our last month's Y. W. C. A. work. The first, the Students' Council held at Raleigh, N. C. We elected four delegates this year, two juniors and two seniors. All four went, and from their reports, we judged that the election had been wise, the council unusually good, the Meredith girls and Raleigh's people ideal hosts and hostesses. After we had listened intently to the four reports in our Thursday evening prayer meeting we were impressed with the bigness of the Y. W. C. A., and we felt that we were for all time indebted to those broad-minded, big-souled leaders who are devoting their time, talents and lives to solving problems for girls. We prayed silently, earnestly for the Association spirit—beautifully portrayed in the pageant at Raleigh—to pervade our Association here and our lives for all time. It is indeed a beautiful thing for girls of all classes to be able to work harmoniously, joyously, together.

The next thing to claim unusual attention in our local Y. W. C. A. was our play. This Association gives an annual play for the Blue Ridge Conference Fund. The ten girls, chosen as tie cast for the play, under Prof. Crosby's direction, gave untiring effort to make the play a success. It was a success and the receipts were the largest we've ever realized. We're very thankful for this. The Blue Ridge Conference means so much to the girls who can go, and we are anxious to increase our delegation this year.

The universal week of prayer was very reverently and earnestly observed here. The girls took great interest in the meetings—many of the girls holding the meetings in their rooms for the girls on one floor.

The Mission Study classes have begun with a pretty good enrollment—though we wish we had a larger one.

Every girl except one, belongs to the Association, and every fee has been collected.

The Thursday evening prayer meetings have been interesting and well attended. We hope this will continue. It always pays to drop your work and go for those few minutes.

## WEBSTERIAN-ZATASIAN RECEPTION.

On the evening of November 21, 1913, every Zatasian girl's heart was a flutter with excitement, because—well because we were going to visit the Websterians that very evening. Finally the time came to go. As we approached the Hall we felt more than ever that there was something more than merely a "good time" in store for us. We entered the Hall, which was neatly and tastefully decorated with the societies' colors and pennants, and the exercises were very interesting, entertaining and instructive. The entire program showed that much thought and work had been expended in preparation. Some of the girls expressed appreciation and good wishes for the prosperity of the Web. Society in behalf of the Zatasian girls.

Delightful refreshments were served, consisting of punch, a salad course, coffee, crystalized ginger, and delicious ice cream and cake. Of course Miss Louise had the bell rung all too soon, thus bringing a most delightful evening to a close. Every girl I'm sure went back to her society filled with great inspiration and determination to follow the many good examples set forth by our brother Webs. In later years whenever we shall look back over the many happy events of our college days, the night of November 21, 1913, shall by no means be among the last to be remembered.

A ZAT.

## EXCHANGES.

The Exchange Department is perhaps the least read of any of the department in the college magazines, and yet it seems to me it is one of the most interesting and helpful. After reading the exchanges, one will read the articles in the various departments with keener interest. One will be more constantly on the lookout for the good points and for defects in all departments of the college monthlies.

One of the first points to claim the Exchange editor's attention is the story. To compare the stories in the various magazines is quite an interesting study. We realize keenly that that point is one of the very weakest in our own magazine.

The Wake Forest Student is usually rich in stories. Nor is it lacking in this respect in the November number. "Room Thirteen" is quite unique and interesting. "Unto the Third Generation" is well written. The interest is good throughout. One adverse criticism I feel inclined to offer on this, is the amount of rough language used. "That Mule o' Martin's" is commendable except for a slight fault of the same kind.

"Losing the Way" in the Era is a very entertaining love story. The plot is not such an unusual one, but it is managed very skilfully.

A story rare for its uniqueness and commendable for its imagery is found in the November number of The Acorn, entitled "Nobody Loves a Fat Heroine."

"The Trial of the Lonesome Pine" impresses me as being the best story in any of the college magazines among our exchanges this month. The setting is charming, the heroine ideal, and the truth running through it all, is beautiful and impressive. One does not think of criticising the story at all while one is reading it. The use of the sprained ankle accident is quite "hack-nied" one, but perhaps a natural one. The romance is of just the right proportion and nature to be appealing. Another beautiful mountain story in the Erskinian is "Re-united."

Poetry seems to be a "minus quantity" this month. Three



little poems in the Davidson College Magazine appeal to me as being worthy of commendation. "Sunset," "Serenade" and "Mama." They all, especially the first two named, are spontaneous, not forced. They seem to come from the heart and not from mere striving to make lines rhyme and balance.

"The Co-ed Annabel Lee" in the Trinity Archive, certainly seems forced, to say the least. "Love Lyrics of a Lovelorn Freshman" is no better.

The Acorn is entirely devoid of verse.

The diction of "On a Dead Mocking-Bird"—in the Wake Forest Student—is poor. The words are too prosaic.

"The Journey's End" in The Era is good for its truth and its rhythm.

Some splendid articles appear this month. Among the magazines to be congratulated in this line are The Erskinian, The Acorn, M. H. Aevolette, The Earlhamite, Davidson College Magazine, The Wake Forest Student—worthy of special notice for its interest and charm, "In the Land of the Sky."

The sketch department and Y. W. C. A. notes are especially good in The Acorn.

We find there is much to learn from our sister colleges, and many valuable suggestions coming through their periodicals.

It is nearing the Christmas time now and

"We keep this golden greeting, with its meaning deep and true,  
And wish a merry Christmas, and a happy New Year to you."



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

One consolation, we'll have the "gym" fixed by commencement anyway.

Kenney asked John Holton if he boarded at the Glee Club.

Prof. Crosby on Sop. English—"When should a person say, 'Gentlemen, I am too full for utterance?'"

Mason—"Just after dinner."

Edgar said he wasn't much of a hunter, but he was quite a good Pearl fisher.

We extend our sympathy to Messrs. Webster and Robertson, whose fathers have died recently.

The Science Club enjoyed a pleasant evening with Dr. and Mrs. Binford at their last meeting. Mrs. Binford proved herself a most delightful hostess.

We are sorry to report Prof. Hobbs and Marguerite Tuthill on the sick list.

Prof. Crosby—"What did Carlyle say about the British Readers?"

Mattie Doughton—"I know nothing about the British readers. I only saw where English redears were mentioned."

Rev. Arthur Chilson, Mrs. Chilson and their children were here some time ago. Mr. and Mrs. Chilson are missionaries to Africa and we greatly enjoyed their visit.

Prof. Carroll gave a splendid lecture on the "Evolution of Currency" on the evening of December 6th.

Prof. Crosby's brother, Hiram B. Crosby, of New York, spent a few days here recently.

W. H. Welch, '11, and his brother were here Saturday last.

Martha Geslain to Prof. Hobbs—"Why don't you curl your hair so the people can see when you are dressed up?"

Some time ago Kirk Teague was called home on account of the illness of his mother. Since then she has died. Mrs. Teague was the sister of Prof. Dixon and he attended the burial services. We wish to express our sympathy.

Mary I. Shamburger was called home December 6th to the bedside of her mother. We certainly hope her mother's condition will speedily improve.

Kenney beating on Si Lindley's table with the hammer.

Si—"Say, Kenney, quit that."

Kenney—"You are religious are you?"

Mr. Ramseur, of New York, was here lately seeking representatives to the Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City during Xmas holidays.

We had quite a commotion last Friday evening at supper when a rat came into the dining room. After a hot chase after the rat by some and from the rat by others, he escaped into the kitchen.

Under discussion of proposals at the Senior table the following conversation ensued:

Estelle—"I've never had a proposal."

Hardy—"I've never proposed."

Fred H.—"Hardy, now's your chance."

Any girls not having received a date, send your notice to the Collegian. Irma Coble says it pays.

Ask Edgar whether his experience of Wednesday night before Thanksgiving was a hallucination or a reality.

Juliette—"Is Maude down here?"

Gladys—"No, she is sick."

Juliette—"Well, I left a poem in her room for the Collegian, did she get it?"

Gladys—"Yes, I said she was sick, didn't I?"

Jo, singing—"Oh! oh! ah! All that I want is you."

Cathline—"Jo, dear, where is the pain?"

Prof. Downing advises Jo Coble and Floy Lassiter to breathe oxygen (it's good for rats).

Louetta—"Lillian, have you any stars in your college algebra class?"

Lillian—"No, child, you don't have stars in college algebra, you have those in astronomy!"

Professor White in Trig—"That is impossible to work out by the law sin. We will have to look at the law of common sense."

New Student—"I can't find that group of laws on this paper."

Prof. Crosby—"Another miserable failure; Chance I believe you are better fed than taught."

Chance—"I know it, professor. I feed myself and you teach me."

Juliet has a desire for an office as is shown by the fact that she is interested in "Marshall."



## ALUMNI NOTES.

Clara Ione Cox, '02, is spending the winter in study in New York City at White's Institute, with special emphasis upon the missionary phase.

Bessie Benbow, '05, who has studied to teach the deaf how to talk, is now located in a deaf and dumb institution in Providence, R. I.

William G. Lindsay, '05, is back in Carolina for the winter. All may not know that he is on the baseball team of the city of Seattle.

Joseph M. Purdie, '06, is again in Cuba doing High School work in addition to that of the missionary. This field seems to be where his heart is and as everywhere we feel confident he is doing efficient work.

Three of the Guilford alumnae form an intergral part of the excellent school at Salemburg. Mollie (Roberts) Jones, '96, and her husband are at the head of the school, and Alma Edwards, '07, and Flora White, '11, are two of the teachers.

Anna Davis, '13, writes most interesting accounts of her doings at Bryn Mawr and we feel sure she is gaining much.

Cupid is already claiming one of the class of '13. News comes that Grace Hughes is to be married December 10th.

J. Gurney Briggs, '11, is no longer in the Y. M. C. A. work, but is in a bank in High Point.

Henry Davis, '09, is now in Maryhill, Wash., again, where he will spend some time. He is like many others and is following the "lure of the West."

James Anderson, '09, is married. The Collegian congratulates him! And we hope the fair one is as good as she is fair—for he deserves such.

Robert C. Root, '89, was married recently in the Memorial church of Stanford University. Again the Collegian congratulates.

Laura D. Worth, '92, is having her home near the college much enlarged and modernized and is improving the place very much.

George L. Morris, '96, is also making improvements in his home on the hill. The village around the college is aboom.



# GUILFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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L. L. HOBBS, PRES.      GEO. W. WHITE, TREAS.

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## Literary Societies.

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## The Biblical Seminar

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S. S. Nelson, Track Manager

Fred Henley, Sec.-Treas.  
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Juliet Ballinger, Track Manager

Katharine Dorsett, V. Pres.  
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Kate Smith, Secretary

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Katharine Watkins, Sec



# CONTENTS

---

1. 1914.....	143
2. Florence.....	144
3. The Winter King.....	148
4. Twenty Thousand Dollars .....	150
5. The Raving .....	153
6. Science and International Good Will.....	154
7. Resolutions.....	159
8. Editorials.....	160
9. The Freshman-Sophomore Debate.....	164
10. Y. M. C. A. Notes.....	167
11. Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	170
12. Christmas Program—Carols of the Nativity.....	171
13. The Dramatic Club to Present Hamlet.....	173
14. Athletics ..	174
15. Exchanges.....	176
16. Locals and Personals.....	177
17. Alumni.....	179
18. Directory.....	182



# The Guilford Collegian.

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VOL. XXVI

JANUARY, 1914

NO. 5

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**H**ail! Hail! O fair New Year!  
A joy thou art!—Like ship set sail—  
Prow forward—waves smiling—  
Pleasure beguiling.  
Your burdens hid—come sun or gale.

**N**ow, “aboard,” and see! our watchword—  
Ever Onward, On and On—ever at the Post of Duty,  
Whether shine, or storm be On.

**Y**es, unfurled, our “Good Will” banner  
Every day, floats fair and free.  
And our captain’s call rings clearly—  
Rings “Good Cheer”—to you, and me.

Listen—like caress—’tis falling—  
Fled—are old things,  
Dead—are old things,  
Love abideth!  
Love abideth!  
Here—right here,  
A N-E-W—New Year!  
Fill it full of Loving Service,  
Faith, and Hope, and Love, and Cheer—  
Happy, Happy, Happy Year!

R. D. W.

## FLORENCE.

"But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
Where the Etrurian Athens claims and keeps  
A softer feeling for her fairy halls,  
Girt by her theatre of hills.

\* \* \*

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone, and fills  
The air around with beauty; we inhale  
The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld, instils  
Part of its immortality; the veil  
Of heaven is half undrawn; within the pale  
We stand, and in that form and face behold  
What mind can make, when nature's self would fail  
And to the fond idolators of old  
Enjoy the innate flash which such a soul could mould;  
We gaze and turn away, and know not where  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the heart  
Reels with its fulness."

In writing of Florence one is disposed to quote continuously from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," for Byron seems to have caught and crystallized the exquisite charm of the city. At no place perhaps is one so enveloped in an atmosphere of beauty as in the city of Florence. From any of the beautifully wooded slopes practically surrounding the city one looks into a valley with the Arno running through it, and the city built on either side, surely "beautiful for situation" is the city of Florence; but we do not want you to think of the Arno as a beautifully clear rushing river like our French Broad or Yadkin, for it is muddy and unsightly, with much of a whitish clay color, and possessing qualities which would do little toward cleaning the laundry which was nearly always being done along its banks.

Of all the bridges over the Arno and connecting the two parts of the city none is so famous as the Ponte Vecchio. This

bridge is really the jewelry center of the city (and all Italians love jewelry and wear plenty of it). For hundreds of years these jewelry stores have monopolized the business of the bridge. To an American to have business shops on the bridges may seem rather odd, but it is not uncommon on the continent of Europe and such existed at one time in London in the famous Blackfrairs over the Thames. But the Ponte Vecchio has a broad bridgeway in the middle and either side is flanked with jewelry shops—run by as many different people, each vying with the other in display and in capability to conjure the would-be buyer. Beautiful jewelry it is and so cheap one can hardly refrain from letting coin slip away all too fast.

Crossing the bridge one is soon in a plaza. Here a brass plate marks where Savonarola was burned at the stake. Here also are the municipal buildings. But the spirit and atmosphere of Savonarola is most felt in the Convent of St. Mark's, where one is shown the cell which he used, the chair in which he sat, his writing desk, his crucifix, his books, some of them, the hair shirt with which he did penance and cloister in which he must have walked in meditation. But another attraction here was the beautiful work of Fra Angelica. The readers of this are too familiar with reproductions of his masterpiece for me to describe, but in beauty of color, exquisite design no painter need hope to surpass.

Florence is decidedly a city of marble and its great marble structures glittering in the Italian sunshine are gorgeous and far less ostentatious looking than would be imagined. Indeed Florence has nothing which grates on one's love of the beautiful and elegant coupled with modesty, unless it be the tombs of the De Medici family. San Croce is one of the marble structures and it is within this structure one finds the tombs of Gallileo, of Michael Angelo, of Machiavetti, and other of the great men of Florence. But the tombs of Dante and of Petrarch are not here, for says Byron again,

“Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar.  
Thy factious in their worse than civil war  
Proscribed the bard whose name forever more  
Their children’s children would in vain adore.”

\* \* \*

“And the crown  
Which Petrarch’s laureate brow supremely wore  
Upon a far and foreign soil had grown  
His life, his fame, his grave, tho’ rifled—not thine own.”

That the “children’s children” are adoring Dante is proven by a Herculean marble statue of the poet which now occupies the center of the plaza in front of San Croce—placed there on the 600th anniversary of his birth.

Yet another building which needs more than passing notice is the Foundlings’ Hospital, not from the fact of its usefulness but from the world-famous medallions which are found above every one of the columns which practically surround the building. These are enamelled terra cotta work, the production of which was a secret with the “Robbia” family and whose secret perished with the last member of the family. These bas reliefs in blue and white of infants in various designs but all in swaddling clothes, representations of which are very frequently seen.

The merchant princes, the De Medici, who have left their impress over almost all Eastern Europe, have nowhere more lavishly spent theirs and the people’s millions than in the city of Florence. The marble Pantheon (if I may call it such), i. e. Church of San Lorenzo, still unfinished and requiring millions more to complete, is but the receptacle for the sarcophagi of this family. The work of Michael Angelo graces the sarcophagus of Lorenzo De Medici and of the scarcely less famous Giuliano, and it is on these unfinished sarcophagi or rather above them that one sees Michael Angelo as sculptor, certainly most masterfully, and in which one can read Michael Angelo’s insight into the deeper meanings of the doings and happenings in the times of the De Medici.



But with all this we have not yet mentioned the great attraction of Florence—namely, the Uffizi Gallery and the Pitti Palace. These are really one now as they are connected by a long, very long, corridor which in its length crosses the Arno, as the two buildings are on opposite sides of the river. The chief attraction in the Uffizi is (if there is a chief where practically everything is a world's masterpiece), the chief, I say, is the Tribuna, the room where on one hand is the matchless Venus De Medici, and on another the Wrestlers and the Grinder and the Dancing Fawn. While upon the wall is Raphael's Madonna of the Goldfinch and other paintings hardly less famous. But all these things have to be seen to feel their power and beauty—to write of them in cold type almost seems like desecration. See them, my reader, and your life will be richer thereby, by a cultivation of an aesthetic sense which cannot be better cultivated elsewhere, and in that refinement and appreciation of art which this material age is crowding out all too fast.

To write of Florence without mention of Michael Angelo's David, that masterpiece of sculpture—would almost insult a Firenese, for this colossal figure is one of their greatest prides. You've often seen pictures of the head of this and the wonderful expression of the face, but when this is coupled with the equal resolve (?) of muscle, one wants to linger and look and still to look and linger and then go back and look again. To me it was far more expressive (or impressive perhaps is the word) than was Michael Angelo's Moses, seen later in Rome.

Florence is a city where one loses himself in the past and wanders with Dante through "Heaven" and "Purgatory" and treads the cloister made almost hallowed by the meditations of the great world martyr Savonarola. It studies the world present through the eyes of Machiavelli and the world past in the spirit of Galileo. Its artists are the greatest the world has ever produced and one does not wonder that the Brownings loved to linger in the midst of such surroundings, for we too love to study the world as seen from Casa Guidi's windows.

Ungrateful as the Firenese may have been in past genera-

tions of the work and worth of the great men who have lived and died among them, it cannot be said of the present generation that they have failed to appreciate them, and whatever of glory the Medici patronage may have left undone the present generation will not be unmindful to promote.

Florence is incomparable, because the city of marble—the city of artistic excellence, the city of beautiful setting—the city full of the charm of the circle of great men who have lived and wrought therein, the great reformers, the great adventurers, the producers of great masterpieces of literature and of art. Incomparable Florence! “The Etrurian Athens!”

JULIA S. WHITE.

---

### THE WINTER KING.

Far off in the land of mist and snow  
In the distant north where the storm clouds grow,  
Where the ice-pannelled halls of old Boreas rise  
'Neath the cavernous depths of the arctic skies;

The Winter King slept as the months sped by,  
But awoke with a start when December was night.  
“What ho! henchmen mine,” resounded the call!  
“Up with ye, laggards, up one and all!”

“’Tis thy King that commands ye, to arms! I say,  
Gather my legions for battle today!”  
Down from the mountains of ice and snow  
Swept ice-clad hosts to the vale below.

With glittering helmet and sparkling shield  
On galloping winds their spears they wield.  
The air is rent with mournful wail,  
With shivering shout resounds the vale.

The skies grow dark, loud howls the blast,  
The fluattering snow falls thick and fast;  
From crab and cranny to woodland glen  
The Winter King rages, nor stops till when

From breathless haste he rests awhile  
Exultant, then with a chilly smile  
Breathes forth a cold and withering blight  
On Mother Earth in her poor plight.

Then away to the land of the midnight sun  
He hastens him now—his work is done,  
And mounts his ice-chiselled throne on high  
'Neath the starry dome of the northern sky.

There holds he his court, where the pale moonbeam  
Shines on the host in silvery sheen;  
And the storm-beaten warriors rise up and sing,  
"Hail to thee, Winter, hail to our King!"

A. D. C.



## TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

The clerk came into the private office in a hesitating way, as if he did not wish to disturb his employer. The latter looked up from his desk and asked what the matter might be.

"It's just this, sir. There's a queer kind of a fellow out there who is determined to see you. I don't know what to make of him. He says he has come on business of the Brokaw estate—whatever that may be. I think he's a crank, sir. Shall I send him in?"

Thompson hesitated. "There's no Brokaw—yes, send him in. I'll be willing to see the crank, if he comes without a bomb."

"He looks as if he might be the kind that carries bombs, sir," was the reply.

"Well, usher him in. I'll risk it."

It was with some curiosity that the lawyer awaited the arrival of an individual who could arouse in his clerk such evident fear.

The door opened and Thompson saw a small shrunken man of about fifty, enter. He took a chair and sat silent eyeing Thompson.

"I am Jim Jones," the man said shortly, and waited.

"I am at your service, Mr. Jones, what may I do for you?"

Jones stared and Thompson seemed to be a little uneasy. The lean face, the steady eyes were but two of the characteristics that made the man seem queer. His skin was tightly drawn over his face, so that the veins stood out on his temples. The thin lips curved into speech.

"I understand you are attorney for Brokaw Company. As you are, I have matters to discuss with you."

Again came the steady stare. "I have come many miles to see you, and at last my end is accomplished and I shall find peace."

Thompson squirmed uneasily.

"My dear sir, I am anxious to be of service to you, but please be brief, my time is valuable."

"Yet I must tell you my story; I have come many miles—"

"Go ahead then. I ought to be willing to listen to a story you have come so far to tell. From where, did you say?"

"I didn't say. From South America."

Jones folded his thin veined hands, and began the story, and Thompson let the cigar between his fingers go dead as he listened.

"Twenty years ago," Jones said, "I walked out of the State prison of this State determined to do right, you understand? An hour after my release I was in this city hunting work, and not finding it—and old story, eh? I reached the point where it was again steal or starve. Never been there have you? It's a time you feel that you would take anybody and choke him to get money! I wanted something to eat. I was hungry. I went out to the suburbs. I waited for a car and followed a man up a side street. As I started to strike him he heard me and turned. He didn't do anything, simply said, 'I wouldn't.' I could have felled him. Instead I went home with him. He was Mr. Brokaw. He took me home and fed me and made me sleep in his home that night, and they all surely treated me kindly. Then he took me to his office and gave me work as a general helper and watchman about the building. I had been there about three weeks and then I heard the cashier say as he put away a small tin box, 'There is twenty thousand dollars.' The words clung to me in my work and in my sleep. I knew that it would be easy to get that money from the safe. I had the long night in which to work on the safe and no one slept in the building.

"The next day I watched the cashier more closely and forgetting how the man had treated me, I only thought of the money. And finally, one night I walked away with it.

"I had already engaged a passage on a tramp steamer which sailed that night, and I went down to the dock and waited in a shadow until the lading was finished. As I went up the

planks my foot caught on a nail and I stumbled off into the water, hitting my head against the vessel's side.

"When I became conscious I was in the hold and the steamer was at bay. I cried so much about the money that they thought I was crazy as I didn't look like a man with that sum. I never knew what became of it, but I was told that one of the men who pulled me out had kept the box.

"So much for that. I'll tell you I had luckily paid for my passage to South America and for twenty years I've been laboring to pay back that sum. It has been a thought with me both day and night. Now I have come back with the money.

"I know nothing of what has passed, or at least I have seen no mention of my crime in the newspapers. I knew that good Mr. Brokaw knew about it—that kind man who kept me and gave me aid.

"I've suffered a lot over this matter. Twenty-five years ago I was young and filled with a burning spirit, but now I am free and I will be at peace when this money is turned over to the estate of Brokaw."

Thompson was puzzled. "The Estate of Brokaw?" Do you mean the young Brokaw? He is dead, but the old man is living."

"Living!" Jones' voice rose to a cry. He jumped to his feet. He seemed to be transfigured into a new life.

"Yes," answered Thompson, "I think he is in the office now. I'll see."

A few moments later a white-haired man, with a serene, kindly face, entered. Brokaw looked at Jones for a moment, then held out his hand. Jones caught it in his and bent over it in silence.

"Mr. Brokaw, I have brought back the money that I stole," Jones said.

Brokaw looked at him oddly.

"The money," he repeated.

"Yes, the money stolen from your office twenty years ago," Jones answered.

"I understand somewhat," he said. "Jones, you did not



steal money, did you; you took the box which contained \$20,000 in receipts—just ordinary receipts. We couldn't imagine where that box went to, but we tried to connect it with your sudden departure."

Jones swayed like a man about to collapse and Brokaw put his arm over his shoulder.

"I'm glad you came back, Jim. You can put your money to use in my business with me for yourself. We've a good year's work ahead and we can be jolly good friends," Brokaw said, anxious to cover his own emotions.

It all worked out right in the end.

---

### "THE RAVING."

In the treasure house of reason,

In that firstest vernal season,

When the wooly wily bugs of thought began to germinate.

There was one uncommon big one,

Grew as wise as old King Sol'mon,

Wiser than the other little wiser thoughts that grew before.

Whence he came or how he got there,

No one can, could, might, should, would, dare

To endeavor to hypothesize how, whence and where he came;

But there's no use in denying

What we all can't help descrying,

When our eyes start from their sockets in a wild lunatic stare.

It's the bug that turned our reason,

Cast a blight upon the season

'Reft of all its wondrous blossoms, all its beauty, all its store;

And the vile, malignant monster

Of our shattered mind the sponsor,

Grimly smiles; and all exultant claims dominion, evermore!

—Posthumous.

## SCIENCE AND INTERNATIONAL GOOD WILL.

The idea of evolution pervades all modern thought. Evolution is simply the natural way of advancing from a low to a high state. It is a universal law, affecting all phases of organic development. In human action there has been a development from the lower, brutal behavior toward the higher realm of moral and spiritual life. This principle of progress is nowhere more strikingly displayed than in the growth in the idea of peace. Once men settled all disputes by fierce, unregulated, hand to hand fights. The life of the early man was a fearful and brutish one. "Might makes right" was the principle that ruled his affairs. There were no means of obtaining justice except as each individual strove to bring it about by his own ideas of right and wrong. Every one possessed the unrestrained privilege of engaging in private war in order to avenge his personal wrongs.

Such was primitive man with his petty family quarrels. The union of several of these families for common defence created the first unit of government, tribal in its nature. This larger aggregation made it necessary for the individual to subordinate his personal desires to the good of the tribe, and consequently a larger idea of war arose. Still each tribe looked with distrust and envy on every other tribe and little advance was made for peace. At regular intervals each tribe would go out on expeditions of plunder and massacre. Early man delighted in bloody deeds and the most horrible scenes followed his victories.—"And he brought forth all the people that were therein and put the munder saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron and made them pass through the brick-kiln; and thus did he unto all the cities of the children of Amon. So David and all the people returned unto Jerusalem."

From the union of many tribes arose the nation, and with the nation we have a truly great advance in the control of the individual and his way of living. This largest unit no longer waged wars regardless of any reasonable pretext. Greater

wrongs had to be done before a nation could afford to go to war. Friendly relations must exist within the nation. People learned to co-operate for national welfare. The nation once established, has passed through many stages toward higher ideals. Once wars were the normal state of society. Now all agree that they are abnormal and that peace is normal. Once wars were continuous and peace occasional. Now peace is continuous and wars occasional, and the occasions are growing farther and farther apart. Once war was the profession of all able-bodied men. Now peaceable professions engage almost their entire thought and activity. Once wars were without regulations. Now there are a hundred humane laws which have gradually grown up with the years. Once all disputes were settled by war. Today nearly all are settled without war. The progress of peace seems nothing short of remarkable. And yet, viewed in the light of all other human progress, it is a natural attendant of advancing civilization.

Would you know the causes of this great change? Would you know the factors that have lifted man from the plane where he regarded war as honorable and legitimate to the point where he regards it as little better than murder? On the surface there seem many causes, but underlying these, one profound factor acting as an agent in civilization has brought about these modern conditions, and that factor is the development of science.

Science with its applications has been one of the principal influences leading to peace and international good-will. Science, democracy, and the limitation of war are the great achievements of modern civilization. They have advanced hand in hand, almost continuously from their beginnings, to their present triumphs and hopeful outlook for the future. It is reasonable to say that democracy owes its birth and progress to science and that science and democracy together are the influences most conducive to permanent and universal peace.

Let us see how science has brought about democracy. At one time excessive manual labor by the mass of the people was nec-

essary in order that all might have means of subsistence. The majority of the people were accordingly held down in order that a few might have education and culture. But this condition has long since become unnecessary. The applications of science in all the industries and in the prevention or cure of disease have abolished the need of excessive manual labor. The great inventions and discoveries of science in the last few centuries have reduced to a minimum the daily labor required from each individual in order that all may be adequately fed, clothed, and housed. The death rate has been greatly lessened. Childhood and youth may now be devoted to education and advancement. The same opportunities exist for all. It is no longer necessary to depend upon some royal house for a competent ruler. The fittest, selected from the mass of the people, may now administer the affairs of government. Thus we see that back of democracy lie the contributions of science to civilization.

Democracy is a factor conducive to peace. Although it is natural for any nation to fight when aroused, a democratic people are less liable to be confronted with the causes which lead to war. The ambitious intrigues and personal quarrels of one individual can no longer excite the citizens of one country to invade another. A Napoleon could not rise today, for people must now be shown that their own interests, as well as those of their leader, would be advanced by war. Thus many of the ancient causes of war have been eliminated. A democracy can be confronted alone by the causes which lead to a war of policy or aggression. Cold reasoning alone attends the determination to engage in such a war and a cold calculating intellect seldom engages in war. Excited emotions lead to war, but an educated people place the intellect above the emotions. Therefore an educated people, such as we are coming to have today, are the surest guarantee against wanton war. We may be sure that a perfect democracy will be the greatest force for peace that the world has yet seen.

Scientific progress and invention have eliminated the causes which have made war inevitable. A nation no longer needs to

engage in war in order to expand itself on account of over population or lack of the means of support. There is no need at the present time for the ancient belief that people must be thinned out. Modern inventions and discoveries cause the means of life to increase far more rapidly than the population; and in thus providing for the upkeep of an increasing population, science has made a contribution for world peace, the value of which cannot be easily over-estimated.

The great system of commerce and travel brought about by the triumphs of steam and electricity in the last century, has aided much in dispelling the prejudices and envies which nations hitherto have held toward each other. Intercommunication has caused men to become acquainted and to hold each other in greater respect, and such a feeling strikes at the very roots of war. Acquaintance brought about by business and travel, by knowledge of other men and their ways of life, by daily news spread over all the world, has made foreigners appear to us no less human than ourselves and the killing of them seem a revolting thought. Business and banking firms, knowing no nationality but the world, exist with their centers in all enlightened countries, and the destruction of this network of modern business means damage to all. No highly civilized country can now go to war without seriously damaging itself, as well as its opponent. A nation today cannot live an independent existence, but is dependent for its very life on the good will of its brother nations, so great is the interdependence produced directly by modern scientific invention. Truly has it been said that steam and electricity are the hand-maids of peace, for such conditions as they have produced, cannot but be conducive to international good will.

Science has given us democracy, the form of government most conducive to peace. It has given ample means of subsistence, removing thereby the inevitable causes of war. It has given us commerce and intercommunication, destroying the feelings which lead to war, and these three achievements are the principal factors which have brought us to our present high state, and will eventually lead us to a higher. Other con-



tributions, however, are by no means unimportant. The making of modern warfare an applied science has tended towards its reduction. The very cost of modern scientific equipment causes nations to hesitate before declaring war.

Again, modern warfare tends to discourage itself. The personal prowess, the dash, the excitement, the romance of mediæval warfare is gone. Men cooped up in floating fortresses, shooting at an enemy miles away or displayed like targets on some field, are not as great heroes to themselves or to others as a man who gives up his life in discovering the remedy for some disease. War has become brutal and disgusting, at its best like the business of the hangman, at its worst like the murder of infants.

In all its workings science has brought about a feeling of brotherhood. Nothing is more cosmopolitan than science. Literature is a national product, held in by alien languages; but scientific discovery can be made at once interesting, can be assimilated and its fruits reaped by all. Any discovery made by a group or by an individual becomes thereafter the property of humanity and the world is advanced a step higher. All science is international and tends to weld the nations together. A successful inventor or investigator sooner or later must meet with a world wide appreciation. He belongs to a nationality that knows no limitations of language or customs.

These are the workings of science and they have, in an indirect way, been of more value in the bringing about of peace on earth than all other causes combined. In a slow but sure way science has worked, enlightening men, removing the causes which forced wars on them, creating a feeling of brotherhood among them, broadening their views of life; in short instilling in them the very principles of Jesus Christ. Just so surely as the world has outgrown other evils; just so surely as man's views and aspirations have broadened; just so surely as there has been evolution in all phases of life, so there has been a wonderful change in the attitude toward war; and this is due to the gradual upbuilding of human character back of which is scientific progress. We have advanced and the forces which



have brought us to our present high state will carry us on. When science has done its complete work and reason is enthroned in human affairs—then will the dream of the poet and prophet be realized, and war will be no more.

M. W. P., '14.

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Whereas, One of our members has been called from our midst on account of the death of her mother, Mrs. Ida Coffin Doan, we, her fellow-classmates, desire to express our sympathy to Mary and the other members of the family in the loss of their dearest friend on earth.

We desire that copies of this expression be sent to the bereaved family, recorded in the minutes and sent to the Collegian for publication.

KATHRYN DORSETT,  
GLADYS HIGHFILL,  
J. ROBT. BROWN,

Jan. 12, 1914.

Committee on behalf of the Junior Class.



# The Guilford Collegian

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MABEL EDGERTON, '15, Phil. HELEN C. EAST, '14, Zat.  
E. H. MCBANE, '14, Clay

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## Editorials

Nineteen hundred and thirteen has passed into history. We have turned our back to the old year with its defeats and its victories, and are entering a new year with its responsibilities and rewards. The editors of the Collegian frankly admit that the Collegian thus far has not been up to the standard which we set for it when we began our work. While we appreciate

the support given the magazine, yet at the same time it seems to us that there should be more poetry in its pages. It is true that college students have about all the regular work they can attend to, yet college loyalty and patriotism can be portrayed in no better way than by contributions to the college magazine.

We, the editors, fully realizing our shortcomings, are resolved to "turn over a new leaf." We do not desire to shift the responsibility from our shoulders, but we earnestly ask the interest and co-operation of Collegian readers in carrying on our work. To the faculty, alumni and old students we extend a hearty invitation to contribute something to the Collegian. It has been suggested that there be an alumni number of the Collegian issued each year and we believe it would be a good thing. At least, the alumni and old students are cordially asked to write some article for its pages.

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*Resolutions.* The new year is the occasion for many and varied good and noble resolves. Doubtless almost every one started the year 1914 with a secret resolve to do something better than ever before. A great many will at least make a worthy effort to live up to their good resolutions, while others, alas, forget them all too soon.

There is at least one resolution which every college student should make and that is to get the most possible out of his life in school.

We would do well to pause a moment for a bit of self analysis—did we do anything in 1913 which should have been different? Did we shirk a duty and waste our time loafing when we should have been at work? Did we mope and sulk because we couldn't be the biggest man on the hill? Did we get "sore" because somebody resented our "freshness"? Did we obtain something by some underhand method? If we have been guilty of any of these things—if we have been overcome by any petty temptation, let us earnestly resolve to take control of ourselves

and set our mark towards really high and noble achievements.

We can open the new year with no better resolve than that we will throw ourselves into every good thing whether work or play with a zest and enthusiasm which spells W-I-N, and finally let us resolve, and live up to that resolution, to make each day as it comes the best.

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*Loafing.* In every college or institution of learning there may be found the loafing class. This is especially true at Guilford, for a large number of our boys who are capable of developing themselves intellectually, and of taking a leading part in the activities of college life are loafers. The boys of today are the men of tomorrow, and in the same way the lower classmen in college now will be the upper classmen some day; consequently they must prepare themselves to meet the responsibilities that will be thrust upon them.

When a boy enters college his environment is changed. He is taken away from a mother's influence and from the influence of a Christian home. He is naturally timid because of his new surroundings, and this causes him to seek companions of some kind.

The choosing of companions is oft-times fatal to the boy that is not careful about his choosing. One should not choose one's companions too quickly. In selecting companions one is tempted to follow the crowd, and do what they do, no matter what.

Finally loafing is detrimental to the college boy mentally, spiritually and financially. When a college boy is loafing, he is fooling away time that should be spent in studying. He is in many cases hearing and telling smutty jokes which tend to lower his estimate of decency, and lastly he is forming habits that will go with him through life. If he is a loafer in school, he will be one after he has gone out to fight life's battles.

The loafer, then, is the boy who spends his father's hard-earned money and at the same time spends the most precious days of his life in idleness, which should be spent in filling his

store-house of knowledge with the means to win out in the battle of life. He is the man who will be weighed in the balance and found wanting when the final test of life comes. In the words of the poet—

“Then if thou lovest life,  
Do not squander time;  
For that’s the stuff life’s made of.”

Where do you stand? Will you squander your time by loafing, or will you improve it? That is the question you must decide. Which shall it be?

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#### NOTICE.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that the December issue of the Collegian was the work of the Sophomore class. Through a failure on the part of the editor this issue was not designated “Sophomore Number” as is our custom. We take this occasion to acknowledge the omission and to assure the Sophomores of our appreciation of their efforts.

Other class numbers to be gotten out during the spring are: Senior number, February; Freshman, March; Junior, May. The co-operation of every member of these classes is asked, that they do all in their power towards making their respective class numbers the best possible.

## THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN DEBATE.

On the evening of December 20th the Sophomores met the Freshmen in the first of the series of inter-class debates. The usual strong rivalry still exists between the Sophomores and Freshmen at Guilford, so both classes were well represented at the debate by ardent supporters, and much interest was manifested by all who were present.

The question for debate was: "Resolved, That the United States should provide for an elastic currency by the establishment of a system of regional banks, which shall be under the supervision and control of the federal government." The affirmative was upheld by the Freshmen, represented by Messrs. DeVane Hodgkin, Fowell H. Mendenhall and Harrell Budd, while the Sophomores, represented by Messrs. F. H. Morris, C. R. Mitchell and T. G. Perry, supported the negative.

Mr. Hodgkin, the first speaker, without giving a general outline of the affirmative argument, devoted his speech to an enumeration of the weaknesses in our present currency system and showed that it was insufficient. He contended that our currency system is not sufficiently elastic to insure the stability of our industrial interests; that under the present system of reserve requirements instead of the reserve being kept in the banks over the country to prevent money stringencies, it flows to New York City, where it is loaned at a low rate of interest to Wall street speculators, who can, if they so desire, corner the money market, and thus bring on panic and general stagnation in business.

Mr. Morris, in opening the argument for the negative, briefly traced the history of banking in the United States and showed that the present system was adapted to fulfill the needs of the country. He argued that the panics have not been due to a bad system, but rather to a lack of confidence on the part of the people, and that since the adoption of the Aldrich-Vreeland bill we have a good banking system. He contended in the second place that the system proposed by the affirmative is not



the result of needs, but of party pledges, that the financial policy of the country is too important a matter to be governed by caucus rule, and since neither the business nor the financial conditions at present demand a change, that we should not adopt a system of regional reserve banks.

Mr. Mendenhall continued the argument for the affirmative by offering the three possible changes in our banking system: A central bank, any moderate revision in our present system, and a system of regional reserve banks. He showed that a central bank would not meet the needs of the country, since there is no place in the United States where we could have a central bank that would be beneficial to all the people. He then argued that it would take too long to obtain revisions and that when revisions had been made they had failed to remedy defects, as evidenced by the Aldrich-Vreeland bill. In conclusion he said that a system of regional reserve banks supervised and controlled by the government is the only remedy and that this system would be explained by his next colleague.

Mr. Mitchell, of the negative, contended in the first place that no banking system is perfect, and that the banking systems of practically all countries are to an extent inelastic. He said that in the second place a system of regional reserve banks offers no greater elasticity, but that greater inelasticities would result because of added complexities. He showed in the third place that our present system was wrought out by necessity and personal initiative, and is in accord with the spirit of American institutions.

Mr. Budd spoke last for the affirmative. He explained the system of regional reserve banks and showed that it would meet the needs of the country in that it would furnish an elastic currency, mobilize the reserve, prevent panics, and develop industries now lagging behind. In conclusion he gave a complete summary of the affirmative argument.

Mr. Perry closed the argument for the negative. He proved that a government controlled banking system would not be for the best interests of the country by showing that such a system would afford unlimited opportunities for graft and for further

corrupting politics. He then proceeded to sum up the argument for the negative.

All the speakers gave rebuttals of varying length, in which they endeavored to substantiate their argument and to attack the views of their opponents.

The debate was over, and to the audience the question as to "Who had won?" was a difficult one to decide. Both sides showed from the manner in which they debated the question that they had spent some time in studying it, and considering the complexity of the question the debate was a good one.

Dr. C. O. Meredith presided and the judges, Prof. L. Lee White, of Winston-Salem, Mr. D. Ralph Parker, and Mr. Hayworth, both of High Point, gave a decision of two to one in favor of the negative.



## Y. M. C. A.

## THE KANSAS CITY CONVENTION.

(The Seventh International Convention of the Student Volunteers was held at Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 31st to Jan. 4. Guilford had two representatives at this convention, David Henley and S. S. Nelson. The following article sets forth their impressions of the great meeting.)

Great and unique was the gathering of students from seven hundred and fifty-five colleges at Kansas City during the Christmas holidays in a convention which will mark a powerful change in many schools and in the lives of many students.

Dr. John R. Mott, chairman of the convention, at the first session set forth the purpose of the gathering in the following manner: First, to realize the "wholeness of the task before us." Second, to realize the "oneness of our task." Third, to realize the "spiritual solidarity of students of North America." Fourth, "to demonstrate the vitality and conquering power of our religion," and finally, "to carry the call to the students of this generation to face the unprecedented situation." Marvelous was the way in which this purpose was carried out.

The convention was impressive from three standpoints: First, the character of the leaders and the influence of their personality. Great effort had been taken to have present the greatest missionary leaders in the world. Nothing could be more inspiring than to face such men as Dr. John R. Mott, an attractive figure, an intellectual giant, yet humble and deeply spiritual; Dr. Robert E. Speer, chairman of the Presbyterian Mission Board, a living example of the Christian message—burning to pass that message on to his fellow men; or such men as Dr. Watson, Dr. Zimmer, Sherwood Eddy, Mr. Hart or Bishop Kinsaling—men able to move any audience by their earnestness and their direct, pathetic, yet hopeful, presentations of conditions in lands where they are laboring. The audience was able to grasp the situation and to see the relation

of distant parts of the world in a clearer manner than ever before.

In the manner in which the meetings were carried on was a real lesson, methodical, lively and business-like, still with the deepest spiritual atmosphere at all times. Whether collecting money to carry on the work or listening to a passionate appeal to come to the aid of those in darkness, every one was at all times in a prayerful attitude, realizing that it all was the work of God.

Best of all, however, was the message brought us. We heard of the great progress made in the last few years; the opening of heathen lands to Christianity; the thousands calling for and seeking the truth; the workers giving their lives for the sake of the message, and yet how terrible the conditions in those lands.

Dr. Mott spoke on one occasion (against his physician's orders, but sustained by the prayers of 125 ushers) of his tours of the world: The first, fourteen years ago, when in Russia, he could only hold meetings secretly between midnight and dawn—a time when he heard guns, as if at battle shooting down those who had sought the message of Christ. But, two years ago in Russia, he was welcomed in a manner which made it impossible to accept all invitations to speak. In China he was begged to stay with so much feeling that he had to rearrange his plans. We could not hear this message without a feeling of shame that we have not done more to help our less fortunate neighbors. The problem of Islam in Asia and Africa was strikingly set forth. In spite of the fact that Mohammedanism is firmly established and is spreading, yet the natives are finding that it does not and cannot satisfy. Japan is turning to atheism because she has been given nothing better; South America is in a condition worse than pagan, with their Bibles in museums.

Our responsibility is added to, in that the countires are now open and eager for the Gospel, but we do not seize our opportunity it may be lost for ages. Mr. Si, of China, brought us a clear challenge when he said, "We come to you as a Christian

tion to find out your manner of life; we learn much—but I am sorry to say, sometimes we are disappointed.”

Among other things we learned that there are eight thousand moslems in America; that a large per cent of our students are atheists; but we also learned of great progress and the reality of the Holy Spirit. We saw how much good would be accomplished if the nation would awake to its great needs. If every church member would pay 4 cents per week it would treble the forces in the field. We are now sending only one out of twenty-five hundred church members. We could send one out of every 400.

This great gathering was by no means a pessimistic one. Of the 5,031 regular delegates there were 3,984 student delegates from 755 colleges. There were furthermore, 1,500 Student Volunteers. When the collection was taken for advancement of the work, annual sums as high as \$5,000 were subscribed.

These are simply a few items to show what a great force such a convention will exert in advancing the reign of Christ. No delegate could attend this gathering “on the mountain top” without being changed.

We cannot close without mentioning the factors which helped make this convention possible. The kindness and courtesy of the people of Kansas City in entertaining the great body and also the services of the railway companies were deeply appreciated. The guests were shown every attention possible.

Truly this was one of the most important gatherings ever held in America. Such an event cannot pass by without its results, not only in the lives of those who attended, but in the countries which were discussed.

DAVID E. HENLEY.



## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On Friday evening, December 19th, the Y. W. C. A. gave its annual bazaar. The decorating committee, with the generous and efficient aid of several boys, did splendid work. The fancy work display was unusually attractive. The articles appeared on a small, candle lighted Christmas tree, standing between the graceful festoons of the heavy green stage curtains. The booths for ice cream, hot chocolate, candy, and persimmon pudding were attractively made and decorated with red and green crepe paper and tinsel. Everything from nearly every booth was sold. The Y. W. C. A. appreciates the cheerful and efficient aid given by the boys and faculty members toward making the affair pleasant and successful.

At our last regular Thursday evening prayer meeting, before the holidays, we were pleased, both to have with us the members of the Y. M. C. A. and to have Miss Rhoades to lead the meeting for us. Miss Rhoades gave us a splendid and inspiring talk on "A Vision for the New Year." The first Thursday evening after our return from the Christmas vacation we were delighted to be the guests of the Y. M. C. A. The short time was taken up by their two splendid delegates who had just returned from the Kansas City convention. The talks were earnest, enthusiastic, impressive, and we feel that mission study and mission spirit cannot help but grow in scope and intensity with two such keenly alive workers in our midst. We are glad, truly glad, that they went to Kansas City, and glad they brought back so much to us.

The Sunday morning chapel exercise have been unusually good lately. It does one good to hear the increasing amount of favorable criticism on these meetings. The special music adds a very attractive feature. The Bible study and music committees are being rewarded for their work by the increased attendance at these meetings.



## CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

On the last Sunday evening before the Christmas holidays, The A Cappella Choir, composed of members of the Glee Clubs, entertained the college and community with a Christmas entertainment, "Carols of the Nativity." Readings were given by Joseph H. Peele from Sir Edwin Arnold's "The Light of the World." The following program was rendered under the direction of Miss Rhoades:

## PROGRAM.

Hymn—Adeste Fideles.....From the Latin XVII Century

To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

O come, all ye faithful,

Joyful and triumphant,

O come ye, O come to Bethlehem;

Come and behold Him

Born, the King of Angels;

O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him,

O come, let us adore Him Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of Angels,

Sing in exultation,

Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above:

"Glory to God

In the highest;"

O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,

Born this happy morning,

Jesus, to Thee be glory given;

Word of the Father,

Now in flesh appearing.

O come, let us adore Him, &c.

Carol—The First Noel .....Traditional

Reading—From the beginning to "Take it and make it Earth's"

Carol—Draw Nigh, Immanuel

Ancient Plain Song, XIII Century

Carol—Naught is So Sweet.....Old French  
 Reading—From “So When the Angels” to “That night  
 they sealed the first scrolls of Earth’s history.”

Carol—Holy Night ..... Old German  
 Solo—Lullaby from the Cantata of “Bethlehem”....Maunder  
 Miss Harmon.

Reading—From “Also, not marveling” to “Yon hour-old  
 babe the world will worship, well content.”

Carol—We Three Kings of Orient Are.....Old English  
 Solo Voices—Gaspard, William R. Futrell; Melchoir,  
 Lionel Strayhorne; Balthazar, Fowell Mendenhall.

Carol—The Loving Heart ..... Old German  
 Reading—From “Thou knowest of the birth” to  
 “Whose words shall save the world.”

Solo—An Old Legend ..... From the Russian  
 Miss Harmon.

Carol—The Holly and the Ivy.....Old Norman  
 Reading—From “Now all is changed” to “Charity,  
 Mercy, Meekness taught He.”

Hymn—Antioch ..... Ascribed to Handel  
 To be sung by the Congregation and Choir.

Joy to the world! The Lord has come;  
 Let earth receive her King!  
 Let every heart prepare Him room  
 And heaven and nature sing:|

Joy to the world! The Saviour reigns;  
 Let men their songs employ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
 Repeat the sounding joy:|

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of His righteousness,  
 And wonders of His love:|

Benediction.

DRAMATIC CLUB AT GUILFORD TO PRESENT  
"HAMLET."

At a recent meeting of the students who took part in the production of Shakespeare's "Macbeth" at Guilford College last year, a dramatic club was organized which as a permanent society will try to foster a perennial interest in dramatic study at the college.

The club chose for its name the unique title of "Sock and Buskin," Elizabethan symbols respectively emblematic of comedy and tragedy.

The following officers were elected to serve for this year: President, Edgar H. McBane; vice-president, David E. Henley; secretary, Katherine R. Allen; treasurer, Jesse Garner; historian, Helen C. East; coach, Prof. A. D. Crosby.

The club decided to present "Hamlet" some time in March. Following a series of careful try-outs, an excellent cast has been selected, and rehearsals will soon begin under the direction of Prof. Crosby.

All who attended the splendid all-star production of "Macbeth" at Guilford last year, will welcome the present announcement of "Hamlet," and look forward eagerly to the coming event.



On returning to Guilford for the beginning of the work for the new year, we found that not only had there been some improvements made for our comfort in living and studying, but also the facilities for athletics had been greatly improved in the completion of the inside work of the gymnasium. The old walls have been torn out at the ends and a balcony has been built all around the interior of the building which not only helps to lessen the danger which the athletes are exposed to, but also makes it more desirable to the visiting teams from other colleges.

The phase of athletics which will be most benefited and which is claiming more attention than any other at Guilford at present is basket ball. All of the old team from last year are back, with the exception of Edwards, the giant center, but his place can be filled nicely by a few shifts of the positions of last year's players and some additions to the line-up. In material, Guilford is well supplied this year. In addition to Benbow, Stuart, Moorefield and Finch from last year's Varsity team, we have Short, Wood and McBane from the second team, and quite a lot of good material in some of the new students, chief of whom are Jones and Hinkle. Manager Finch has, after much difficulty and disappointment, succeeded in arranging a pretty good schedule, which is as follows:

January 14—Wofford College at Guilford.  
January 24—Elon College at Guilford.  
January 27—Roanoke College at Guilford.  
January 30—Carolina at Guilford.  
January 31—Wake Forest College at Guilford.  
February 3—Roanoke College at Salem, Va.  
February 4—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.  
February 5—V. P. I. at Blacksburg, Va.  
February 7—V. M. I. at Lexington, Va.  
February 10—Virginia Christian College at Guilford.  
February 14—Trinity College at Guilford.  
February 19—Carolina at Chapel Hill.  
February 20—Trinity College at Durham.  
February 21—Elon College at Elon.  
February 27—Wake Forest College at Wake Forest.

Other games are in view which have not been satisfactorily arranged at the present writing, but with the material and prospects aforementioned, Guilford expects to give a battle royal to any quintet which she meets this season. Time for practice has been shortened on account of the work on the gymnasium, but Coach Doak is giving the men some thorough try-outs now, and is highly pleased with the development of what promises to be one of the fastest and strongest teams that has ever gone on the floor for Guilford.

Another phase of athletics that has begun to claim quite a little attention among the students in soccer. This game is under the guidance of Profs. Downing and Hobbs, the former having once been on the all-American team. Plans are being made to arrange games and to make this one of our forms of intercollegiate sports, and we hope to see them mature at an early date.

## EXCHANGES.

We were glad to receive among our December exchanges *The College Message*. It is an attractive magazine and contains some interesting material. "Fashionable Adventures of Mr. Antony and Miss Cleopatra" is a very clever sketch. The dialect is splendid and well carried out. "The Christmas Festival in Jenkins Hollow," though not a very strong story, is interesting and very well told. The poetry of this number is ordinary.

As usual, *The William and Mary Magazines*, deserve to be congratulated on their poetic productions—part of them, at least. "Tis Christmas" is not a very commendable work of art. The diction is poor and the thought but little better. But the poem entitled "In the Valley" is very praiseworthy. The rhythm is smooth, the words poetic and the thought lofty. "The Northland" is also worthy of comment for the sentiment and imagery are beautiful. "Madge's Deliverance" in this number of the same magazine is rather a tame story. The exchange department seems to be well carried on by a competent editor.

*The Lenorian*, like our own magazine, is especially lacking in stories and poetry. "Miss Cynthia," though built on a very slight plot and containing some noticeable rhetorical errors, is nevertheless a rather charming and impressive little story.

The December number of *The Trinity Archive* is good. The story, "The Come Back," is perhaps the best thing in this issue.



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

A few of the students remained here during the vacation.

Prof. Carroll, the day after he had assigned some outside reading on Economics—"Olive Smith, what was the most interesting article you found?"

Olive—"The one on housekeeping in the future."

Teague on noticing that Bill's transom over the door was broken—"Bill who broke your transmitter?"

Sam Nelson, giving an oral translations in German of "und so weiter"—"bathroom."

The delegates to the Kansas City convention report a very pleasant and profitable trip.

Shore being installed as president of the Clay Society—"Fellow members, I congratulate you on electing me to this office."

A. G. Otwell and Elizabeth Snipes, both of the class of '11, were married during the holidays. We extend to them congratulations.

John Armstrong is fast turning "Gray."

Kenney, washing his hands in the sink where Dr. Binford had some crayfish specimens confined:

Doctor—"Say, don't wash your hands in there. I don't want to kill those crayfishes with dirt."

Rev. Joseph Elkinton, of Pennsylvania, gave an illustrated lecture on the Panama Canal on the evening of the 10th. He also gave us a splendid sermon on Sunday.

Prof. Carroll to "Si" Lindley on History—"Silas, will you trace out the steps leading to the formation of the Constitution?"

Si, advancing towards the map on the wall—"Do you mean on the map?"

We congratulate our physical director, Mr. Doak, on capturing a fair lady of the East.

Dr. Binford gave a splendid lecture on "Organic Evolution" on the evening of the 17th.

The basket ball team is fast developing into good form and we are expecting Guilford to maintain her past record this season.

Kenney, speaking of going to the hospital to have his appendix taken out:

Mack—"I wish he'd have his tongue taken out while there."



## ALUMNI NOTES.

Percy Worth, '98, spent several weeks in Carolina in December, being called home on account of the illness and death of his mother early in the month. He remained till after the holidays.

Delia Raiford Winslow, '03, and her husband have bought the home of Josiah Nicholson and moved in about the middle of January.

Among the Alumni visiting the college during or just previous to the holidays were: D. Ralph Parker, L. Lea White, both of '04; Arthur Moore, '11; Flora White, 11; James Anderson, '09; John Woosley, '12; L. L. Hobbs, Jr., '07; Amanda Richardson, Margaret Davis, Alice Woody Lindley, all of '09; Waldo Woody, '01; William Welch, 11; David Petty and Waller Nicholson, '07; and perhaps others.

Agnes Rowena King, '09, is spending the year abroad. Isn't she fortunate!

Cupid seems to have claimed several recleues among the Alumni recently.

Grant Otwell and Lizzie Snipes, both of '11, consummated the friendship which developed at Guilford.

Elizabeth E. Winslow was also married on Dec. 23.

Elvanah Hudson, '11, also claimed his bride.

R. Cabell Lindsay, '06, and James Fitzgerald, '05, have recently begun the trial of "double harness;" also Harold Taylor, '00.

And while Charles Doak and Pearly Hayes are not Alumni they are both so well known among old Guilfordians that it will not be amiss to tell also of their happiness in taking unto themselves a "better half."

The Collegian extends congratulations to all.

The statement in last Collegian that James Anderson was married was incorrect. The writing was made on what was deemed good authority, but the truth was known too late to prevent the error from getting in the magazine.

T. Gilbert Pearson, '97, is a frequent contributor to the Craftsman. Our Alumni would enjoy this delightful magazine of beautiful homes and beautiful surroundings and artistic designs.

Mary Lamb, '12, is teaching at Asheboro this winter and her sister, Adna, also of '12, is at Colfax.

Mary I. White, '12, and Lillie May Raiford, '11, are the teachers in Belvidere Academy. Lilly May has the music in addition to her class work and has been instrumental in securing a piano for the school.

Eva Lashley, '13, is teaching at the Guilford Graded School.

The Christmas greetings of the Hodgins included "last but not least Samuel H., Jr." The Alumni know perhaps that S. H. Hodgins is at the head of Wilmington College, Ohio.

Tecy Beaman, '13, is teaching at Summerfield.

Leora Chappell, '13, is in the school at Up River in Eastern Carolina.

John Chappell, '13, is teaching at Roxabel.

On the evening of the 23rd of December, a very unique and unusual Guilford reunion was held at Woodland, N. C., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Snipes. The occasion of this reunion was a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Snipes in honor of their daughter, Elizabeth, who was the next day married to Grant Otwell. Of the fourteen members who made up the party, twelve had been students either of Guilford College or New Garden Boarding School. Needless to say Guilford cheer ran high. One modest maiden proposed a toast, while an ardent

member of a former base ball nine advocated a Guilford yell. From Guilford were the following: Edgar Snipes, Janie Brown, '11; Lillie Maie Raiford, '11; Flora White, '11; Elizabeth Snipes, '11; Grant Otwell, '11; Arthur Moore, '11; Hugh Stewart, '13; Robert Brown, '15, and William Brown. Mrs. Pethina Henley Snipes and Mr. Thomas Brown represented New Garden Boarding School.

A letter from Eugene Marley, '13, who is this year teaching at Westfield, N. C., tells of an interesting walk he made from Westfield to Greensboro. He says: "I walked from here by way of Danbury, Walnut Cove and Stokesdale to Greensboro, a distance of 61 miles in 16 1-2 actual walking hours. Arriving in good trim, thanks to my tennis shoes and senior walking cane, cut in the woods back of Guilford Graded School." "Gene" says he enjoyed the walk very much, as he did also his stops at Mary Taylor's, Thomas Covington's, and Paul Kennett's, all of whom are old Guilford students.

U. G. White, '13, is principal of Mountain View Institute at Mizpah, N. C.



# GUILFORD COLLEGE DIRECTORY

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L. L. HOBBS, PRES.      GEO. W. WHITE, TREAS.

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## Literary Societies.

### HENRY CLAY.

E. G. Shore, President  
J. P. Garner, Secretary  
W. S. Hodgins, Marshal

### WEBSTERIAN.

W. D. Webster, Pres.  
A. L. Riddick, Sec.  
Pe Beeson, Marshal

### PHILOMATHIAN.

Estelle Korner, President  
Hazel Armstrong, Secretary  
Mollie Edwards, Marshal

### ZATASIAN.

Clara Worth, Pres.  
Luna Cox, Sec.  
Martha Geslain, Marshal

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## Young Men's Christian Association.

S. J. Lindley, President

David Henley, Sec.

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## Young Women's Christian Association.

Cathline Pike, President

Gladys Highfill, Secretary

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## The Biblical Seminar

David Henley, President

T. G. Perry, Secretary

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## Joseph Moore Science Club.

Prof. A. A. Dixon, Pres.      Olive Smith, Sec.      M. W. Perry, Treas.  
Dr. Raymond Binford, Aussher

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## Literary Club.

Dr. C. O. Meredith, President

Miss Hazel Harmon, Secretary  
Miss Rustedt, Vice President

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## Athletic Association.

C. F. Benbow, President  
J. W. Barber, Base B. Mgr.  
S. S. Nelson, Track Manager

Fred Henley, Sec.-Treas.  
Robt. Brown, Tennis M'n'ger  
Brown Finch, B'sk't Ball Mgr.

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## Dramatic Club

E. H. McBane, President  
David Henley, V. Pres.  
Helen C. East, Historian

Katharine Allen,  
Jesse Garner, Treas.  
A. D. Crosby, Coach

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## Classes.

### SENIOR

W. A. White, Jr., President  
Alma Crutchfield, Secretary

### JUNIOR

J. D. Wood, Pres.  
Katharine Dorsett, Sec.

### SOPHOMORE

C. R. Mitchell, President  
Kate Smith, Secretary

### FRESHMAN

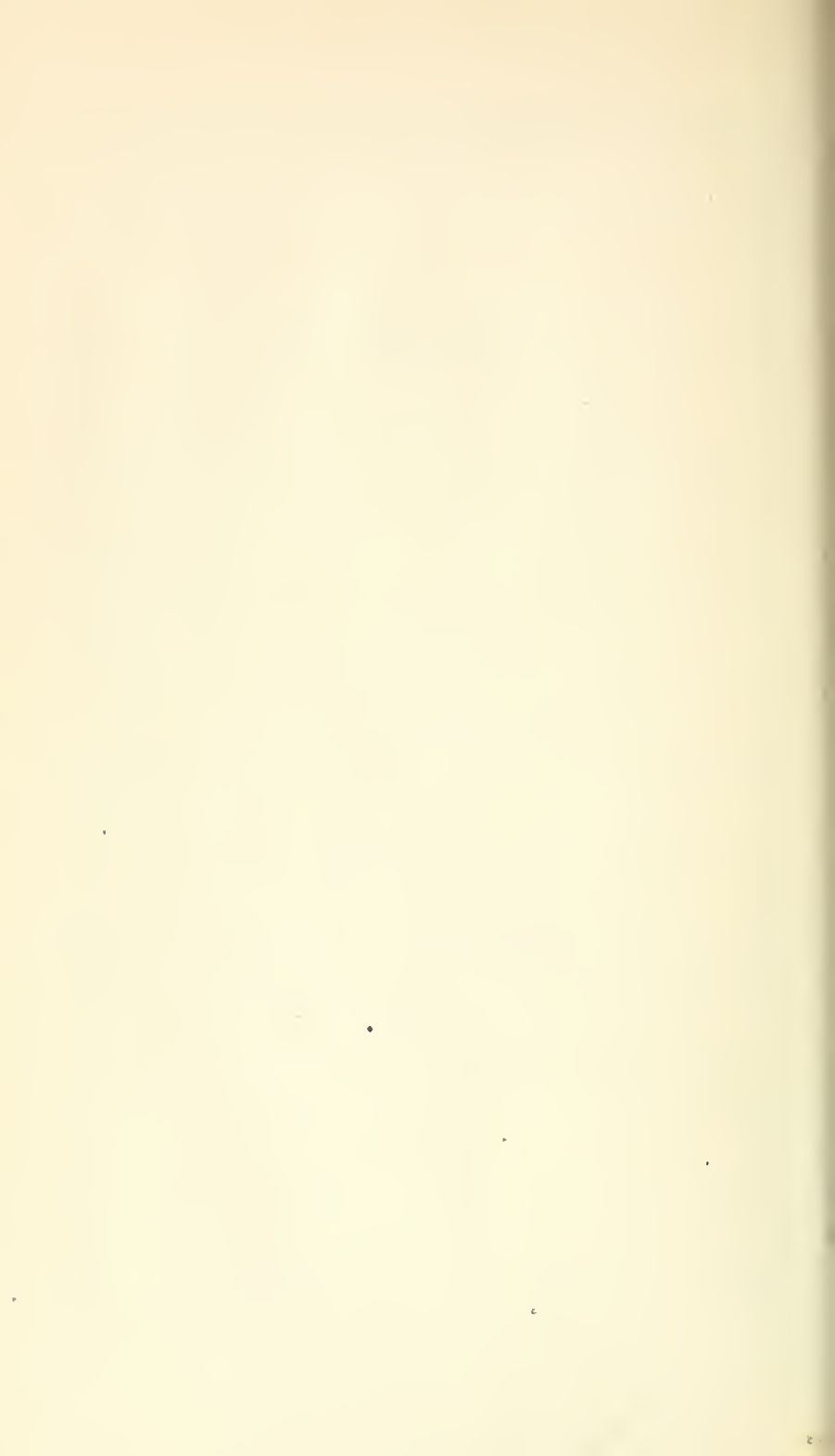
J. P. Garner, Pres.  
Katharine Watkins, Sec



# CONTENTS

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1. A Valentine (Poem) .....	143
2. Mollie Bright (Story).....	144
3. The Power of the Press .....	148
4. The Lights of Home (Poem).....	150
5. The Recompense (Story) .....	153
6. Uncle Sol. on Teaching Sunday School .....	154
7. Co-operation of Students .....	159
8. An Unusual Experience (Story).....	
9. Uncle Lemy (Sketch).....	164
10. Editorials.....	160
11. Announcement.....	
12. Y. M. C. A. Notes.....	167
13. Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	170
14. Athletics ..	174
15. Exchanges.....	176
16. Locals and Personals.....	177
17. Directory.....	182



# The Guilford Collegian.

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## A VALENTINE.

"Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day"—

And my love is far from me;

But I will think of thee, I will,

I'll drink my draught of love, and fill—

Fill up again and drink the thrill

Of thy dear love to me,

Ah yes, of thy dear love to me.

The torrent, tempest time roars on,

And the years full many be;

But my love is the same as yesterday,

And every tomorrow is thine for aye,

And what can challenge the beauty of May,

Or take my love from me,

Ah yes, or take my love from me.

O, the birds may sing their sweetest songs,

And the brook make melody;

But sweeter to me is that dear strain

In a song of love that thrills again,

Ah who can sever my heart in twain,

Or part my love and me—

Ah, yes, or part my love and me.

## "MOLLY BRIGHT."

Mary Elizabeth Bright, commonly known as Molly Bright, sat on the old zig-zag rail fence that marked the boundary line between the little white cottage and the stone mansion on the hill. The mansion with its massive pillars and its gray stone walls, covered with ivy, towered above the former like a sentinel. The little white cottage stood humbly in the valley below in a grove of magnificent elm trees. It possessed a quality that was not in the power of the architect to impart to the mansion. The cottage was a home, the mansion a dwelling.

Molly drew a deep breath, and said softly to herself, "What is so rare as a day in June! I believe Lowell must have been thinking of a scene like this."

Below her the blue river threaded its way with the weeping willows on the banks bending low to trail their swaying branches in its cool depths. The balmy breeze scattered the white petals of the elder blossoms in its eddies, and the water elms cast long shadows across its waters. Borne on the breeze was the perfume of wild roses and white clover. In the meadow patient cows were standing knee deep in the billowy grass, and star-faced daisies, the faint jingle of their bells harmonizing with the ripple of the tiny waves. The hills beyond were ablaze with rhododendron and mountain laurel. In the hill fields darkey plough boys were turning the earth in long brown furrows, as they lustily sang, "Mah dawg's a 'possum dawg, heah, Rattler, heah!"

The girl on the fence with her arms filled with rhododendron was a picture herself. The roses on her cheeks rivaled the tints of the rhododendron. Her sensitive, well modeled face, perhaps, could not be called beautiful, but her gray eyes, firm, sweet mouth and her broad high forehead from which dark hair waved, adorned a face that could not easily be forgotten.

The voices of children in the valley floated up to her.

"How far is it to 'Molly Bright'?"

"Three score and ten."

"Can I get there by candle light?"

"Yes, if your legs are long and light,

"But look out for the old witches along the way!"

Molly smiled. How long it seemed since she and Richard Levering used to play that very game in that very valley. How poor and proud Richard had been, the only son of his widowed mother. How they both had worked and sacrificed that he might go to college. How soon after finishing at college his mother had died, and then the day his uncle had offered him the spoition in his large cotton factory away down South—and the day he went away. How well Molly remembered. A great longing possessed her. "How lonesome I am, and why can't I forget! Why can't I quit loving Dick Levering?"

A dead twig snapped. Molly, startled, looked up to see a tall, well dressed man standing in the wood path, smiling at her. The sun glinted on his brown hair and in his laughing brown eyes.

"I've come back, Molly," said a familiar voice.

"Oh! Dick, can it really be you!" she exclaimed.

"Just me and nothing but me," he answered, as he took the small brown hand resting on the rail.

After the first few minutes of greeting their conversation drifted to the days of their childhood.

"Molly," said Dick, suddenly, "is this your property," and he held out a tiny bit of linen with the initials M. B. embroidered in the corner. "I found it by mother's pansy bed. I wondered who had taken care of mother's flowers and kept the little white cottage looking so 'homey.' It was just like coming home, only mother wasn't there," said Richard, with a catch in his voice.

"Molly," continued he, "I've come back to tell you something I wanted to tell you five years ago. I love you. I have loved you ever since the day we first went to school together."

"Yes, I remember, the day you licked the boy for saying I had freckles on my nose," interrupted Molly, musingly.

Though Dick was telling her something she had longed to hear for five years, nevertheless the ordeal was embarrassing.

"Don't be flippant, Molly dear. This is serious. You know I've loved you for the last twenty years."

"How could I know Dick? You never told me. Did you ever make a statement to that effect in all those twenty years? If you loved me, Dick, why, oh why, didn't you tell me when you went away that morning in June five years ago. You left me in the rose garden with a gay 'good-bye.' I watched you down this very trail our feet had made, until you were lost in the purple shadows of the hills. Then Dick, I rushed away to our nook in the pine dell and sobbed my heart away. Everything seemed to care but you, Dick. Even the wind sighing in the pine tops seemed to be sobbing with me. Father never could understand why I refused some of the best men in the country, but Dick, I couldn't give to them what I had given so freely to you, and what I didn't have the slightest idea you returned and—"

"Molly, please listen just a minute, dear. How I have suffered! When I thought of you as being perhaps the wife of another I went almost insane with jealousy. The morning I left you standing in the rose garden, it took all the self-control and will I possessed to refrain from telling you 'I loved you.' How could I! You a child of wealth, I a child of poverty!"

"Oh, Dick, how could you be so proud! How much easier it would have been to wait if only I had known my love was returned. To love and not be loved, is despair and humiliation, and Dick this is what I've been living through for the last five years and"— Molly's voice broke in a sob.

"Don't, Molly, dearest," said Dick, chokingly, slipping his arm tenderly about her. "Can I ever atone for the suffering I've caused you. I never dreamed you could care for a poor fellow like me. Won't you forgive and forget?"

"Dick, dear, there's nothing to forgive and I can forget those years now that you have come back to me," whispered Molly, her love shining through eyes glistening with tears. "Oh, Dick"—and the trees whispered softly overhead.



## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

With the publication of the London Tatler in 1709 by Addison and Steele we have the birth of one of the most influential agencies of modern times.

From this small daily journal containing news of the main events in England as essays, literary and instructive, has grown the great modern newspaper which today reaches out over the whole world, collecting the important news and bringing it to our doors for a very little expense.

From this local pamphlet discussing the important movements of the government and the social conditions of London, we have our paper which covers every condition of life, bringing discoveries before the people, calling their attention to needs of reform, uniting the different sections of our country and exerting its influence over the nation in political, commercial and social conditions.

Because of the fact that so many people are reached and so easily influenced by it, it is able to play a leading part in our government. From its birth to the present day it has had for its aim the service of the people, not only in publishing the news and telling them what has happened, but in questions of reform it is their advocate, for it calls attention to existing conditions, arouses sentiment, presents the problem to everybody in the same way and thus enables them to act together with intelligence. It does the masses a great service in warning them against the abundance of both political and commercial fraud and the social evils found in our nation today. Only such a democratic organization could accomplish this purpose. We have become so accustomed to it that we rarely consider how valuable it is to us. We now learn immediately of events which it once took weeks for us to know. We are now able to become acquainted with a new situation and deal with it wisely in a few days when otherwise it would take months to get the nation together.

Nor can we estimate the educational value of an agency

which affects so many people, getting hundreds and thousands to form the habit of reading as well as taking an interest in the problems of the day, when otherwise they might lead a narrow, empty life. The papers educate and broaden the minds of the common people both by specific facts and movements in telling of certain events themselves and by directing the thought of all the readers to outside things, thus uniting the nation in sympathy and purpose.

By its wide field of usefulness the paper has shown its power in many ways in the progress of the country, spreading news of every type, giving information to the isolated individual on questions national and domestic, aiding in the advancement of the country and of the standards of American thought and linking the sections into one harmonious whole.

While aiding in the general evolution of its readers, fighting evils of every kind and improving the condition of the nation the paper has itself undergone great changes. Many of these were desirable and beneficial, as we have seen; yet there have inevitably been introduced some things that every intelligent person would like to see changed. These weaknesses have grown up so gradually that it is difficult to trace them or place the blame for their existence. As the newspaper has grown and the expense of operation has increased it has changed from the hands of the high-minded editor who was running it for the benefit of his fellowman to the hands of the commercial owner, who will sacrifice the higher purpose of the newspaper for the sake of money. An immediate effect of this condition is the harmful advertisement so common today. Many of our papers insert advertisements of liquor, and what is equally bad, they advertise patent remedies for every human affliction. The purpose of these as well as numerous other fake advertisements is exactly contrary to the aim of a good paper. The paper is willing to turn from informing the people against such outrages and aid unscrupulous concerns in robbing the poor people of money and health. The rich advertisers are also able to effect the actual views in an undesirable way. They as well as the stockholders of the paper can keep information from being published which would be detrimental

to their business, but of which the public should know. Especially is this true where the law brings to light cases of fraud and illegal practices and the papers do not publish the facts of the case. The press is also forced in many instances to side with the oppressing corporations in labor disputes, thus injuring the working classes by misleading public opinion. Many cases are known where papers have changed their attitude and aided the advertisers for the sake of money. When such conditions can exist the importance of trustworthy news is neglected. The high standard of news has given way to the thoughtless selfish interests of the American people.

Nor can we lay all the blame on the owners and editors of the large papers. The typical American loves the sensational story. The masses are attracted not by the importance of the event or the significance of the news, but by the way the narrative is painted up by the reporter with the yellow style, by the unwholesome story which is of no earthly good to the reader or to those involved in the story. The newspapers realizing this have come to disregard truth, to leave out facts necessary to reveal the truth and by cleverly proportioning and arranging the statements leave impressions positively distorted. They have no scruples against attacking the character of a politician or officeholder and bringing false charges against him which the people readily believe.

These practices are carried on either to gain some selfish end or to please the class of readers to whom the spectacular headlines and pernicious stories are alluring.

Again, the papers are filled with pages of vitiated details of infamous murders, social scandal and private deeds of notorious persons, which are of no good to the world and from which our young people should be protected. One instance of this is the court room disclosure. Women and children are debarred from the court, but the press takes all the horrible details, prints them in as sensational a way as possible and thrusts them into our homes. By the reports of the Thaw trial and the Beattie case in this country no one was helped or elevated by the news, while hundreds of young minds were abused by reading them.

The press has no scruples on entering the home, taking the most sacred truths and most delicate feelings of our friends and bringing them before the public in such a way as to disgrace or ruin those involved, merely for the sake of a story to satisfy the depraved craving for the latest sensation.

Nor is there any protection from such invasions, to refuse an interview is to have something invented on that ground and to talk is to have the truth distorted to the extent of endangering one's reputation. This state of yellow journalism is most injurious to the individual and the country. The unprincipled editor is able by his underhand means and pretensions in serving the readers to mislead them on important questions and incite them to rash movements. Because of the fact that the weak, ignorant class of people, foreigners especially, take the word of the editor for the truth by changing his editorial from a guide to the people to a dangerous tool with which to fight in the most cowardly way, any opponent who may be trying to bring about conditions unfavorable to his own evil intentions. The editor can prove a very able person over the masses who do not inquire into the facts of the case. To the scandalous attacks by the New York Evening Journal, the yellowest of all yellow journals, is attributed the cause of McKinley's death. May we not also attribute to the press the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life?

The editor is one of the most powerful men of today. His opportunity to better the condition of mankind ranks with that of the preacher. The preacher talks to his hundreds once a week, the editors talk to his thousands daily. When we consider the importance of this question we wonder that we have not heard more about reform for the newspapers, when they have so much power, so many good qualities and yet so many places for improvement. The public do not seem to realize the harm our people receive by the injurious elements of the press. Nor do they seem to care for what it could do. When anything is affecting our millions continually, intellectually and morally, when it is doing so much to decide the destiny of our nation, we should see that it is as good as it is possible to make it. The newspaper rightly managed would

be one of the best things the nation could possess. If used for evil practices it can do more to degrade our people than any other instrument. The duty placed upon it in the light of the present day is as great as that of the church. It has a wonderful opportunity to do a good for the nation which the church cannot do. In so far as the public is to blame for existing conditions should it endeavor to remedy them and in so far as the editors have lost their ideals and are running their papers ruinously should they be rebuked. So long as the people clamor for the degrading, sensational news, so long as they allow the papers to contaminate their young people the country will be cursed with the evils of yellow journalism. But when they rise against present conditions, when they call for pure reading and honest newspapers, the press will indeed become the greatest power in the advancement of the American people.

D. E. H., '14.

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### THE LIGHTS OF HOME.

Tiny arrows and shafts of light,  
Piercing the gloom of dusky night,  
Shining from out each cottage door,  
Across the lake, along the shore,  
Making pathways broad and white,  
O fair the lights of home!

Gleaming from mansions old and gray,  
Glimmering through the lilac's spray,  
Shimmering sheens across the glade,  
Twinkling through the woodland shade,  
Cheering the weary wanderer's way,  
O fair the lights of home!

MARY E. WHITE, '14.



## THE RECOMPENSE.

John Winchester sat in the day coach. Long ago he had formed this democratic habit, when riding in day coaches was a necessity. Now, though his name was well known throughout the land, he still kept it up. Idly he watched the passengers enter the car. There was the drummer, with his striped waistcoat and professional air; the school teacher with stooping shoulders and shiny black coat; the tired mother with a brood of little ones; a young girl with a monstrous hat and waving plumes; a squad of football players; a young business woman in a trim tailored suit, and last of all, a young man with a hunted and remorseful look, who seated himself on the seat opposite. Something about the young man attracted the attention of John Winchester. How startling was the resemblance between this young man and the only woman he had ever loved! The blue eyes and the dark hair which lay in a peculiar wave over the high forehead, were the same as hers.

Winchester opened his newspaper, but the rise in stocks no longer interested him. Gazing out at the flying landscape he began to think of the woman who had played such a leading part in his life. It was almost a year now since last he saw her, and he smiled happily as he remembered that in a few days he would be able to see her again. He remembered the sunny morning in May when first he saw her. She was out riding in the old-fashioned carry-all. How beautiful she was, and how pompous Uncle Jupiter, the old colored driver. She had ordered the carriage stopped and called to him, a small tattered urchin playing in the tall weeds around a deserted darkey cabin. No one before had ever spoken so lovingly or smiled at him so sweetly. He, the cast-off, orphaned son of a dissipated father, was talking to the first lady of the small land in which they lived.

Uncle Jupiter grumbled to himself about, "Young missus allus takin' up wid pooh white trash, jest lak de ole squiah use



ter do." And when she told the little boy to climb in, how she had silenced Old Jupiter, when he still mumbled he "wan't out foh drivin' pooh white trash." Then as they rode along, how the little boy forgot his lonesomeness and shyness and soon was telling her all about his stubbed toe, that wouldn't get well, how "mammy" and "pappy" had died, and how hungry he was most all the time, and how afraid of the dark he was in the old cabin at night. He could feel her kind hand on his touseled hair yet. How the negihbors had talked when they learned that Mrs. Winchester had adopted Tim Blake's son! What dire prophecies they had made. "Blood would always tell," they said. "How could any one take a rascal's son to raise among her own children?" and Mrs. Winchester had replied, "Am I not my brother's keeper? Should I let a little helpless boy starve to death, or worse still, grow up among ignorant, vicious darkies?"

Mr. Winchester—a big civil engineer—when he returned from the construction of his finished bridge, had smiled dubiously, but indulgently, as his wife had unfolded her plan of adopting the little fellow. The five little Winchesters hailed with delight the new play-fellow, who could make willow and pumpkin vine whistles, who could swear, smoke, chew, and hit the hole in the barn door with a stone at first trial.

He remembered the time, too, when he had stolen the apples from Judge Perkins, for little Mary Winchester; how the judge had beaten him and told him that if the Winchesters didn't get rid of such a brat the morals of the neighborhood would be ruined! How the eyes of his new mother had flashed when she heard of the judge's treatment and the motherly talk on honesty and justice she had given him with tears in her eyes had converted him much more than the judge's whipping. He remembered the day Mr. Winchester was brought home still and white, crushed by a fall from a bridge he was enginerrring. How he, a lad in his teens, had stepped forward and said that now he was big enough to take care of them all. How she had cried and clung to him, calling him "brave man of the house."

And then, there was graduation day at the High School.

How proud she was when his name was read out as standing highest in his class. She had clasped him close and said, "I knew we would win dear." And he knew that she meant more than the honors of graduation. The nee had gone away to school, to a large University out West, the college of her father and grandfather. How he had worked, that the burden on the brave shoulders of the little woman at home might be lighter. And again he had won first place in his class. To him the little woman in black was the most beautiful one in the whole audience that day; the little woman, with the bunch of fragrant old-fashioned roses, who sat up with the parents of the graduating sons and daughters. And again, he had won in the business world. There had been many failures, many obstacles to overcome, but the thought of the brave little woman, struggling to make a living on a farm down South, had made him strong. He had been able to help Tom, Elizabeth, Mary, and Dick through the University and last of all little Robert. Robert, the pride of his mother's heart, the baby boy he had carried upon his back. He remembered with regret that he had not seen Robert since he had grown to young manhood. At the times of his visits, Robert had always been away at school or at work.

While he was musing thus, the young man across the aisle was fumbling in his pockets and a letter dropped at John Winchester's feet. Awaking from his reverie he stooped to return it to the owner. The address stood out bold and clear. The name on the envelope was Mrs. Elizabeth Winchester.

Like a flash it came to him. The young man could be no other than Robert Winchester. But what could he be doing there three hundred miles away from school at this time of the year. He looked fixedly at the young man and again he noticed the hunted fugitive look in his otherwise handsome face. Without a doubt, Robert Winchester was in trouble.

"Young man you have dropped your letter," said John kindly. "I beg your pardon, but I could not help noticing the address and I recognized it to be that of the best woman in the world." The boy smiled.

"It is," he said, "but how came you to know my mother?"

"She is my mother also; I'm John Winchester."

"John Winchester! How came you to be here?"

"I'm on my way to see our mother now, though in a round about way, as I had some business to attend to, but where are you going Robert?"

"Well, I might just as well tell you, for you'll soon know it. I went along with some of the school fellows last night on a little spree. We took most too much. One of the fellows proposed burning an old shed on the outskirts of town to "scare the firemen." It burned down and Judge Small's new house caught fire also. Several thousand dollars' worth of property was destroyed. When the people found out about it, they made an awful uproar. It was rumored that we all would be expelled, and each of us have to pay three thousand dollars or perhaps serve a term in the penitentiary. I left before the trial. I know it was an awful cowardly thing to do, but I'm going away out West to lose myself or commit suicide. It will break mother's heart and disgrace the Winchester name forever. All those memorials erected in honor of my mother's father, Grandfather Richmond, stared me in the face on almost every corner as I made for the station. Then the president knew my father and was very good to me."

"Yes, I know," the older man interrupted, "he was to me, too. I think you are in rather serious trouble, Robert, but won't you promise me if I help you out of this scrape you will give up the idea of self-destruction, make a clean breast of the whole affair and be a man?"

For a moment the boy dropped his head in thought. "Yes, I will!" he manfully replied, as he looked up, with lips firmly set, and the two men clasped hands.

At last John Winchester's time had come, partially to repay the great debt he owed to the woman he held most dear—to the "only woman he had ever loved." M., '14.

## UNCLE SOL ON TEACHING SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Today I wuz over to the "Corners" to the Sunday School Convention and I hyard a young girl git up and say, the way to teach Sunday School wuz to git the children interested. Wel, I've knowed that onto five years. An' what's true for children ist rue for wimmin. When I begun teachin' a Sunday School class seven years ago, I wuzn't as wise a fellow as I am now. In my class wuz Sally Perkins, Liddy Johnson, Elizy Smith, Jane Hoskins, Mary Thompson, Lizzie Jones and Sarey Sikes, as good wimmin folks as ever I seed! On Sunday mornin' they would cum into church with their clean white aprons on, and their hair slicked back and screwed up in little hickory-nut knots on the backs or tops of their heads, with their Sunday School quartleys lookin' jest like they did the first Sunday when they wuz new. I knowed they had bin layin' between Noay Webster's Dictionary and the Holy Bible all week, and never bin looked in sence the Sunday before. Mary, Jane, and Sally would squint thru their glasses and try to foller me, but Liddy, Elizy an' Sary and the rest, would jest openly go to sleep. Wel, I aint a blamin' the poor critters, for Sam Jones and Bill Sykes never let their wimmin folks cease activity only when asleep at nights. So jest a natchel consequence. On Sunday mornin' when they want cookin' three meals a day, patchin' britches, mendin' chicken coops aan' geardin' palin's, milkin' eight keows an' churnin', they jest went to dozin'. It goes ont his away for about a year when one day I sez to myself, sez I, "I'm goin' to wake them wimmin up today." The lesson wuz about Moses an' the ten commandments, so I begin's, "Moses he went up on Mount Sinai, he fell off an' broke his neck an' he aint been hearn tell of sence." Mary she opens her eyes in astonishment, and nudges them nearest her. They all wakes up, lookin' amazed, an' sez with one accord, "Why Brother Jenkins, you're mistaken. Moses came down from the mountain and brought the ten commandments with him."

"Wel, shore enough he did," sez I, "thank you ladies for remindin' me."

They never went to sleep again that Sunday, nor aint never sence. They're too busy see'in' if I make a mistake, and if I sees eny symptoms of dozin' I gives 'em somethin' startling'.

MARY E. WHITE, '14.





## CO-OPERATION OF GUILFORD COLLEGE STUDENTS.

Prof. Henry R. Seager in his text book on Economics begins the chapter on "Co-operation" in this way: "Important as is the individual's capacity as a condition determining his productive efficiency, the way in which he co-operates with his fellows is even more essential. Alone, a man can do little more than keep himself alive even in the most favorable environment. Working in co-operation with others he so multiplies the results of his toil that he can provide himself with comforts and luxuries as well as with necessities."

In like manner, with only a few changes, let us begin this article: Important as is the individual student's capacity as a condition determining his productive efficiency, the way in which he co-operates with his fellow students is even more essential. Alone, one student can do little more than exist among his fellow students, but working in co-operation with others, he so multiplies the results of his toil that he can provide himself with the necessities of student life and in the end obtain more real worth and enjoyment from his college work.

Continuing, Mr. Seager states that there are three kinds of co-operation, and to make these three more specific we will say that there are three kinds of co-operation in which Guilford College students may engage in. First, there is simple co-operation. That is the simple working together of several of our students for the accomplishment of a definite thing. An example of this is a basket ball team working together to win a game over some rival team. Secondly, there is a simple division of labor, illustrations of which are found among the heads of our different organizations. One is president of the Athletic Association, another is president of the Y. W. C. A., a third is president of one of our societies, etc. A third kind of co-operation is the complex division of labor and we can find examples of this in our Athletic Associations—one is manager of the tennis department, another of the baseball department, a third of the basket ball department and so on.



The writer agrees that there is a certain amount of co-operation among our student body. Her purpose in writing this article is to encourage co-operation and to show that if we are to accomplish the most while in college we must have co-operation in every phase of our college life.

There are certain qualities necessary to effective co-operation. Chief among these are honesty, reliability, steadiness, a conciliatory spirit and a ready obedience to superiors. The reasons for each and all of these are obvious and in this short article it will not be necessary to go into details concerning them.

With the foregoing in view, we are now ready to point out some specific cases where more co-operation is desirable. The faculty have taken a decided step to eliminate cheating and where they saw it in the final examinations the guilty students paid the penalty. But there were several cases of cheating seen by the students, but unknown to the faculty which went unpunished. Now if the student body had been working in harmony with the faculty every cheater would have been punished alike, and cheating would almost immediately have become a thing of the past. Again if the students would co-operate with the faculty in the administration of discipline, there would be less need of rules and regulations, less need of continual watching of students by the faculty and less friction between faculty and students, and from this co-operation would sprout the seed for effective student government. Then, too, by co-operation our societies, our Christian Associations, our clubs, our athletic associations could each be made a unified whole by each member working together for the advancement of his organization.

Again we may co-operate by distributing the work of our college organizations among several students. There is sometimes a tendency to elect one person to a dozen, more or less, different offices, thus giving him so much outside work that he has neither time to do this outside work well nor prepare his academic work, besides making him so self-conceited that he forgets the very people who elected him. Wouldi t not be

far better to elect a dozen different students to as many offices, placing a specialist at the head of each? This would not only make the output better, but would save time and friendships and at the same time make each of the managers more efficient in his line of work.

There are four societies here, for the students—two for the boys and two for the girls—each of these four is a literary society and each is supposed to do exactly the same work. Much time is wasted canvassing for new members, to say nothing of the hard feeling caused as a result of this canvassing. Very often a society gets a member who is not satisfied after joining and who consequently does neither himself nor his society any good. How much better would it be for everybody if the boys and girls each had a society devoted to debating and current events; another devoted to literature or music, etc. Then there would be a society for each kind of student and each one would be free to join the one whose work he liked best. This would give us better societies, better members and better results.

Thus far we have spoken of co-operation only from the standpoints of better discipline, time saving and better work. There are also many ways in which we can co-operate and thereby lower the expense of our education. Time and space will only permit us to mention a few of these.

The first which we shall mention has been tried and proved a success by college students. It is the complete control of the supply room by the students. They elect some manager or managers whom they pay for their services. As a general rule students who are working their way through college are the ones chosen as managers. This method gives each student his books and various other essentials at actual cost.

Then with a little capital to begin with, we might install a steam laundry system which would enable us to get our clothes laundered cheaper and better at only a minimum cost. The only expenses connected with this would be interest on the capital invested, a small replacement fund, the wages of management and the wages paid to the other few persons needed

to do the actual work. Here as in the case of the store room the manager would be a deserving student.

We might name others, but from these two illustrations it is seen that the advantages of such a system are two fold—it helps some worthy student through college and it enables the whole student body to lower the expenses of a college education.

As has been said before the purpose of this article has not been to go so much into detail concerning co-operation, but only to point out briefly some of the benefits of the same—to show that if we are to do our best we must do it by working together.

S. O. S.



## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE.

The rain was falling steadily about seven o'clock one October evening in 189—. The outlook was decidedly dreary, and to add to the general gloominess of the situation, Mr. Smith, who was riding along a country road was lost, absolutely and unmistakably lost. Early that morning he had started out from his hotel with the intention of spending the day driving through the country to a town about fifteen miles distant, but by some chance he had missed the right roads and as a result he was completely at a loss as to his whereabouts. It was gradually growing darker and the rain showed no signs of slackening, while to Mr. Smith peering anxiously out from within the storm curtains, the affair was becoming, to say the least, more and more distasteful; the feeling of a day's lark was entirely gone and the only thing left to do, apparently, was to drive on, keeping a sharp look out for possible refuge from the rain and darkness.

Soon an inky blackness covered everything and the wanderer, kept only in the road by the instinct of the horse, was almost in despair when suddenly far off in the distance he saw a faint light. He urged his horse forward and soon, by driving through a field of wet and tangled weeds, reached what, as well as he could perceive in the darkness, was an old-fashioned, weather-beaten farm house whose one dim light had attracted him in the distance.

Upon reaching the house he got out of the buggy and by stumbling through some high, wet grass reached the porch. His knock was answered by a little old lady dressed in the primiest of starched dresses and caps, who looked at him in mild surprise, but very cordially invited him in.

The room into which she ushered him was a quaint, old-fashioned one, partly bed room and partly sitting room; on one side of which were two doors, one opening into a small bed room and the other opening at the foot of a dark, narrow stairway, while another door just opposite to the one through which Mr. Smith had just entered, led into a dining room.

Another old lady similar to the first, but with a less mild expression on her face, arose as Mr. Smith entered, and greeted him politely but inquiringly.

After he had explained the circumstances and apologized for his intrusion, the two little ladies most cordially invited him to spend the night with them, offered him supper, showed him where to put his horse and in every way treated him with that well-known old-fashioned hospitality of the country.

After bustling around for awhile the two little hostesses sat down with their guest before the open fire and chatted pleasantly, while the flickering, dancing flames half revealed the dark wainscoting, the odd-looking pictures, the old-timey bed and book case, the rag carpet and the chairs adorned with gay colored head rests and cushions; a home-like room, yet a rather mysterious one when viewed by the firelight.

Presently the two little ladies yawned primly, but politely, arose, bade their guest good-night and retired to their bed rooms, leaving their visitor to sleep in the big front room. Mr. Smith, tired out with his long drive, soon retired also, and sinking down into the soft feather bed quickly lost consciousness in sleep.

About twelve o'clock he awoke suddenly with a start, his hair standing on end and his body clammy with a cold perspiration, while an indefinable feeling of intense fear controlled him. He lay perfectly still involuntarily straining his ears to catch the faintest sound. The rain had ceased and an absolute quiet reigned, until suddenly a plank in the ceiling above creaked, then another and then another, just as if some one were treading lightly upon them, gliding toward the head of the stairway. In a moment the same footsteps with their measured tread were heard coming down the stairs. Mr. Smith's eyes, glued with horror on the door at the foot of the stairway, saw it open slowly as with a gust of cold wind, and a ghostly figure wrapped in a white robe stepped into the room; saw the figure close the door carefully and with a kind of flitting movement go over to the fireplace and stretch out its long ghostly fingers to the dying embers. The thing was

transparent and yet its features were clearly discernible; it was the semblance of an old wrinkled woman.

Suddenly it turned and stood as if peering about the room, then fixing its hollow eyes in Mr. Smith's direction it glided slowly toward the bed on which he lay half paralyzed with terror; it reached the bedside and as it started to bend over the man, the bed clothes seemed to rise up and a cold wave swept over his body. Mr. Smith lost consciousness.

When he came to his senses again the sunlight filled the room, while the odor of coffee and frying ham filled the air. He arose and dressed quickly, glancing with a cold shiver toward the stair-case door as he passed into the dining room for his breakfast.

His hostesses noticed his paleness and lack of appetite, but he excused himself by saying that he was not feeling very well. The old ladies inquired anxiously if he had slept well, and one of them said:

"That was dear Aunt Polly's bed and no one has slept in there since she died in it ten years ago."





## "UNCLE LEMY."

The warm June afternoon was nearing its close. The hollyhocks nodding drowsily along the garden wall began to lift their heads hopefully, longing for twilight and dew. Every living thing seemed wilted and tired, save the bees droning busily about the row of white hives under an old locust tree. On a wooden bench in the clean swept sandy yard of the little white cottage, an old man dozed—an old man known by all the neighborhood as "Uncle Lemy." Uncle Lemy had once been the brightest of all the children in his neighborhood, but a dreadful fever had robbed him of his intellect, and left him a harmless idiot. He lived with Miss Mandy, his niece, a plump, capable maiden lady who always kept Uncle Lemy well employed.

A sharp whistle sounded. Uncle Lemy awoke, and started for his cows down in the bottom pasture, for he feared Miss Mandy's sharp reprimand. Uncle Lemy was not the only one who heard the postman's whistle. Pretty May Burton, wading down the shallow creek, heard it and remembered that it was Ralph's day to write. She hastily scrambled up the bank.

"Oh, where did I leave my shoes? That's what I get by being tempted by this cool water. I just simply can't wait and I know I'll not see a single fastidious member of the masculine gender, and Miss Mandy will forgive me. I believe I'll go just like I am," said May as she looked down at her slender bare feet and ankles. "Of course Uncle Lemy will be around, but he couldn't tell whether I'm properly shod or not, Uncle Lemy's such a comfort, you never have to primp for him."

Down the foot path, across the pasture, she went, stopping a moment to wave a greeting at the old man driving home the cows.

"Here's your letter dearie," greeted Miss Mandy, when she reached the postoffice. May flushed rosily and tried to hide her eagerness to read it, by pretending to be interested in Miss Mandy's pansy bed.

Hurrying home she sat down under the tall privet hedge to

read her letter. So absorbed was she that she did not hear the big threshing machine enter the barnyard. She awakened to the fact when she heard the voices of men. She rose hastily to slip away, but hearing her own name, paused to peep through the hedge. Sitting around on barrels, boxes, or anything that would serve as seats, were the majority of the neighborhood men. There was John Parker, fresh from the University, in a cool blue serge suit and sailor hat, Rufus Johnson, the young engineer, with his shirt open at the neck and his sleeves rolled up, displaying his well-developed muscles, and many oft he young men with whom she was well acquainted. Threshing wheat never failed to draw all kind of spectators.

Uncle Lemy was talking. "Jim Burton has as purty a gal as ever I seed."

"You may be off as to common sense, Uncle Lemy, but your aesthetic sense is well developed," interrupted a smart young man.

"Today she come acrost the keow pasture," continued Uncle Lemy, ignoring the interruption, "Down that ar slaunchindicular path with a pink dress on jest the color of her cheeks. She smiled mighty sweet, but her feet wuz as bare as my two hands, and they shore wuz dirty!"

M. E. W., '14.

# The Guilford Collegian

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## Editorials

*The Miserly Spirit of Guilford College.*

It is an admitted fact that the students of any institution of learning do not, as a rule, seem to appreciate fully the vast number of privileges and opportunities which their school is affording them from day to day. But on the other hand, there is a great tendency for students readily to see

nearly every imperfection imaginable about their institution, and to a certain extent we must confess that this rule well applies to Guilford. However, we must not form the idea that the student is always wrong in his critical estimations and rely upon the fact that anything is best just because it is practiced by that particular institution which we may be attending, for no institution is so nearly perfect, that it does not need an occasional criticism.

Guilford College is a fine example of a school that is suffering the very conditions mentioned above, and one thing which seems to deserve especial criticism, is its miserly spirit, shown particularly in the boarding system for its students at Founder's Hall. Under the present conditions these students pay at the rate of about \$12.50 per month for three meals per day and three meals extra for visitors, per term of four and one-half months. All meals taken by visitors of the students, after the maximum number of three per term, are then charged to the students at the rate of twenty-five cents per meal. Not only is this the case with present students, but any former student of Guilford who comes back to pay his old college a visit and stays over for the meal hour is likewise taxed twenty-five cents per meal unless some benevolent student is willing to register him as one of his three friends. There have also been times when members of a visiting athletic team who competed here on Saturday and did not care to travel on Sunday were, when they decided to stay over until Monday, charged for their meals unless registered by students of the college.

A part of this system may be all right and necessary, and we do not propose to dictate to the college authorities in regard to what shall be practiced and what shall not. But there is also a part of it which seems unreasonable. Of course we realize that Guilford is not as heavily endowed as some other colleges and must necessarily be economical. But there is a difference between economy and stinginess and the latter is what we are attempting to criticise. It seems unreasonable that a student, who is making the college his home and who is paying a fair amount for the privilege of this home, may be

allowed to invite but three of his friends just one time each in a school term. This is made all the more deserving of criticism when any one remembers that, upon an average, every student boarding here eats at least twenty-five meals somewhere else during the term, and when a visitor is brought in not one extra morsel is prepared for him, as though he were eating at a lunch counter. Much worse than this is the fact that old students, and there are some from time to time, who come back to their alma mater because of interest in her welfare, are obliged to pay for a meal, when as a matter of fact they would gladly recommend Guilford to any young person who is thinking of going to college, and, if need be, go to a reasonable sacrifice in order to get such a young person to enter their old school. The old students of any school are and should be its warmest friends and most ardent supporters, and the way to foster and keep alive this spirit among them always is to show a little bit of a spirit of appreciation and hospitality toward them. This can never be done at Guilford as long as this miserly spirit, especially in regard to meals, is continued.

This attitude is not taken because it is the desire of some one to pay board for one and then board two a part of the time, neither is it done because any one minds paying for what he gets, but the principle of such a system and also the consideration aforementioned, are sufficient to convince any thoughtful person, it seems, that such is not for the best interests of either college or student, since it doubtless limits the number of visitors to the college and thereby narrows its reputation and furthermore tends to decrease college loyalty on the part of students both of the present and past. This, it seems, is much more harmful than helpful to both parties and let us hope that a more desirable and beneficial system will, at an early date replace the present one.

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For many years there has been a great deal of discussion as to whether or not a college education materially aids a man



in his efforts towards getting a living. Naturally the college man immediately answers in the affirmative, while on the other hand numerous cases can be cited of the success of so-called "self-made" men who have acquired their education outside of college walls.

To absolutely settle this question would require a vast amount of investigation and research; but an intelligent survey of the purpose of the college and of actual results in representative institutions has at least thrown some light upon the interesting subject.

There is a marked tendency at the present time towards greater and greater specialization in business life—a tendency, as it were, to make of mankind mere machines; and it is to face this situation that a college education is needed. The aim of the college and of college life is to give to a person a broad view or foundation and thus to prevent him from becoming so narrow in his ideas that it is impossible for his field of vision to extend beyond his vocation. Whether or not a college education is going to help one or not, depends largely upon one's ambition and desire for knowledge.

If a person have no greater ambition than to be a hod carrier; if he have no higher ideals than to operate an elevator or manipulate a machine which calls for no thought or originality, then a college education would scarcely increase his efficiency to an extent profitable to the investment; but, on the other hand, if we aspire to be leaders in our communities, we will gain this position and be able to hold it only through the superiority of our training and the originality of our ideas. The great purpose of our colleges is to teach students to think and to think clearly and decisively; and it is just this quality that the business world is looking for today. There is always a call for executive ability and originality, and it is the persons who have these qualities most highly developed in them who become the leaders in industrial life, the captains of industry, the entrepreneurs.

A recent investigation of the success of college graduates was carried on by a prominent writer. The graduating class



for one year of a representative large and small college was chosen for investigation. Out of this number 96 per cent. held positions which required a certain amount of initiative and foresight.

College students are prone to feel in moments of discouragement that they can ill afford to spend four of the best years of their lives in college, only to come out no better prepared for business life than before, but as time goes on it is coming to be more and more realized that a college education is a most valuable asset in the building up of a business career.



## "HAMLET."

The Dramatic Club has completed its plans for the production of "Hamlet" and begs to announce Saturday night, March 28th, as the date for the presentation of the great tragedy. A splendid cast has been selected and rehearsals are in progress under the direction of Prof. Crosby.

While Edgar McBane and Tegy Beaman, who played Macbeth and Lady Macbeth respectively in last year's production, together with Hugh Stewart as Macduff, will be missing from the present dramatis personae, five of last year's principals, Katherine Allen, Helen East, Katherine Dorsett, David Henley, Fred Morris and Jesse Garner, will again take part, and Prof. Crosby will play the title role.

Like last year, a full array of costumes has been specially arranged for with a New York house, and the play will be realistically represented in costumes appropriate to its setting.

All seats will be reserved as before at 50 and 75 cents and patrons are requested to make their reservations early to aid the management in seating arrangements. Address all communications to E. H. McBane, Business Manager, Guilford College, N. C.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Since the last issue of the Collegian the field for religious work has enlarged. In addition to the community work which we are now doing, we are expecting to help in the religious services at Naomi Chapel during the remainder of the spring term. We feel that there is nothing which will build up our spiritual life more than will work of this kind. It gives us an opportunity to express our better selves, and enables us to get a glimpse of the needs and opportunities for a life work in this field.

The chairman of the mission study committee is now busily arranging the courses for mission study, which is to take the place of Bible study about the first of March. Heretofore we have been running courses in mission and Bible study simultaneously. But this year we felt that the study of missions was so important that we ought to lay aside our other courses of study for a short while and concentrate all our attention on this work.

The work of the organization as a whole seems to be progressing. However it is difficult to judge accurately the progress of any religious organization, for its progress is determined not so much by the religious fervor of its leaders, nor by its material advancement, but rather by its influence upon each individual connected therewith. Such is true of the Y. M. C. A. and its influence here; but judging from the possible evidence, the past month has been one of progress in all lines. In Bible study we feel sure that great good is being accomplished. The interest in this phase of work has never been more intense. It is not unusual to see various student groups often or twelve earnestly engaged in the discussion of some practical point. In this phase, it must be said again, lies the greatest opportunity for personal work, and we must not let it pass unheeded.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On Thursday evening, of that most trying of all trying weeks in college—examination week—the girls trooped silently into the Y. W. C. A. rooms and all seemed to relax immediately as Miss Julia White took her place as leader of the meeting. Though the girls were tired they soon looked rested, and in place of the strained expression on their faces, one of peace and sweet seriousness quietly took possession of them. The girls often say that Miss Julia seems always to know just the right thing to say. She did indeed that particular Thursday evening, as she talked so earnestly, so beautifully on the subject, "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father." There came upon the girls a new feeling of responsibility, and the worth of personality. A hush followed the benediction and then the girls stole softly back to their rooms to work, strengthened and refreshed.

The next Thursday evening Hazel Armstrong had charge of the meeting. The brief talk on Perseverance was practical and sincere. The service was well carried out with several other girls assisting. This is a good plan, for it makes many feel that they have a real part in the service.

The following Thursday, February 6, Miss Miller, of Greensboro, delighted the girls by paying our Association another visit. Too high praise could scarcely be given her talk. It was a vivid, realistic, earnest picture of what missions are and what they mean and should mean to us. All the year we have felt the need of just such a talk, and we hope the good intentions we made in that meeting may be carried out in practical work in our own Association this spring, and in mission work at large, when ever we have the opportunity to show what stand we have taken in the matter of such vital importance.



We often hear it said by outsiders that, considering its number of students, Guilford is the strongest college in athletics in North Carolina. If last year's records be taken it can be said that Guilford is the strongest, regardless of the number of students. We are certainly proud of the records of our teams.

This year's indications point to no less success than we have had in the past. At the present writing we have played four games of basketball and have won three of them. The score with Elon College was 17 to 36 in Guilford's favor; that with Roanoke 16 to 32; that with Carolina 23 to 22 in Carolina's favor and the game with Wake Forest 13 to 30 in Guilford's favor. Four men of last year's successful team are with us. Benbow and Morefield are a pair of forwards which we have never seen equaled on the Guilford floor, and Stuart and Finch are guards which are hard to beat. The one vacant place on last year's team is filled by McBane or Short, either of which plays excellent center. As subs, Hinkle and Jones are showing up unusually good. Both promise to fill well the vacancies on next year's team.

Soccer has been played at Guilford for a number of years, but it has become especially popular this year. Every afternoon a large crowd may be seen engaged in it. It is a game

which furnishes good exercise out in the open to a large number and on this aicicioiuinti is an excellent college game. Through the attention and hard work of Prof. Downing we now have a good team. It is reported that a game is being arranged with another college which will take place soon. If this game is played it will be the first intercollegiate soccer game in North Carolina.

The prospects for baseball for the coming season are very good. There are only two vacancies on last year's champion team and several men who played excellent ball last year are back to try for these. Manager Barber announces the following schedule as practically completed:

Date.	Opponent.	Place of Game.
March 19—	Atlantic Christian Col.....	Guilford College, N. C.
March 27—	Open .....	Guilford College, N. C.
April 1—	Davidson College.....	Davidson, N. C.
April 2—	University of S. C.....	Columbia, S. C.
April 3—	University of S. C.....	Columbia, S. C.
April 4—	Trinity College.....	High Point, N. C.
April 6—	N. C. A. & M. College.....	Greensboro, N. C.
April 11—	Elon College.....	Burlington, N. C.
April 13—	University of N. C.....	Greensboro, N. C.
April 18—	Open .....	Guilford College, N. C.
April 21—	Winston League .....	Winston, N. C.
April 22—	Washington and Lee Uni.....	Lexington, Va.
April 23—	Roanoke College .....	Salem, Va.
April 24—	V. P. I.....	Blacksburg, Va.
April 25—	V. P. I.....	Blacksburg, Va.
April 28—	Trinity College.....	Durham, N. C.
April 29—	N. C. A. & M. College.....	Raleigh, N. C.
May 4—	Elon College .....	Guilford College, N. C.
May 6—	University of S. C.....	High Point, N. C.
		M. W. P.



## EXCHANGES.

As we read the exchanges from month to month, almost invariably, we find the same magazines criticised each month and those who receive the comments are for the most part among the very best of the college magazines, while the ones of us who perhaps need criticism the most rarely get the direct benefit of it.

The exchange editors, as a rule, though, seem very competent and give some valuable suggestions.

The Davidson College Magazine in the January number used a new plan in the exchanges, which seemed primarily to interest the students of its own college.

The exchange department of the Trinity Archive is especially good. The points of criticism are well made and always written in a very clear and interesting style.

The exchanges in the Acorn are interesting but not quite so clear and not so full as those of the Archive.

In the Leonorian we find the criticisms very definite and detailed, but not written in as good style as they should be.

The sketches in the Acorn are always vivid and intensely interesting. The department is one that shows originality and fosters simplicity in description and narration.

The poetry in the Trinity Archive is good this month. The thought and rhythm are above that found in most of the poetry of our college magazines.

The stories this month in most of the magazines are not up to the usual standard. Good short stories are often very hard to get.

The Wake Forest Student seems to be well supported by the student body, and as a rule has a good fund of stories and articles.

## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Snow! Snow! Rough on Rats!!

Annual!! Thesis!!! Senior orations!!!!

Guilford 30, Wake Forest 13!!!!!!

Caps and gowns!!!!!!

We welcome the new students who have come in for the spring term.

"Strayed" from Founder's Hall Saturday night, January 17th, one Hazel Armstrong. Finder please return.

Blanche—"Mattie, what is your favorite saying?"

Mattie—"I never know what I say."

Mary Ina studying for German exam.—"Well, isn't it funny that light means hell."

Eng. IIV, Brinkley—"Which be the male-factors?"

Johnson—"I am as pretty a piece of flesh as any in"—(Guilford).

Julia Ballinger—"O, that I were a man!"

"Dr. Webby" says that he enjoys his meals immensely now, cold biscuits taste like pound cake.

Fred H. is getting quite Outland-ish.

Catherine says to Ed. C.—Yes, if Kinnie doesn't come.

Blanche says to "Si"—Yes, if George doesn't come.

Brown F. is sorry that he has to play basket-ball, but he is glad to go to "Virginia."

The new definition of psychology—A description and explanation of old examination papers as such.

Prof. Crosby to Grant—"Is that a speedometer on your wrist?"

Grant—"Yes."

Crosby—"Why don't you put it on your tongue?"

Kanoy—"Ignorance is bliss."

Dupree—"You ought to be happy."

B. Finch to Fred, writing sign—"General admission, 25.; adults, 15c."

Helen (catching Webster looking cross-eyed at her)—"Look here, I don't want to see you look at me that way again. Hear that?"

Web—"Yes, I hear it, but you are old enough for your wants to stop hurting you."

One of the Founder's girls was "stuck up" one night—next morning a can of molasses was missing from the dining room.

Sarah's motto—"Where there's a 'Will,' there's a way."

Grace—"Will I have time to learn these theorems in the morning?"

Mary Ina—"You may be dead in the morning."

Grace—"Well, I won't need them then."

Mary Ina—"You don't know what you'll need."

Grace—"I know I won't need college algebra in heaven."

Katherin A.'s favorite flower is the "Sweet William."

Prof. Carroll on Hist. II.—"Queen Elizabeth never lost her head but once, and that was when she had Mary beheaded."

Jones—"Then Mary lost hers too, didn't she?"

Pres. on Methods—"Finch, is it better to answer a question in the words of the book or in your own words?"

Brown F.—"In the words of the book."

Pres.—"Why?"

Brown—"More apt to be right."

Irma says after graduating she intends getting married if she can.

Pres. on Logic—"Alma, if a child is named Paul does it signify anything?"

Pres. on Logic—"What are the characteristics of a steamship?"

H. Carroll—"It's sails."

Wanted: to know: Why "Lengthy" Shore won't eat extra dessert if there isn't two plates???

"Web" on logic—"I'm next."

Dr. Hobbs—"Kate Allen will you explain——?"

"Web"—"Nearest he could come without calling on me."

All aboard for "Hamlet!" March 28th.

C. Worth—Our course in Geology has been very interesting since we began studying historical specimens in the Gymnasium (museum).

At Science Club, Prof. Downing had explained the formation of nitrates in the air during an electric storm.

Prof. Carroll—"Then, Mr. Downing, according to that theory there would be more nitrogen in the rain-water after it thundered."

Prof. Downing—"It is necessary that it should lightning pretty quick."

Alph. W., after the tennis game—"I served very consistently this afternoon."

Mack—"What did it consist of?"

Si. L.—"Doubles mostly."

Blanche, thinking over her amorous condition—"Well, by George, if it is good enough for Paul and Silas, it is good enough for me."

Shore (calling to Webby for bread)—"I'll declare Web. is so deeply in love that he can't move."

Web.—"Good gracious, if love was your basis for stability you couldn't be moved with a stick of dynamite."

Hardy says there is nothing like a cozy little corner (Korner).

Earl Pearson has assumed the position of Rook director at Senior class meeting, thus complying to the request of Wm. Webster.

Brink says he expects to take all the "English" that Guilford can furnish.

Fowell Mendenhall (hearing the yells of V. P. I. students)—Ra, Rah, Rah, Tecs tecs tecs—"Who is that fellow they call Tecs, any way? I'll bet he is some player from the way they cheer him."

During the basket-ball trip through Virginia, Benbow Jones was so afraid that the weather would change that he slept with his cap on.

Hinkle says he doesn't mind sleeping on the floor, but those rail fences at V. P. I. don't fit his shoulders.

Mack says that he has never seen the pearly gates but that if they compare with the "Pearl" studded window in the students' parlor, the architect will never be equaled.

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## Classes.

### SENIOR

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Pearle Younts, Secretary

### JUNIOR

G. E. Raiford, Pres.  
Maud Culler, Sec.

### SOPHOMORE

F. H. Morris, President  
Phoebe Worth, Secretary

### FRESHMAN

Harrell Budd, Pres.  
Mary I. Shamberger, Sec.



# CONTENTS

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1. A Valentine (Story) .....	223
2. Billy Paid the Price (Story).....	230
3. What's In a Name.. ..	233
4. X. Y. Z. alias P. D. Q. (Story).....	234
5. Freshmen Sentiments (Poem).....	239
6. Do or Die (Story) .....	240
7. Ambition of the Freshman Class.....	243
8. The True Story of Cæsar's Death.....	244
9. Editorials.....	246
10. Athletics .. ..	251
11. Zatazian-Clay Reception .....	252
12. Philomathean-Websterian Reception .....	254
13. Gems of Master Minds.....	256
14. Locals and Personals.....	257
15. Directory.....	259



# The Guilford Collegian.

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1853.

It was the month of April. The place was a jeweler's shop situated in the small town of Sanburn. The two men in the shop were the middle-aged nervous jeweler and a calm decisive-looking man. The jeweler wore a pale, haggard look which betrayed the mental strain he was undergoing. His eyes wandered vacantly over his neatly kept shelves and show cases, his hands travelled incessantly to and from his trouser pockets, and his feet kept one position an incommensurable fraction of a second. The other man was evidently giving in his clear-cut, matter-of-fact way some very undesirable information. His voice grew harder and more exacting until at last he burst out in an irritated tone.

"It just must be paid by the last of this week. I can't be bothered with you any longer. You haven't paid any interest for several months and you've never paid a cent on the principal!"

"But, oh, you don't understand! It's not for me I want you to do this—it's for my children. This is not the first time I've failed, and what is a man in my position got to live for if it's not for his children? You haven't any children—you can't understand," he added bitterly.

"Why, your children? It seems to me that I'd rather have you for a father with your debts paid than like you are—a bane on somebody else's existence."

"Oh, Mr. Havson, my children must be educated. I never went to school much, but my children must have what I missed. If I pay you this money my oldest daughter can't go to school any more and besides we won't have any home or anything. I

am not young enough and in the right circumstances to begin my whole life over. I'll—I'll pay it in—in—in two more years," said the jewelry nervously.

"Before your sort of two years would be out I'd be dead, I'm sure," returned Mr. Wharton, sarcastically.

"I can't take that. Come on, I'll make arrangements so that you can get your money at the bank the last of the week. I'll be ruined, but perhaps it will not be so hard to begin over," rejoined the other pathetically.

During the latter part of this conversation an old gentleman had entered unnoticed. He neither bore the marks of the ordinary drummer who stopped between the trains of Sanburn, nor did he bear the marks of the ordinary visitor of Sanburn. He was a decidedly different specimen from either of these. As the jeweler finished speaking he looked up and seeing the stranger became more nervous than ever, but the kind voice of the stranger reassured him.

"I beg your pardon for breaking into business matters. The first train has left my train from Panacea," naming a famous winter resort. "I was looking around your town when I saw this little building and thought perhaps the owner would allow me to wait here and read my paper. There is no fire in the waiting-room at the depot and it is rather cool this morning."

"Certainly, certainly, sir, have a seat. I'll have to be out for a little while, but just make yourself at home," said the jeweler recovering his usual hospitality.

When the two men left the old gentleman took a seat near the stove and settled for a rustling hour with his thoughts and paper. For about five minutes of this hour he was not disturbed, but when the five minutes were nearly out a sound of tiny feet coming up the outside steps was heard.

In a few more seconds the door open slowly and a little girl entered. She wore a soiled pink gingham dress, a pair of unbuttoned shoes and a little pink sun-bonnet which had fallen off her black curls and held by the strings was dangling around her neck. Her large blue eyes grew larger as she saw the stranger. Certainly she had never in all of her six summers

seen a man anything like the one before her. Why was he there? Why wasn't her father there? She took a few more steps to her father's desk and laid down a very badly torn A B C book. All the time her eyes were fixed on the stranger. He returned her gaze with a rather amused look, which gradually deepened into a kind smile.

"What is your name, little lady?" he asked dropping his paper.

"Kafine Warton."

"Well, Miss Katharine, I presume you are looking for your father. He is not here. He and another gentleman went out a few minutes ago. He will be back in a little while and in the mean time remove your suspicious looks. I haven't any need whatever of any of the articles in your father's shop."

"I dust tum to tay my BC's to favver. I dust wait till he tum back. What does 'sume and 'picious mean? I don't understand your talking."

"We'll not discuss the meanings of words now. Come and tay your BC's to me," said the old gentleman, thinking that although he did not know so much about teaching the alphabet he would like to know Miss Katharine Wharton a little better.

"I isn't a baby. You needn't talk dat way to me," replied Katharine indignantly.

"I beg your pardon. Why don't you go to school?" asked the old gentleman rather quickly.

"Tause I'm tick too many times. Was you ever tick?"

"Not, not much."

"You missed a lot."

"I'm glad I have missed a lot of trouble in one direction."

"You don't know nothing about it when you are weal tick, but when you begins to get better you can have everything you want, tept tumpin to eat, and tell everybody to get away when dey don't do what you tell 'em. When you dets well you can't do dat for your muvver 'colds you. When you in de bed tick you don't want to go out-doors, but when you get well you do and your muvver won't let you"—

"But I see you have been out-doors this morning."

"Oh, yes, I fordot," said she rather awkwardly, but dis was

a wun-a-way, muvver told me she was going to brush my hair and button my shoes when she comes back frum de kitchen. I runned away 'fore she tum back. She wasn't going to bush much anyway. She was going to tomb and tombing hurts when your hair tangly. Does you have to tomb your hair," she asked peering under his narrow hat brim, but failing to find any trace of any hair except the narrow fringe below the brim of his hat.

"I did when I had some. What I have now doesn't require much of my attention," laughed the old gentleman.

Here's my book—you want to tee it?" questioned Katharine, shyly.

"Yes, come, and we'll see how many of these ABC's you know."

"What is this?"

"O."

"And this?"

"I."

"And this which is just like O with about half cut off?"

"I don't know," said Katharine, shaking her curly head.

"What were your eyes made for?"

"To look wif," promptly.

"Yes, but you have to do something before you look. What would you say if you should see your father coming?"

"I'd tay yonder tums favver."

"Well, well," laughed the old gentleman, "but you'll have to guess some more. Let's see. If I were to hide an apple in this room you would have to —— it before you could find it."

"I know, I know," shouted Katharine joyfully, "I have to tee it, dat letter is tee."

"That's right. I thought you would tell me before I stopped."

"I know what letter dat is—it is a naughty bad one."

"I don't see how the letter H could be deemed worthy of such a reputation," thought the old gentleman.

"It's H," she said, answering his look, "and de way I learned it is tause favver taid Mr. Havtum is 'pelled wif dat."



"Why, don't you like him?"

"I weckon I has to," piously.

"Why?"

"Tause, muvver taid I'd be as bad as I tink he is if I don't like him. He is going to make favver pay tum money now dat favver was going to pay tum udder time. We won't have any house or utting. I wouldn't like to 'tay out-doors at night and I would want tumpin to eat tumtime. Mawgawet can't go to 'cool eiver. Dat's de worstest ting tause she is tuch a good tister."

"Oh, perhaps your father won't have to pay the money now."

"I don't know," doubtfully. "Muvver tays Mr. Havtum loves money and not folks. She dust curies and curies when she isn't cooking and favver tays she mustn't cook so much tause it takes too much money. Why do you 'spose Tod gives rich men wif no little girls a heap of money and don't give poor men wif little girls none."

"Because He knows best."

"I has tum money."

"How much?"

"I show you," she returned. She went to her father's desk and took an ordinary looking fifty-cent piece out of one of the drawers. "I keeps it here," she explained, "tause I'm 'fraid muvver will take it to get gweasy meat wif. Muvver won't let me eat meat, and anyway favver tays she mustn't 'pend so much money. I pways Tod to give me tum more, so I'll have nuff to pay Mr. Havtum. How much is it?"

He took the money. His eyes fell on the date. What, could his eyes be true? He had just read in some paper a few days before that a policeman in a certain town had suddenly discovered that he had been carrying for several years a small fortune in his pocket. This was only a fifty-cent piece, but like Katharine's it bore the date of 1853. Only one other piece of the same date was known to be in existence. Could he take the risk and give the little girl \$2,000, the accredited value of the policeman's fifty-cent piece. He could not wait to

investigate the matter, for very likely Mr. Havson wanted the profit he would make as much as he wanted his own money.

There were many places calling for the old gentleman's money, for he was very rich. He had had trouble in a great many things, but his money had staid with him. There were many places where he could place \$2,000 and people would know about it and honor him for it; but here it would never be known. These people might always fail—might not in the least prove to be worthy of help, but if he did i tin the right spirit, what then? The best part of his nature conquered. He looked at the child. She was regarding him with a questioning look.

"Where did you get this money?" he asked.

"My Gampa gived it to me long time ago. He's dead now," she added in a solemn little voice.

"Where did he get it and why do you keep it?"

"I fink he got in de Fight and I keep it tause he gived it to me," she added almost tearfully. "Yuo never had a granpa, did you?"

"What fight are you talking about?"

"Oh, when everybody was fighting about black folks. Gampa passed by a man dey was fighting, he was about dying, and Gampa gived him tum water. The man wouldn't take de water wifout Gampa would take dis money—it was all he had. Gampa taid de weason de man did dat way was 'cause he took all of Gampa's water and had a blue coat on. Gampa kept de money tum how, I forgot 'bout dat. I don't understand dis do you?"

"What was your grandfather's name," asked the old gentleman ignoring her question.

"Why it was Gampa Ford."

"Oh, I thought so. I thought so. I owe him everything I have, for that water saved my life. He was on the losing side, too, but he gave me all his water. He was a man. I will write out a check for the amount I was going to give you for the fifty-cent piece and will leave a note, explaining the situation for your father. I'll tell him how much the fifty-cent piece is

said to be worth," said the old gentleman talking half to himself and half to Katharine.

"I don't understan'—" began Katharine.

"Your father will tell you when he comes."

The old gentleman was gone when the jeweler returned. Even if he never saw the jeweler again, it was enough for him to know that he had indeed driven away the clouds and left the sunshine of April—but it was through the instrumentality of 1853.



## BILLY PAID THE PRICE .

Billy McGrew was a boy—and that's saying a lot, for to express it mildly as Jim Megone did, "Boys is little devils whut ain't sprouted horns." But Billy wasn't such a bad fellow, even if he did like to skip school and steal Squire Perkins' apples.

It was only natural that his active little mind began work when he heard of the egg hunt which the squire had finally given his consent to be held in his—the squire's—own yard.

Now Billy wasn't at all spiteful, but when a boy has been mistreated—croaked on—he's just got to get even some way. Don't understand me to say that Billy premeditated any crime, but rather as a seer he thought he foresaw possibilities of amusement, and, incidentally a reckoning of old scores.

Now the squire wasn't such an awful mean man, but he had a cellar underneath his house, and one time he found there a skunk. Why he should have guessed how it got there, I don't know, but anyway the squire complained to Billy's ma, and as Billy's ma was one of these enthusiastic women with good arm muscles, he was gently reminded of the fact that skunks mustn't be found in squire's cellars underneath squire's houses.

After Billy had brought to a focus in his mind a good picture of what might happen he, of course, had to tell his right hand pal and confidant, Johnny Peachtree, just the same as one girl runs to her friend to show her the letter she just received from her beau. *Why do folks have to have confidants?*

"Heard about the darned old egg hunt over to the squire's?" said Billy by way of introducing the subject.

"Yep, a dinged shame. Why we couldn't even blink our eyelids without the mean old skunk gittin' mad. I, fer one, ain't goin'."

"Now, look-a-here. We might have some fun if—" Billy hesitatingly continued.

"If wut? Whut is it?" eagerly asked Johnny. He scented something in the wind and he was eager to follow, for he

was one of this class of people that like to follow in advance of other people's ideas and lead.

"Ye won't breathe it to a soul?"

"Naw. What is it?"

"Honest ter die ye won't tell?"

"Honest ter die, I won't," very solemnly.

"Cross yer heart'n body?"

"Cross my heart'n body both."

"Well, squire's got a goat," in a high pitched whisper.

"Humph! Thought 'twas something. That all you knowed?" and Johnny started off in disgust.

"Oh, you're blinder'n a bat from Hades. 'Sposen something was to happen so'd he'd get loose while every one was there, and 'sposen he was good and mad—had pepper in his mouth and a bumble-bee in his ear. There's sure be fun—and—well you better be hangin' 'round."

"You dassn't do it. Ye'll have it to pay for if you do."

"I didn't say I was going to do anything, and so far as pay-in—I pay for every little thing, and if a fellow has the price to pay he might as well have some fun to even it off," said the wise little philosopher.

At last the eventful day arrived and the squire, who, as I have said, was not such a mean man, for by accident, one Sunday, he put two cents in the collection plate instead of one and found out his mistake just as he tried to pray and the result was—but I started out to say that he welcomed the little crowd of Sunday school workers with outstretched hands.

Every one was there from old Aunt Sally down to little Patty Price, whom Billy was prone to look at on the sly.

The squire performed the ceremony of host beautifully, gently admonishing each youth not to paw up the ground nor break a twig off any tree as it might, if left alone, become large enough to use for kindling or fire wood. And he told Miss Grantham which chair was the strongest as he didn't want her to sit on the one he had just mended—she was so heavy she might break it—he kindly said.

And so the entertainment continued merrily and happily on

for about half an hour. That is, they were all merry but didn't dare to laugh, as laughing made the squire nervous.

All at once a wild yell came from the back yard and around the house came a disheveled, breathless, panting boy. Close behind him followed a still more dishevelled goat.

Billy swung himself up into a tree just in time and the angry goat pawed the earth underneath.

"I will rescue him," said Mr. MacDew and so he advanced toward the goat, but with a sudden numbness in the front of his back he landed on the squire's front porch.

Miss Metretable Durant tried also, but the audience who were peeping from their places of refuge behind trees and posts saw the goat remove his head from her dress and she landed in the Sweet William bed with a thud.

Then the squire, swearing that he could manage his goat, by merely transfixing it with his gaze, approached in a very sedate manner. But, sad to relate, just as he had almost completely paralyzed that goat, he stumped his toe and in that instant the goat took advantage. Butting the squire in the front of his back seemed as pleasure to the goat, but it finally forgot the squire and returned to Billy in the tree.

Then little Patty Price came to the rescue of her friend. She walked right up to that goat and handed him a nice cool turnip, and the goat obediently followed her to the stable.

When Billy climbed down, he told Johnny he was glad the bumble bee had not failed to sit down after lighting in the goat's ear and also that red pepper burns. But he paid the price to his enthusiastic Ma.

X. Y. Z.



## WHAT'S IN A NAME.

It was the last of *May* just at the beginning of the *Holliday*, when we started on an auto trip along the *East Shore* of *Virginia*. After a *Short* drive through the *Parks* we rode through a long *Wood* and into the country. The *Rhoades* were almost impassable until we reached the turn-*Pike*. Little *Gray* and *White* houses dotted the road-side and in the fields the *Fowells* were feasting on grain dropped from the sickle when the wheat was *Garner*-ed. Some *Swans* were paddling about on the "*Brink*" of the stream. "*Hick*," honk honk, went the *Strayhorn*, and old *Brindell* cow was planted in the middle of the road, complacently *Wagoner* tail to the tune of "*Dixi*." A gold-*Finch* was perched on a *Budding* apple tree, merrily *Carrolling* a roundelay. We rode into a small seaport town. On one side of the street was the old black-*Smith* shop and the home of the *Taylor*. *Caffey* in big black letters was hung out in front of a little shop which was already doing noble service as post-office and grocery store. In the middle of the street was a large *Faucette*, where houses were watered. Down on the water's-edge children were *Wadeing* while the *Semans* were hauling in the nets.

After leaving the little town we came to the Marlborough estate. This estate was given the *Earle* of Marlborough by the *King* as a *Boone* for his noble service. The direct line of the house had *Long* ago died out and the estate was kept up by the Historical Association. The mansion was built after the manner of old *English* architecture and everything around it betokened the luxury and splendor of former days. We walked around the old building until it was almost too dark to distinguished the armor on the *Walls*. A cloud had gathered in the *West* and it had begun to *Sprinkle*. We hastily prepared to go home, all declaring that this was the most interesting place we had seen on the trip and was well *Worth* the *Nichols* we had paid to enter the grounds.

## X. Y. Z. ALIAS P. D. Q.

"I wish to the Lord you'd get me a decent nurse, Doc., I am tired—tired to death of these fools you have had here," and the irritated voice of the patient rose in his uncontrolled anger.

"Why now, look here my good man; what's the trouble? It was only two days ago that Miss Lil came, and"—

"O Lord!" came the patient's prolonged groan. "Trouble? I reckon. What time the blasted idiot wasn't bathing her poodle, she was combing its confounded wool. She never even had time to fix this fool bandage on my eyes, for I was left out entirely as poodle held the one place in her heart and soul, and for pity's sake, Doc., get me a nurse," Mr. Bartran ended up breathlessly.

"Here, here, don't lose your patience so. You have had nurses—I can't even remember the number, but it seems to me it must be in the dozens—until my supply is almost exhausted. One, Miss Woth, used too much perfume, Miss Gray had clammy hands, Miss Henley talked too much, Miss Shamburger was too fond of expatiating on past sweethearts, and how many chances she'd almost had too many, Miss Armstrong's laugh made you nervous, and—but gracious, I'm wasting valuable time. I think I know a personage that can manage you."

"I leave myself to your tender mercy, but for heaven's sake don't get too young a one—about fifty and married," came the after-thought as the doctor was leaving.

"All right, I'll look out for one, and if you are very careful I'll remove the bandage from your eyes in three or four weeks."

The next morning the new nurse arrived, and was shown directly into the presence of Mr. Bartran. She entered the room with a curt "good morning" and remained standing.

"Come here and shake hands. Can't you see I'm blind? What's your name? Last one, I mean."

"Fuller's my name," was the curt rejoinder, as she stepped quickly across and took Mr. Bartran's hand.

Bartran placed both of his hands over her small one, and

then raised it suspiciously to his nose. A relieved sigh burst from his lips, and he said, "I'm glad you don't use perfumed soap, and tallow, and such mess on your hands like Miss Grant did."

"Really I use only the best quality of cold cream."

"Well, your hands ain't clammy. Have you a poodle dog?"

"I don't happen to be so fortunate."

"Misfortunate you mean. But I suppose you wish to apply for position as nurse?"

"You've hit the nail on the head this time."

"Well, get to work and change this outer bandage on my eyes. No one but the doctor touches the inner one."

"Looks to me as if almost any one—"

"Well, they can't. Can you read aloud?"

"A very little, if it's easy. I have never taken lessons in expression under Prof. Peele, but—"

"O ye gods and little fishes, how did it happen that a young woman like—"

"Beg pardon, sir, but Dr. Wharton said you would not have a young woman for a nurse."

"You're under fifty?"

"Slightly."

"Reckon you didn't come out of the ark like Miss Smith, but are you fat?"

"I don't know my exact weight, but somewhere between one hundred, and one seventy-five, I should say."

"Hm'm. How tall are you?"

"Five feet, five."

"I don't want you to be sitting around sympathizing with me."

"Couldn't, if I wanted to, as I have never suffered a like affliction. I could pity you, but to tell the truth I don't."

"I call that nervy, but is your husband alive?"

"No."

"Have you any children?"

"No. No encumbrances of any kind," and an amused note crept into her voice for a second.

"I hope you have no high ideals like Miss Taylor for the uplift of mankind and have so come to begin on me."

"Don't worry. Money was the only thing that induced me to come here."

"Ding it, I'd like to know how much you are expecting; I'm no billionaire."

"Doctor said you would give me fifteen dollars the first week, and twenty-five if I could stand it any longer."

"Is that all he told you?" irritably.

"No. He said you wanted it understood that you didn't intend to marry your nurse or die and leave her an heiress."

"Well," defensively, "I can't help that. I told him that about the others. But did he tell you any more?"

"Yes," maliciously. "He said if I toughed it out a week, I'd probably be so inured I'd stay as long as needed."

"Drat him, if I had him here, I would hang him by his eyelids to a rose-bush. Grasshoppers can kick my brains out if I wouldn't."

"And he said you would try to scare me stiff and I'd have to pretend I wasn't afraid."

"Oh!" disappointedly. "It's only a pretense, a false show."

"Why I'm not pretending. I see nothing so scary looking about you except—"

"Except what? What is it?" in an unbelieving tone.

"Why your hair needs trimming and—a shave wouldn't be at all inappropriate."

"I believe you would push little biddies in the water. But I think you'll do. When can you begin work?"

"I came fully prepared," and the blind man heard a very amused chuckle.

"This will be no easy job. It's not child's play."

"So I observe, judging from all outward appearances."

"I shall be very exacting."

"That I can easily see is true, without even a slight error, as Prof. Dixon would say.

"You will have to attend me regularly."

"Well, you pay for my time."

"I may get mad and swear at you."

"Was that included in our bargain?"

"No—o—o—o—."

"Well, I'll just charge you extra, and it will be perfectly satisfactory with me."

"I almost forgot to tell you about it, but you mustn't talk to me. The rest talked all the time and made me nervous, you know."

"Why, really, I didn't know about it."

"Confound the impudence of some people. How old are you anyway?"

"As that's not at all impudent, I don't mind telling you that I can still see and hear a little, and am holding on to a few of my teeth, although the more perishable organs, such as my stomach, liver, lungs and heart, have already disappeared."

"Well, I'll try you for awhile. Here, John, show this lady to her room."

And so Miss Fuller received her appointment as nurse.

For a week things went as on the first day. With a brave smile and a ready wit she went about her work and then Mr. Bertan called her to him.

"Well, your week is up and I suppose you are going?"

"Going where?"

"Going to leave my employment; I have been such a cross old fool, but this business of not seeing drives me distracted. Surely you can't mean that you will stay a few days longer."

"I see no reason to leave, so long as I get my pay."

"Well, after this you get thirty a week."

"Thank you."

"I wonder what you will do with it?" meditatively. As there was no answer he spoke rather angrily and said, "Why don't you answer me?"

"What did you ask me?"

"I said I wondered what you would do with your money?"

"As you have asked no question I have no answer. I didn't know I was held responsible for all your wonderments."

"O—o—h," in some surprise, and then, "Please don't buy a



poodle, nor this cheap powder that smells like the devil's own concoction, nor a mess of hair that doesn't match your auburn—"

"Auburn? Why who said I had auburn hair? I shouldn't think any one would buy auburn hair to match grey, but why did you say auburn?"

"Oh! I just guessed at it from your temper. I was only trying to be polite and not say red. Most red-headed folks like to be called auburn-haired, you know."

"Thank you for your kindness in sparing my feelings then," and the nurse abruptly left the room.

Two weeks later she stood before Mr. Bartran, who still wore his bandage, and said, "The time has passed very quickly and I find that I am needed no longer, as Dr. Wharton said he would remove the bandage from your eyes today. As I have another position in view I think I will bid you farewell now. I thank you for all your kindnesses to me."

"Leave! thunderation you'll leave?" Bartran said. In his excitement he had risen and was tearing madly at the bandage over his eyes. "You've got to stay right here and be my wife."

"Be calm and leave that bandage alone," the nurse said commandingly, as she placed her hand on his arm and tried to lead him back to his chair. Then she continued rather shakily, "You know you don't want to marry an old woman like me."

"Don't I? We'll see," as the bandage came off and a pair of strong arms went around her. "But Margaret you will? Tell me you will," the pleading voice kept saying.

"Why, of course I will," she said in as matter-a-fact tone as she could assume under such pressure. "How did you know my name was Margaret, and that I'm not married, and—and—and everything?" she finished up lamely.

"Trust me to find out about that," he said pressing a kiss on her forehead, "I've been making John tell me."

"But your eyes?" apprehensively, "let me fix the bandage back or you'll go blind."

"Well, the sight of you does dazzle me, but I've got to feast



my eyes some now. You can't deny me that privilege after trying to deceive me as you have."

"But it was fun to make you think I was an old married woman," Margaret said, and then looking down at her hand still encased in his, she concluded in a mimicking voice, "I believe you would push little biddies in the water—and hold them under, after you got them there."

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### FRESHMAN SENTIMENTS.

What matter now if we sometimes fall?  
We'll rise again, that's all, that's all.  
Although the battle be long and sore,  
We'll conquer at last if not before.

What matter now if we do act green?  
There are worse things that are to be seen;  
For some folks now are so very ripe,  
You can't tell them things to save your life.

What matter now if we are not so bright,  
Everything at last will be all right;  
For we'll work and work to keep off D's,  
And try to diminish the number of C's.

What matter now if we've just begun,  
Something will happen before we're done;  
For nothing on sea or nothing on hand  
Can keep us down when we're going to stand.

## DO OR DIE.

There once lived in the mountainous section of North Carolina an old man who had for all his earthly possessions, a little log hut, two or three acres of land, and six buxom daughters. Poor fellow, he could not even boast of a wife, for she had died several years before, leaving him to fight life's battles alone. Though unusual for men of his environment, he took great interest in public affairs, and carried his girls about to all the rural gatherings this community afforded, especially to church every Sunday, rain or shine. He always looked so fierce and angry when any of the young beaux of the vicinity dared to approach within speaking distance of his daughters, that he succeeded fairly well in keeping young men at a safe distance.

Sunday after Sunday the savage old father would drive to the little country church in a covered one-horse wagon and unload at his accustomed hitching place, his blooming and blushing daughters all dressed in fresh and gay attire. When he had seen the last one out of the wagon, he would stride forward into the church, while the young women obediently followed him.

After service, they would march out one at a time, and after duly shaking hands with the preacher, make their way back as they had come, except that the old man would be in the rear this time. As he reached the outskirts of the little crowd, he always drew forth an exceedingly long-bladed murderous looking knife which he would whet on his leathery palm; brandish it in the sun with a vindictive look at the hapless by-standers, and finally slashing off a huge wad of tobacco, and cramming it between his capacious jaws, he would return the tobacco and evil looking knife to some place of concealment about his person, hastily help each of his girls climb in and with a flourish and crack of his whip, turn his team and start home.

However, "man proposes and God disposes," and as time went on, one young man, bolder than his fellows, met Mary Nancy, the prettiest as well as the most charming of all the

sisters, at a neighbor's house on several occasions. The love affair which followed was so deep and undying that life apart was not to be thought of or tolerated at all.

"No," said Mary, "we just can't live this a way, you'll have to ask Pap, and as you say, he can't do no more than kill you; and if he does that, I've got a sharp knife in the kitchen that we've been a slicing bacon with. I will sharpen that on a brick, and I'll watch from the window, and es sho es Pap kills you, I'll kill myself, and our sperits will go on together up to another world, where we won't never be separated no more."

So with many sighs, tears and protestations of undying love, this agreement was made. The young man was to beard the lion in his den the following Sunday afternoon. Mary Nancy was to have the kitchen knife at hand, and be on the lookout at an upstairs window.

The intervening days passed slowly, oh how slowly, and yet all too soon the painful hour that was to seal their fate drew near. Mary Nancy was at the window at least two hours before the time of her hero's arrival. Oh, that the painful hour had passed and that she was safely in the arms of her lover! But, ah! she fairly wept for joy, when she saw him advancing with a grim determination to do or die stamped on his face.

The old man was in the barn-yard, which was in full view of the front entrance, so there was no chance of a farewell, except as Mary Nancy met her lover's upward glance, and drew the back of the knife across her throat to remind him of her promise, to join him in the Spirit-land. In fear and dread she saw him approach her father, who, with his toe stuck in the crack of the fence, was whetting that long sharp knife on the sole of his brogan shoe.

At the very last, the young man's courage came back from somewhere down in the region of his dusty patent leather shoes, and enabled him to utter just one sentence as he reached the old man's side, though his eyes were fixed on that knife, which he fully believed would be plunged into his heart the next moment.

"Can I have Mary Nancy?" was the one sentence he managed to gasp out, just as his courage gave one last feeble flicker and gave up the ghost utterly.

The old man drew forth, from the depth of his pocket, a monstrous plug of tobacco, and as he slowly and deliberately cut off about one fourth of it, he said: "Yes, you can have Mary Nancy, and welcome. Do you know anybody that wants another one?"



## AMBITION OF FRESHMAN CLASS.

The Freshman class started out last fall with high ambitions, and well it might. Though in our imagination we built air castles that we may never be able to construct, nevertheless we will strive. Every class has the same ideas. At times we can't quite see how we are to reach our goal; for instance when the Sophomores defeated us in our class debate, but the way began to brighten when we defeated them in the class basket-ball game. Yet these are not all the things for which we strive. We want the largest, best-working and most democratic class of the college, and we can attain this if we work. The best student is not the one who does a thing in the shortest time, but he who does it best; and so it is with the Freshman class, we climb the ladder very slowly, but on each round we hope to leave something that will be an honor to our class, when we look back upon it later. Every one will put his shoulder to the wheel and give his best to get the best while here. And as our hopes fall and rise we realize that success is not in never falling, but always rising higher when we do fall.



## THE TRUE STORY OF CAESAR'S DEATH.

The true story of the murder of Julius Caesar has just come to light, much to the joy of the archaeologists, who have long doubted the account of his death by stabbing in the Roman Forum, as a result of a political intrigue. Recently excavations among the foundations of the coliseum at Rome have proved invaluable in setting forth the facts and the cause of the downfall of the great emperor and conqueror of the Gauls. A tablet was found bearing an inscription which at first seemed meaningless, but Professor Swinghitt, of the University of Kleptenhoffenheimer, has bent his energies in deciphering the intricate wording of the tablet with the most interesting results. The inscription turns out to be a leaf of the sporting edition of the Roman Battle Axe. Professor Swinghitt gives us a free translation which reads as follows:

"For the first time this season the champion Aventine team of the Tiber League went down to ignominious defeat at the Coliseum yard yesterday afternoon. They were badly humiliated by the Gallic Homespins, a team which has been cleaning up' all opposition in Britannia Hispania, and all Gallia, but was not figured to have a chance against our own athletes. The Gallic outfit presented a terrific slugging lineup, and Mark Antony, who had won every game that he had pitched this season, was unable to stop their onslaughts. They pounded him all over the field and then their home-runs were as frequent as full stomachs among the lions after a massacre of Christians. Antony was knocked out of the box in the fifth inning and Crossus was sent to his relief, but could not stem the tide. Captain Vercingetorix, who pitched for the Gauls, had speed to throw at the birds and a curve that would have made Cleopatra look as if she weighed only eighty-five pounds. The final score was figured out to be 389 to 6.

"Immediately after the game, while the Gauls were rushing to take their special chariots for the North, a sad tragedy occurred. Captain Julius Caesar, of the Aventine team, who was



out of the game on account of a sprained wrist, had offered to umpire the game, as none of the regular officials cared to work after taking a look at the Gallic aggregation and the rooters they brought with them. Captain Caesar was warned that it was a dangerous undertaking, but he undertook it with his usual courage and nonchalance. In the last inning he called Tiberius out at second when it looked as if the Aventines had a chance for a winning rally that might have tied the score. As soon as the decision was rendered the Aventines rushed at 'Jule' and protested the decision. He refused to change it and as a result he was beaten to death with a baseball bat by Brutus and Cassius, who were left on the bases when the last man was called out and were sore at not being allowed to score. No policeman was in sight and Caesar's body was thrown over to the lions. Brutus and Cassius were hailed as heroes by the crowd, which had lost many sisterces on the defeat of the Aventines. At a social meeting of the team last night Mark Antony was elected captain to succeed Caesar. After the election the players gave a moonlight serenade in front of Cleopatra's apartments, where Antony was found sitting on the front porch. Mark accepted the honor and will handle the team the coming season."

EDDY.



# The Guilford Collegian

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Societies

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## Editorials

*A Foreword.* According to custom the Collegian staff has transferred the obligations of getting out this number of the Collegian to the Freshman class, and as it is a custom for all novices to precede everything with a batch of apologies, we too think that a few words will not be amiss. To be sure, we realize the difficulty of the task and feel our incom-

petency to meet the demands made by this task. But we do not purpose to tabulate a synopsis of, or write an exposition to point the errors and weaknesses contained therein. We feel that they will be self-evident. While we, as a class, possess that usual degree of vanity, presumption and freshness which differentiates Freshmen from all other species of humanity, yet we do not aspire to usher in a new age in literature by our new political theories, profound philosophical thoughts, and unrivalled principles of statesmanship. Yet, however, we do hope to give the readers an insight to the composition of our class by presenting them with a few selections from the fruits of our literary twigs. The copiousness of the material compounded for this particular issue rendered very difficult the task of selecting the best. However careful we may have been there is a possibility that we discarded a Milton, a Shakespeare, a Poe, or a McNeil. So if the articles contained are not the best production that you ever read, you may just bet your life that the staff committee failed to put the best in. For we assure you that our class contains literary lights, even if they are under a bushel. We invite the Literati to point out our errors and remember that this is the baby's first feeble effort.

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*Profanity.* We are naturally inclined to shut our eyes against a painful truth; and often we permit evils to continue unmolested rather than to speak out and stand for the right thing. We fear that we will estrange our friends by telling them of their faults. Thus under a false conception of friendship we hesitate to do our duty toward our fellows. But there comes a time to every one when he or she is forced to condemn a certain evil, even though it be practised by one's bosom friends. Such a time has come to the writer. For some time it has been grievously painful to note the all but universal prevalence of profanity among our young men in our colleges; and when we realize that these young men will soon be the leaders of this nation we are caused some unpleasant speculations.

It seems indeed that a young man with enough ambition and intelligence to pursue a college course would certainly have enough moral manhood and self-respect to abstain from so base a practise. But actual conditions forbid us to believe that the college atmosphere purifies the student body of this impurity called "cussing." But it rather seems to be congenial to the development of a great "cussing" capacity since it brings together a certain crowd desirous of fame and they vie with every one else to gain distinction in that profession. Boys, who would not use profanity around home for anything, will not hesitate to "cuss" "the door off of the hinges" when they get to college. They seem to think that their advent into college releases them from all moral responsibility. Evidently they think that there is a goal to be won by the best "cusser" and they spend no little amount of effort in disciplining themselves by engaging in a "cussing try-out" with every one they meet of like faith and order. In fact they actually abuse the profession of "cussing." They do not only employ it as a means of expressing their anger, but they even go so far as to use it in friendly conversation. Everything that they say must be prefaced and concluded with a flavor of profanity. Their mouth is a continuous, active crater that pours forth its lava of "cuss" words upon everything that passes its way. They have developed a "cussing" code by which they are enabled to say the most disagreeable things in the shortest time. Every seeker of "cussing" lore inculcates the latest profane clauses and phrases as fast as they fall from the impious lips of the inventive veteran "cusser." The old experienced "cusser" seems to delight in the number of his followers.

Now these things ought not to be. College students ought to be ashamed to do such an unmanly thing. If they will just consider how debasing it is and how detestable it is to other people I believe that every rational student will obtain from that disgraceful practice. If one's speech is to be taken as any index at all to his true feelings, and if his feeling are considered an indicator of the man himself, what must be the feelings, and what must the man who goes about every day breathing forth words that he ought to be ashamed to utter? We think

that it is high time that the moral manhood of every college should rise up and put down this common evil.

Let every one keep his own tongue from profanity and then let him seek to free his friend from its contaminating influence. Especially should the Y. M. C. A. members concern themselves about this "cussing" business. No member should use profane language, nor should he encourage any one else by laughing at and applauding the wit of some proficient offender. How can blessings for God, and cursings for men proceed from the self-same mouth? It is ugly and detestable and it ought not to be engaged in by any gentleman.

Now this may sound didactic to some, and some of the old-wise cussers may sneer at it. If it should meet any such, we want to say this, that we seriously wish that you would make a balance sheet for your last month's cursing and let us see the amount of your credits. And if you are determined to continue, remember that you are doing a thing that you would not admire in your father, mother, sister, brother or friends, and a thing that no one admires in you, not even those who seem to indulge in it with you.

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*The Bliss of Ignorance.* One of the most difficult things in the world to do is to convince a person of the value of something which he has missed. In fact, it might be said to be impossible. It does not matter what kind of person he may be or how far he may have advanced in the paths of knowledge, the result is always the same—he will never realize that the lost something is as valuable as it is represented to him. He is content because he cannot know what he has lost.

Illustrations of this statement are occurring constantly. An excellent lecture may be given some night in chapel, some boys attend, others go to town or stay in their rooms and engage in debasing things. Those who attend realize the value of the lecture to a college boy and afterwards try to tell the others

how much they missed by being absent. For all they accomplish they might as well be talking to Daire Poplar, not one of the boys who was absent will feel that he has missed anything very valuable or vital to him. So far as that lecture is concerned he is living in the bliss of ignorance. If a man who has never been to college is told of the advantages and pleasure of a college education, he does not know what he is listening to. He may agree that he has lost something, but it is impossible for him to realize just what it is.

It is one of the laws of life that the only real way to learn anything is through experience. One may be told of a thing, or he may read of it, but he never realizes the full truth of it until it has acutally been brought into his life through experience. Life is made up of these experiences that are daily disturbing one's blissful ignorance by turning on the light. However much one may have learned, there is more just ahead of him that he must remain blissfully ignorant of until it is reached. Such is life.







The basket ball season is over and winter seems to have loosened its grasp. There is now a great spirit fostered for base ball. This we are very glad to see, for the spirit that is put in the game to a certain extent determines to what success the team will come. We are glad to see the fellows get out every day when it is warm enough and begin limbering up their arms, and getting ready for the time when the weather will permit steady practice and hard work.

The outlook, we think, is very good for base ball this year, as we have several of the old men back who were on the team last year. The vacant places will be filled by new men who we are confident will do the work admirably.

We are glad to note the manager has his schedule made out and has arranged several games here and near here, such as Winston, High Point and Greensboro. We are all anxious for the season to open, for we are sure we will have a winning team, and again claim the pennant at the end of the season.

As the weather opens up, we notice also some signs of track work coming into its place, and we hope to have a good track team, so that we may take an important place in the State meet, which is an annual occurrence.

## ZATASIAN-CLAY RECEPTION.

As is well known by those intimate with Guilford College affairs the four "inter-changeable" society receptions are by far the most popular occasions of the year. The reception tendered the Clay Literary Society by the Zatasian Literary Society on the evening of February twentieth fully sustained this popularity. Despite the fact that the dormitories and parlors were thrown in darkness at six-thirty in the evening by sudden complications arising in the power-house, the ardor of the Zatasians to make the evening a happy one was not dimmed.

The program opened at the appointed hour in the Zatasian Society room, the harmonious appointments of which were made even more harmonious by the soft light of the dimly-burning candles. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Irma Coble; the minutes read by the secretary, Miss Agnes Faucette, and the following program rendered:

Piano Solo—Miss Helen East.

Debate—Resolved, That a lie is sometimes justifiable. Affirmative, Miss Richardson; negative, Miss White.

Recitation—Miss Outland.

Newspaper—Eugenia Payne.

The piano solo played by Miss East (Chopin Prelude in D flat) was a delight to all. We would have been grateful to hear a repetition of it. Of the skillful handling of the question under debate by Misses Richardson and White too much cannot be said to express our admiration and enjoyment. I am indebted to the program committee for having called to my attention a question of such interesting significance. Food for thought! The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. The recitation by Miss Outland was very effectively rendered. We regret that we cannot hear her oftener.

At the close of the program, Messrs. Perry, Moore, Carroll, Henley, and Wood spoke words of appreciation in behalf of the courtesies extended them by the Zatasians.

The social hour was begun with the announcement that each

person present was a member of the Washington family and in a moment all were bent on finding their fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, uncles and aunts. After the finding very delicious refreshments were served and interesting and curious favors appropriate to the Washington birthday remembrance were given to the guests.



## PHILOMATHEAN-WEBSTERIAN RECEPTION.

"Yas, sah, dem wuz good ole times—de bes' I'm eber see. Dey wuz in fac! Niggers didn't he'd nothin' t'all to do—jes had to ten' to de feedin' and cleanin' de hosses an' doin' what dey marster tell 'em to do, and w'en dey wez sick, dey had de same Doctor come to see 'em what come to see de white folks when dey wuz sick. D'yar warn no trouble nor nothin' then."

Indeed it seemed as if the wheel of time had turned backward and had brought us once again to those good old times "down south befo' de wa'. As we entered the door at Founders Hall there ran through our minds a thought of the massa's big plantation house and the good old faithful "aunties" who always had a hand in the affairs of the big house—for here we were greeted by two that looked as if they might be the kind whom the "white chillun all round de place" loved and revered. Aunt Becky and Aunt Betsy were radiantly attired of course in their red bandannas and big checked aprons and they were wearing the happiest of smiles.

With the cheery welcome that they gave us, we were ushered into the Philomathean Hall, where we took our seats, eagerly wondering just what would follow. Our wonder was of brief moment—for we soon found our thoughts directed to the good old time darkey, as Miss Eileen Lewis in a beautifully written and pleasingly-read sketch, from which the above quotation is taken, reminded us of those qualities that made the southern negro of years gone by such an important figure in plantation life. Her sketch was followed by a trio, "Rockin' Time," by Miss Gertrude Hobbs, Miss Floy Lassiter and Miss Evelyn Briggs; as they sang we could almost see the old mammy crooning to the curly-headed pickaninny so sleepy and tired of play. Hardly had the singing ceased when the voices of Aunt Becky and Aunt Betsy were heard in an earnest chat over the happenings of the day, and they came in and amused us for a while with "plantation gossip." Their costumes were typical; their conversation was such as, we imagine, might have passed

between the old time friends, but in some way we detected a familiar tone in the voices and finally were assured that they were our friends in disguise—Miss Olive Smith and Miss Katherine Dorsett. Miss Gertrude Hobbs sang in a wonderfully clear and sweet voice Nevin's "Mighty Lak a Rose." Miss Lassiter completely captivated her audience by reciting "When Malindy Sings." Her grace, manner and utter unconsciousness of self were most pleasing. The program closed with that sweet and plaintive old song of Stephen Foster's "Nellie Was a Lady"—expressively sung by Misses Lewis, Lassiter, Yates, Armstrong, Briggs and Korner. When this was concluded, we were fully convinced that we were not among the people of long ago, but that the Philomatheans in their splendid entertainment, their skilful and artistic rendering of this most unique program had created for us an atmosphere of the old times and had held us in its spell. The charm of it all, the inspiration we gained will live with us as an incentive to better things among ourselves.

As souvenirs each guest was given a miniature likeness of the "old black mammy," the artistic work of Philomatheans. In the big pocket of her apron there was a paper handkerchief neatly folded on which was written this most delightful menu:

Punch	
Nile Salad	Pimento Sandwiches
Cheese Straws	Pickles
Charlotte Russe	Marachino Sauce
Cake	
Coffee	Almonds

To the president, Miss Blanche Futrell, and to every other Philomathean we are grateful for their having given us this evening of keen enjoyment. February the twenty-seventh will always remind us of one of the happiest occasions of the year.

## GEMS OF MASTER MINDS.

"For more Grace I pray" (Riddick).

"To love but one is true nobility" (Matthew Perry).

"If loafing interferes with your studying, stop studying" (Redding).

"Omission is my greatest sin" (Raper).

"Let me go onward and upward" (Shore).

"To acquire beauty—laugh" (M. Shamburger).

"Fie! on your dates, I have none of them" (M. Shamburger).

"I am glad I am not like other men" (Morris).

"I am a Southerner, nothing is more dear to me than the Gray" (J. Armstrong).

"I am a flunker by trade" (K. Teague).

"You can't keep a working man down" (Strayhorn).

"Blessed is the man that can look in the firmament and say 'Ego orno Lunons'" (Bob Mitchel).

"Be sure your girl will find you out" (Fowell).

"The world does not yet appreciate a genius" (Punk Williams).

"I hope to fall in love some time" (Nelson).

"If you would win keep chewing" (Barber).

"Every man should sport some time in his life" (S. Lindley).

"I wonder what 'prehistoric man' had to eat at Founders?"  
Ans. Butter, and we had some of the left-overs today.



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Prof. Binford, on Biblical Literature—"Name the Patriarchs?"

Kathryn Dorsette—"Babel is one."

New student in the Gym—"What is that platform in that end of the gym?"

O. S.—"That's the gallery."

N. S.—"What is that in the other end, the boyery?"

Prof. Crosby—"Ethel, why was this poem given the name 'Brute'?"

Ethel S.—"Because it is written in such brutish lines."

While some girls were taking Prof. Dixon for a joy ride on their sleigh the other day, Miss Louise spied them and rushed out to see which one of the boys it was, but found to her surprise that Prof. Dixon enjoyed playing with the girls also.

Ed. Carroll says it's not worth while to get discouraged and "quit" trying if you aim to sport.

Bob Mitchel—"Tom, what are you crying about?"

Tom Perry, crying—"Oh, Bob I never will get through here."

B. M.—"Why do you think so?"

T. P.—"I heard Prof. Carroll tell Paul Nunn last year it would be a tight squeeze for him to get through here, and if that thin thing can't get through, how in the land do you expect me to get through."

Miss Louise—"Girls, Thee must not pass notes to the boys. That is something I never did do."

Bright Girl—"But, Miss Louise, we don't want to be like you when we get old."

Bill Futrell is taking Biblical Literature this year. He is not so much interested in Abraham, but profoundly so in Sarah.

Prof. Crosby, assigning an English lesson to the Freshman class—"Read the Illiod, Virgil's Aeneid, Pilgrim's Progress, all the literature in Chaucer period, Chanson De Roland, all of the Confucian works, the Travels of Han Shin, Scot's Waverly novels, outline the following: Hamlet, Merchant of Venice, Macbeth, Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado About Nothing."

George Hartley spent a few days with us and we enjoyed his lectures very much while he was here.

The "rats" vow it's not fair to have so much snow in the spring.

Facts are conducive to over cuts. For further information apply to Misses Faucette, Taylor and Henly.

We regret very much to lose one of our classmates, Cathryn Watkins, who was called home on account of her mother's illness. We hope she may be able to be in our midst again next fall.

Sarah R.'s mottoes are: Don't let study interfere with your college education, and where there is a will there is a way.

Ask Stacie if Fouls require much attention.

After reading the "Canterbury Tales" Newby looked up to slate and said slowly, "If I couldn't spell any better than that chaucer I wouldn't try to write any poetry."

We guess "Lengthy" will play ball in the Orient this year. He seems naturally inclined toward the East.

There are two classes of boys who do not go with the girls—those who can't and those who don't desire to. But the latter class is so small it is not worth mentioning.

We are proud to note Ed. Carroll and Ezra Moore are making great strides in the new business, and from this we feel safe in predicting Rhesa Newlin will soon follow suit, as he too, has a hankering in that direction.

# CONTENTS

---

1. To Spring (Poem).....	259
2. A Constructive Statesman (Oration).....	260
3. Blanche Cochran's Talent (Story).....	265
4. L'Aarrabbiata (from the German).....	269
5. Friendship (Poem) .....	275
6. Sketches .....	276
7. Editorials.....	279
8. Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	282
9. Junior-Senior Reception.....	283
10. Athletics ..	285
11. Locals and Personals.....	289
12. Exchanges.....	290
13. Directory.....	291



# The Guilford Collegian.

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VOL. XXVI

APRIL AND MAY, 1914

NO. 8

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## TO SPRING.

Lovely Spring! thou art here once more,  
Bringing joy and gladness to the heart;  
Thou hast said goodbye to winter so cold,  
Bidding it backward with its ice depart.

With golden sunbeams greeting our eye,  
Bathing the flowers in dew and light,  
Covering the earth with verdure green,  
Thou, too, art welcome to our sight.

The happy birds and cherished flowers,  
Are glad to see thee once again;  
The plants put on their floral crown  
In leafy grove, on sunny plain.

Thy zephyrs blow thro' vale and nook,  
The murmuring brook winds on its way.  
The whisper of the coming spring  
Calls all to see the new-born day.

## A CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMAN.

Men have proven themselves great by meeting the crises of their times. Governments are founded in the minds of men and the worth of their ideas is tested when the theory is put into practice. The truly great men are those who not only conceive the theory but who themselves stand by it and see that it works well in practice. But in this progressive age, in this time when we like to think of our government as the greatest government in the world, we sometimes forget the men to whom we owe so much for constructing our nation—the men who toiled that we might enjoy the fruits of their labors. If we study our nation's history, if we understand the formation of the Union, we will find no man who was a greater constructive agent in those years of infancy than the adopted son of American life, the daring and brilliant genius, Alexander Hamilton.

Opportunities are not made by men, but for them. Then in order to appreciate the value of the work of this man we must first review the spirit of the times and the conditions under which he labored. Let us go back to the period just after the American Revolution. Let us imagine ourselves in this the most critical period of our history. It was a time of political and social chaos. The people were almost at the lowest stage of degradation in the eyes of the world. Divided among themselves with no army, no navy, they were floundering helplessly in a sea of unpaid debts and broken promises. The disintegration of the general government was spreading to the states. The government had no resources. Finance was the overwhelming trouble which laid bare the fatal vices of our political system and it was upon financial rocks that the rickety confederation had met its fate. The successful establishment of a financial policy meant the successful establishment of a new government.

Here was the opportunity, but where was the man who could place young America on her feet. Here was the theory to be



conceived and the plan executed. Here was the need of a man of the greatest constructive ability and a patriot of the truest type.

Fortunately, we might say Providentially, a boy had emigrated from his West Indian home to help solve these all-important problems. Up to this time he had rendered splendid service during the war. At no single step in the process of shaping the newly-formed government did Hamilton fail to take a most conspicuous part. Never was he found anywhere but among the leaders of political opinion in the colonies. He was a supreme genius in intellectual leadership and was regarded as such by all men.

In the Congress of the Confederation he insisted that our government never would be free, never would be safe, until they had planned a real government with real powers; until they had made themselves not a loose federation of independent units, but an independent self-respecting, self-supporting, self-depending union. That was Hamilton's task. He was tireless with voice and pen in making men understand what the United States might be and what the United States ought to be.

As a member of the Constitutional Convention, he took the floor at a psychological moment. For five hours Madison says he held spell-bound this body of the ablest men ever assembled in one room for a like purpose, while he explained the principles upon which the national government should be organized. A portion of this plan is contained in our constitution until this day. His two colleagues left in disgust when they saw that the constitution was going to be made, but he remained and signed it as the sole representative of what is now the Empire state.

Then came a heavy task—how to get this constitution ratified in the face of so much opposition. To Hamilton more than to any other man is due the ratification by the state of New York. Stubborn and insistent was the opposition to the constitution there. It was before the day of political bosses, it was a time when men had to be won over from one side of a

proposition to the other by force of argument and intellect, and Hamilton wore down the determined opposition by no other instruments than these.

The constitution was made, what was the government? Where was the life-giving blood? Where were its resources and what scheme of taxation was it to employ? How was this new national unity to develop? How was it to make itself real? The center of the fighting line was the department of the Treasury and to that department Hamilton went, contrary to his friends' advice and in spite of a paltry salary. His time had come, the great epoch of his life, and it was impossible to escape his destiny. There he sat for the six most fateful years of the history of our government. One great report after another he poured in upon the Congress, and from these reports came the funding system, the revenue system, the sinking fund, national banking, the currency and the first enunciation of the protective policy. In fact everything to call the latent forces of a nation into action for purposes of national support and for national administration. The Congress had hardly anything before it but his proposals and they accepted in principle and almost in detail every great fundamental recommendation that he made. That is how the government of the United States was built. There was no use in making a government that was a framework of skin and bones alone; these bones must be covered with flesh, these arteries and veins must be filled with blood, there must be food to assimilate, power to gain nourishment, ability to act. It is not too much to say that to Alexander Hamilton we owe the infusion of the warm, rich blood of national revenue which went pulsating through the veins of the struggling young government and gave it real self-sustaining life. In a time when American nationality meant nothing he grasped the great conception in all its fullness and gave all he had of will and intellect to make its realization possible. He armed the government with credit and with a productive revenue he won for it the good will of the business world, he gave it a strong ally in the national bank, and drew out and welded together a powerful class which knew no

state lines. He drew out the resources of the country, exercised the powers of the constitution and laid the foundations of national greatness. It was a great policy, the work of a master mind looking far into the future. Read the history of the first three Congresses, read the history of Washington's administration, and you will see that Alexander Hamilton made the government of the United States in body and spirit just as truly as he had planned it in form.

It is no wonder that Tallegrand, the great French statesman, said when he saw the light burning in Hamilton's study window at midnight, "I have seen the eighth wonder of the world. I have seen a man laboring for the support of his family after he has made the fortune of a nation."

Then Hamilton met his tragic, fateful end because he rose above party advantage for his country's sake. That was patriotism. He may have erred in moments of passion, but if we study his life, his motives, we will see here an ideal of patriotism for which the world is striving today.

Oh that we might have a new baptism into the fine, unselfish devotion of Hamilton and learn to appreciate life under a free government for which our forefathers gave their lives in unselfish service. Ought we not to review the life of such a statesman in order to appreciate our heritage, in order that we may recognize how little service we are giving to our country?

The intellect and personality of Hamilton have not left their stamp and superscription so much upon the constitution, but upon the government, the public policy, the political system, which grew up under the constitution, they made an indelible impression which has never been effaced. They are a part of the warp and woof of our national being, they are a part of the very governmental edifice under which we live. What Alexander Hamilton taught of civil liberty, of order and of freedom, what he taught of effective responsible government, of its purpose and its organs, has become so built into our daily life and into the system of our business, that we have forgotten that it is essential to our welfare and to the perpetuity of our government.

We should remember not alone what he was, not alone what he did, but what bearing all that has upon America of today. What lessons his career, his teachings, both as a man and as a statesman have in relation to the great problems of politics, of economics, and of the development of civil liberty that are to be solved in the future. There is no safe guide for the future but the experience of the past. When we see out of what a tangle of injustice and ignorance our forefathers have come, to what heights we have mounted under their constitution, their civil institutions, their liberty and their freedom, it is to me inconceivable that as these people come to know what the issue of the moment really is, they will turn their backs on men like Hamilton and tear their governmental structure down as if it were the work of a day. The need of the hour is the thorough organization of the forces into co-operative effort, under the wise constructive leadership of men like Hamilton. With such forces and such leaders our government will ever be ready to cope with the dangers which may threaten it in the future.



## "BLANCHE COCHRANE'S TALENT."

"Blanche," said Mrs. Cochrane, as her daughter was putting on her wraps fixing to go to her club meeting, "I wish you would look in the pantry and get a fresh loaf of bread and carry it to Mrs. Wagner as you go."

Blanche's usually bright face clouded.

"I am sorry to ask it, but this means so much to the old lady. Of course she has plenty to eat, but she appreciates these little extras from her friends," Mrs. Cochrane continued.

Blanche felt very impatient as she went on her errand. When she reached the house that was pointed out to her, she flew up the steps, gave the door bell a quick jerk.

"Come," said a quiet voice in response to her ring.

"I am—"

"O, you are Mrs. Cochrane's daughter, I can tell from the favor," interrupted Mrs. Wagner.

"Yes, I am Blanche Cochrane. Mother sent you a loaf of bread," Blanche said with a much softer voice than usual.

"Thank you, thank you, honey," exulted the old lady.

"I didn't know that you pieced quilts," remarked Blanche as she sank into a chair.

Mrs. Wagner laughed. Blanche had thought all old people were grave and quiet.

"If I couldn't work, life wouldn't be worth while, you will find that out too when you grow older."

"How old are you?" the question slipped out before Blanche could realize what she was asking and that it was impolite for her to be asking such a question.

"I will be eighty-nine next Saturday," answered Mrs. Wagner.

"Do you ever have any birthday parties?" Blanche questioned further.

"No, no, none of my boys live here and other people have other interests besides to remember me."

Blanche for the first time thought where she had started, "I



must go," she said suddenly and her face was alight with a new idea. "I am glad I came," she added.

"So am I," Mrs. Wagner replied, "and you must come again."

Blanche went on her way and at the same time pondering in her mind how she could make her new friend happy.

When she reached the place where the meeting was being held, the house had already been called to order. As soon as an opportunity was given for bringing new business before the house, Blanche, who had never even seconded a motion, was on her feet talking as if she had always been accustomed to it. She suggested that the club give Mrs. Wagner a birthday party. The suggestion was favorably approved by all of the members and was followed by a prolonged clapping. When the excitement was over the president asked Blanche to give some plans for the party, which she did in a few, short precise sentences. She closed by saying, "We will show the people that 'The Club of Twelve' stands for something."

When she had finished the house was again in confusion. It seemed as if every one wanted to talk and clap their hands at the same time.

Committees were appointed to do the various tasks. Blanche and two other girls were appointed to do the inviting.

They first went to Dr. Hunter's office and laid the plan before him.

"Capital idea," he assured them. "Why the old lady will be as proud as a boy with his first trousers. I stopped to see her yesterday and she told me that she wished that she could have a birthday cake with candles on it, so be sure to have one."

"We have already planned that," the girls remarked.

"I will be glad to come and am glad you thought of the idea."

Every person whom they invited heartily approved of the plan.

During the next week they were so full of plans and anticipation that they could hardly study. Blanche visited Mrs. Wagner again on Friday to tell her the plans, for the doctor had said that it would not do to give her too great a surprise.



When she heard the plans she was as full of anticipation as the youngest member of the club.

On Saturday morning the whole club met at Blanche's home to prepare the refreshments. Then they carried them to Mrs. Robertson's, with whom Mrs. Wagner boarded. At half past three the old lady was seated in the easiest chair in the parlor, awaiting the arrival of the guests. Her eyes grew brighter and brighter as each new arrival greeted her. When all had arrived the mayor, at the signal of Blanche, arose and gave greetings for the city. Never before had he made such a speech. The people began to cast glances at each other and before he got through there was not one who was not moved to passion.

This speech was followed by one from the preacher, doctor, banker and other friends.

The refreshments proved as great a success as the speeches. Mrs. Wagner clapped her hands with delight when the cake with eighty-nine burning candles appeared. "I haven't had a birthday cake since I was eighteen years old," she exclaimed.

When the refreshments were finished Mrs. Cochrane noticed that Mrs. Wagner was growing tired. "We must go," she said as she arose, "or Mrs. Wagner will not want us to celebrate her next birthday."

"You girls have given me a great deal of pleasure," Mrs. Wagner said in her usual quiet manner that meant so much to any one.

They all took their leave and when they went down the street they were in absolute silence until they reached Blanche's home.

"Remember, girls, the next meeting is with me," Blanche said, "Good-bye."

When Blanche had left them the president remarked that they were fortunate in having such a girl in their club. Each girl heartily agreed with her. This remark was followed by many more until one by one the girls had dropped out and they were all at their respective homes.

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The next Saturday evening meeting was held at Blanche's house as had been planned, but instead of talking about what they could do have a good time they discussed what they could do to make some one else happy. In fact the object of the club was entirely changed—all on account of Blanche Cochrane's talent.



## L'AARRABBIATA.

(From the German.)

Antonio Dheselli, a young fisherman of Sorrento, had to take a young priest over to the island of Capri, ten miles from the town of Sarrento. As they stood at the boat landing fixing to leave, a little girl standing near by, with a bundle under her arm, asked the priest if she might go with them to Capri. Antonio waited for her to get in, and put his jacket down on the seat to make it more comfortable for her; she pushed it aside and sat down beside the priest.

She was a beautiful girl of eighteen years, with black eyes and heavy braids of dark hair which she wore like a diadem wound around over her forehead. But she was very poorly dressed. The girl's name was Laurella, but the young men of the town had given her the name of L'Arrabbiata (Crosspatch) on account of her sullen and silent manner.

Antonio did not pick up his jacket, but muttered something between his teeth, and he put off the boat from the shore.

Laurella was taking some silk, which she had spun, to a woman in Capri who made silk ribbons. Laurella did not make ribbons herself, because they were not able to buy a loom, and, on account of her sick mother, she could not leave home to make them anywhere else.

After a while the curate asked her how old she was.

"Eighteen years and three months," was the reply.

"And how old were you when the artist from Naples came to paint your picture?" asked the priest.

"There was no good reason that he should make it, there are many girls in Naples and Sorrento whose pictures he could have made, because they are much more beautiful than I, and then who knows what he might have done. He could have charmed me and hurt my soul, and killed me, mother said."

"Believe not so simple a thing," said the priest. "Are you not always in the hands of God, without whose will not a hair from your head will fall? And shall a man with such a picture

in his hand be stronger than God? Besides you can see that he wished you well. Otherwise would he have wanted to marry you?"

She was silent.

"And he could have better supported your mother than you can with the bit of spinning and silk reeling."

The priest tried to convince her that Antonio really cared for her, and that he had no wrong intention in wanting to paint her picture. But he soon found that she hadn't any thoughts of loving any one. He asked her reasons for her stubbornness and she said she had a good reason, but could not tell it. She gave a hasty shy glance to Antonio, who was behind them in the boat, rowing briskly with his cap pulled far down over his forehead. He stared in the water of the lake and seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts. But Antonio noticed her glance and inclined his ear nearer to her.

"You have not known my father," she whispered to the priest and her eyes looked stern. "You did not know that he alone was to blame for my mother's sickness."

"Why so?" asked the priest.

"Because he has ill-treated her and beat her. I remember the night when he came to the house in a rage. She said nothing and did nothing to him, but he beat her until my heart almost broke. Then I pulled the cover over my head and acted as if I were asleep, but I cried the whole night, and when he saw her lying on the floor he changed himself suddenly and helped her up and kissed her. My mother forbid me ever to say a word about it; but it grieved her so that during these long years that he's been dead she has not got well, and if she should die soon, which may heaven forbid, I know well who killed her."

The little priest shook his head and seemed undecided how far he could acknowledge his confessant right; finally he said, "Forgive him as your mother has forgiven him; fix not your thoughts on that sad picture, Laurella, there will be better times for you, come and forget all that."

"Never will I forget that," she said and shuddered; "and know father curate, wherefore I will remain a virgin and be

dependant on no one who will abuse and then caress me. If now as I am, one should wish to strike or kiss me I could defend myself. But mother could not defend herself from the blow or kiss because she loved him and no one will I so love that I shall be sick and miserable on his account. I'll hang my heart on no man."

The priest told her that all men were not like her father and that she was only a child and did not know what she spoke. There was a long silence.

After a two hours' ride they landed at the harbor at Capri. Antonio helped the ecclesiastical lord out of the boat. Laurella did not wish to wait till he came back for her; she gathered her dress together, the wooden shoes in her right hand and her bundle in her left hand and splashed ashore.

The priest said he would remain at Capri all day and told Laurella not to forget to go back to her sick mother before night. She replied as she shook out her dress that she would go if there was an opportunity. Antonio in an indifferent tone told her he had to go back and he would wait for her. As they parted Laurella kissed her hand to the priest and said a good-bye that they both might share.

Antonio tipped his cap to the priest but did not look at Laurella. When both their backs were turned, he allowed his eyes to follow the priest a short time and shifted them then to the maiden. Just before disappearing Laurella stopped a moment as if to draw breath and saw him. Their glances met and they moved as people who wished to make excuses for a mistake. The maiden with firm, set lips went her way.

Antonio waited for two hours on the bench before the fisherman's tower. He talked with a woman there concerning the summer tourists and their work. Late in the afternoon as he sat talking with some of the fishermen he heard the beach gravel crackle to the left and Laurella came on her way from Capri. She nodded hastily and stood undecidedly still. Antonio took hasty leave and ran down to the boat, untied the rope and stood in expectation for the maiden. She looked on all sides to find other company. A few fishermen's wives and

children sat sleeping or spinning near the shore. She didn't look around long, for, before she could prevent him, Antonio had taken her in his arms and carried her as a child into the boat. He sprang in too and in a few minutes they were on the open sea. She sat in the front of the boat with her back half turned, that he could only see the side of her face. Her features were graver than usual, her hair hung down over her forehead and her nostril quivered in an expression of stubbornness, her mouth was closed fast. They rode for a long time in silence. The sun had not yet gone down when she took the bread out of her napkin and put the napkin over her braid of hair. She began to eat the bread and Antonio offered her some oranges, which were left in a basket on the boat, to eat with her bread; but she would not take them; she did not know him she said. He tried to get her to take them to her mother, but she replied that they had some at home, and when they gave out she would buy more. Thus they sat in the boat as bitterest enemies. Now they were on the middle of the lake and no where in the distance could they see a sail, not even a gull flew there in the deep solitude. Antonio looked at her and a thought seemed to rise in him, for the red went suddenly from his cheeks, and he allowed the rudder to fall.

"I must make an end," broke out the sailor, "this thing has gone on too long and I am surprised that I am not ruined with it. You say you do not know me? Have you not witnessed long enough how I have been like a madman beside myself to talk to you? Then you make an ugly face and turn your back on me."

"What had I to say to you?" she said shortly. "I have indeed seen that you wish to keep company with me, but I do not like to talk to people all for nothing. I like you nor no one."

"There will be a time when you are lonesome and then crazy as you are take the first for the best."

"No one knows his future, it may be that my mind will change, but what does it concern you? Have I promised myself to you?"

"Oh, its not written, there needs no lawyer to draw it up in



Latin with seal; but I know that I have as much right to you as to go to heaven, were I a good fellow. I am man enough that I will have a life no longer miserable by such a cross-patch. You know that you are here in my power and you must do as I say?"

She trembled slightly as she looked on him:

"Kill me if you dare!"

He looked on her with pity and threw both arms around her, but in an instant he took his right hand back, the blood gushed out—she had bitten him intensely. "Let's see whether I'm in your power or not," she said and snatching herself from him she sprang over the side of the boat and disappeared for a moment in the deep. She came up and striking out she swam briskly. Antonio stood in the boat and gazed at her. He took the oar and started toward her. The bottom of the boat was becoming red by a constant flow of blood from his arm. In a moment he was at her side and begged her to get back in, not for his sake, but to save her life. She swam on as if she did not hear—then he begged her for her mother's sake to save her life and she measured with her eyes the distance to the coast. Without an answer she turned to the boat and seized the edge with her hand, while his jacket slipped off from the seat into the lake when she drew the boat over.

When he saw she was safe, he started off. Her hair and dress were dripping with water. Then she noticed the blood, and offered her handkerchief to bind the arm, but he rowed on. She tied it on his arm herself.

They were now nearing the shore and the old lady who saw them leave was there to meet them. She asked Antonio what was the matter with his arm and he told her he hurt it on a nail and that it would be all right by morning.

"Good-bye," said Laurella and she wandered up the path.

"Good night," he said, without looking up, and he climbed the little stone steps up to his hut.

He was alone in the two-roomed hut and he wished night would soon come for he was weak from the loss of blood. He dressed his wound and said to himself he would send her hand-

kerchief to her the next day for he would see her no more. He washed it carefully, then throwing himself on the bed, closed his eyes.

The bright moon woke him out of his half-sleep and at the same time he heard a noise at his door.

"Who is there?" he said and opened the door. Laurella stood before him. "You came to get your handkerchief," he said, "I meant to send it to you in the morning."

She had been on the mountain and gathered some herbs for his wounded arm. He asked her why she was there at that hour. She cared not for the time but went about binding his arm. He asked her to forgive him for the way he acted that day. She pardoned him and told him it was only self-defense caused her to bite him.

"Well, let this be the end," he said as he laid the handkerchief in her basket. She did not start at once and tears came in her eyes. He asked if she were sick, she said she was not, and would go home; as she staggered to the door, tears overcame her—but before he could follow her she turned suddenly around and fell on his neck. He held her a while speechless in his arms. Then she kissed him and said:

"You can say to yourself, if you are again in doubt, 'she has kissed me, and Laurella kisses no one, but the one she wishes for her own'."

## FRIENDSHIP.

How priceless a gem is Friendship,  
A gem we cherish in pride.  
How dear always to have a friend  
In whom we can confide.

No matter how rough the way may be,  
A friend is ready ever,  
To help you always, onward, upward,  
And will forsake you never.

How sweet to know that in o ur life,  
From so small a cup we sip  
The essence of so strong a tie—  
The thing we call Friendship.

## SKETCHES.

It happened during the stingy little half an hour before study period.

Nothing more than natural that we should desire to amuse ourselves. We had strict orders to the effect that New Garden was no place for us, so up the three flights of flesh reducers we climbed seeking a little pleasure to brighten our miserable existence. We found it—and plenty of it.

It started out very nice, each one of us was to dress as a member of the faculty. Of course it fell to my miserable lot to take the most high strung one of all, and take it from me, I did her justice. I hustled into a raincoat and some rubber shoes and forced my red middy tie to act as a scarf to place over my head. After I had my umbrella I was fixed and down the hall I went. Naturally every one laughed and laughed long and loud.

Suddenly it seemed as if the cord had snapped. You could have heard a pin drop and through the transparent stillness a shrill voice squeaked, "I shall insist on more quiet. This noise is unnecessary. Don't let me have to speak again." This finished, stillness reigned but for a short time only.

Another member of the faculty was taken which again produced the same volume and amount of merriment as the previous one, and again the squeaky voice called, "Twice is enough to call any one down. Stop this noise immediately—you have about gone to your limit."

This time the words came from the stairs; could it be possible she was going down and let us alone? Thinking she was out of the way we proceeded.

Ever since a witch first rode a broom it has been definitely understood that they make excellent horses and I attempted to ride one of the ferocious looking ones that stand in the hall.

"Look out," I cried, "here I come and I am exceeding the speed limit. My speedometer is registering 70 miles an hour now and I am going faster all the time."

The road was clear down the hall, but as I rounded the corner of my improvised track I collided with the owner of the squeaky voice.

"How many more times," it demanded, "shall I be compelled to speak to you? I shall get Miss Louise to have the bell rung, then you will have to go to your rooms."

Just as she turned to go down the stairs the bell did ring. Still riding the buxom broom I made my last attempt to win the much delayed race and I did win it, just getting to my room as Miss Louise herself rounded the curve in pursuit. She came in second, and after that race this is what the would-be purse contained:

"I am surprised—the idea of any one as old as you to have to be told three times to keep quiet. I thought you would have known better. Now for punishment thee will take one cut and forget the way to S. G. Hodgins & Co.'s for two weeks."

She turned and left the room as I turned to my old lady to say: "Well, I'll be——hanged."

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They were attending the Junior-Senior reception—"she," "he" and "it."

They selected a secluded spot where no chaperoning faculty cast their dignified spell. They secretly visited the punch bowl between courses. Alas and alack on their way, they ran into two dignified members of the faculty, but after drinking six brimming cupfuls of punch, they succeeded in recovering their composure and self-possession. They discussed psychological, sociological, biological and geological questions, every-day religion, every-day politics, morals and bad habits. They heatedly debated the question:

"Resolved, that it is better to chew Brown's mule tobacco than to powder one's face with Colgate's talcum powder."

They commented on the digestibility and food value of salted almonds and pickles and the merits of each member of the fac-

ulty, separately, beginning with "Prexy" and "Rusty," and ending with "Hick," "Peck," "Dud" and "Dixi."

At last they looked back over their discussion and said with the ardent fervor of Professor Downing, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever!"

"He" was about to be bored to extinction. Two fire-eating Progressive Quaker maidens arrayed against one conservative, long-headed, Democratic, Presbyterian man, was too big a proposition at one time.

An awkward silence followed, broken by "she" volunteering the statement, apropos of nothing, "The study of the lives of Quakers is one of the most interesting subjects I've ever studied."

"The study of honey bees," he replied, "is one of the most interesting subjects I've ever studied. Don't you think so, 'It'?"

"Yes, especially if one should sit down upon you," answered "It" with desperate effort to be funny.

"Yes," agreed "He" serenely, "and vice versa, if you should sit down upon one."

"Yes, vice versa," giggled "It."





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## Editorials

Spring, spring has come again to old Guilford and each day  
adds some new flute, flounce or ruffle to her becoming green  
frocks.

When the day is far spent and care is for a while forgotten  
her whole bounds resound with merrier voices than before,  
growing more jubilant until the Founder's bell, with its cling,

clang sounds the study hour. But how many times more until we must part? Part? Yes to meet and part again but once more. Why though, that thought cause a sigh? Have we learned to love our little Quaker home because of her beauty, her simplicity and quietude, because she is small and we know each other? Rather have we not learned to love her for the principles for which she stands? and because of her smallness she is practically free from those demoralizing influences so prevalent in the larger colleges and universities.

She, to be sure, is not a perfect type. She has her faults just as any student life is characterized by some undesirable features. Proudly, however we can justly claim that such features of hers are in the minority. Her children are studious, but not so identified with books that they consider it beneath their dignity to act, to play, to work, and whether in work or play she holds a charm for them not to be found elsewhere.

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*Pride.* Some of us think that by pride we mean haughtiness. Not every time is this true for one meaning of the word is "an excessive esteem of one's self; some real or imagined superiority as rank, wealth, talents, character, etc., a sense of one's worth and an abhorrence of what is beneath him." A certain degree of self-respect we must assume in order to be respected. If you will notice a boy or girl who has no care in dress, conduct and company you'll see one whom people disrespect. Probably they have qualities worth while, but they are never realized.

I do not mean haughty pride in any sense of the word. But the pride that makes you self-confident and self-respectful. Be too proud to stoop to the things that are beneath. Keep the best company there is or stay by yourself, yet treat all people with courtesy. Read the best books if your time in the Library is limited. Then be neat but not extravagant in dress.

Let's be too proud to waste time and have carelessly prepared lessons; not to have our assigned work in society done

as well as we could. If it means to recite don't wait all the week and come at the last minute with a two or three minutes reading. Be too proud to say, "Oh, I just can't," when asked to lead Sunday morning chapel or Thursday evening prayer-meeting. Finally, let's have too much respect for ourselves, our teachers and the college itself not to do our very best in everything.

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### COLLEGIANS WANTED.

Since the fire of 1908 our file of the Collegian has slowly neared completion again. However there are still lacking the following:

Volume 13—Numbers 4 and 5, that is, March, 1901, and April, 1901.

Volume 15—Numbers 7 and 8, that is, May, 1903, and June, 1903.

It may be that there was a combination on these issues, the publications were not quite so regular at that time as at present.

Anyone having these will favor all loyal Guilfordians by sending them to Julia S. White, Guilford College.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Association work was handed over to the new officers and cabinet with not the slightest jolt it seemed from the easy manner in which it has moved along since. The cabinet was chosen with most careful thought and we feel that every girl has the interest of the Association at heart.

We've had some special leaders and subjects for our Thursday evening meetings recently and hope to have a greater variety during the remaining few weeks.

Some efforts have been made to organize the "Eight Week Club" work for the girls during the summer at their homes. Several girls have considered it and we hope it may be carried out successfully. We feel that some phase of the work will meet needs in most communities.

The Association appreciated the services of Mr. Sayers during his stay at the college. He made some helpful talks to us and left thoughts that will remain.

The mission classes have just closed with very good reports. However, we hope to make a different arrangement in the time of classes so that a still better attendance may be insisted upon next year.

A little later we are planning to have a week-end camping party for the Cabinet girls when Miss Powell will be with us. We are hoping to have as many as six girls go to Blue Ridge and are looking forward to a prosperous year in the Association work.

## JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION.

On the evening of April the seventeenth the members of Senior class filed happily and expectantly into the wide hospitable doors of New Garden Hall. Before we had time to take in all the charm of the simplicity and appropriateness of the decorations we were entirely captivated by the favors, on the outside of which appeared the face of his or her partner beneath a big Quaker hat or prim Quaker bonnet. Then we were received in state by the Juniors. Soon happy confusion reigned while partners found each other and then strolled in the direction of the punch bowl, where Misses Juliette Ballinger and Bessie Guthrie served us lavishly with delicious fruit punch. We easily found plenty of cozy corners and comfortable nooks among the chairs and sofas and pillows of the wide hall and parlors. Then Mr. Emerson Raiford, president of the Junior class, gave us a speech of welcome, rare for its appropriateness and impressiveness, and touching with his good-bye to both classes as he was leaving the college on account of his health. To this speech Mr. Matthew Perry, president of the Senior class, responded in a few well chosen words. Miss Harmon soon completely held the gay company with a most attractive solo. Scarcely had the applause died away when the conversation and laughter drifted out again. Soon the Sophomore girls came in with the dainty refreshments. The color scheme of black and gold was carried out perfectly in the menu which consisted of

Creamed chicken in patty shells

Potato croquettes

Deviled eggs

Lettuce sandwiches

Pickles

Salted almonds

Banana salad

Cheese wafers

Orange ice

Chocolate cake

Coffee

Mints

Ere we had finished this dainty repast the lights had dipped and it was time for the farewells to be said.

As we took the Juniors by the hand and as we again took in the beauty of our surroundings we drew a deep breath of satisfaction and inwardly wished for them all joy

Oh, here's to the Juniors  
Whose numbers are small,  
Oh, here's to the Juniors  
Who count quality *all*.

Oh, here's to the Juniors,  
With their talent and grace,  
Here's success to the class  
Soon to take our place.

'14.







Although athletics are not the primary function of college life, yet any college ought to be proud of its athletic teams. Especially is this true of Guilford, when we consider the size of the student body from which to choose those teams and the showing she makes when pitted against the teams of much larger institutions. Guilford has always been noted for her strong quintets and nines. Although she didn't quite come up to the usual standard in basket-ball last season, she has been holding her own in baseball this spring.

Through the persistent efforts of Coach Doak and Captain Thompson, coupled with much hard work on the part of the players, we have a strong aggregation. The team is composed of practically the same men that composed it last year with the exception of Stuart at second. Some changes have been made in the positions. Moorefield is in right field. Short at third regularly, while Nichols, who played the latter position some last year, is playing a good game at short since Stuart's departure. "Big Bob" is at the initial sack while Thompson and McBane are looking after the center and left fields respectively. Futrell is at the receiving and Shore has been the backbone of the pitching staff, although Benbow has done well without practice. Farlow worked creditably in the latter part of one game here. Some other promising young slab artists are White and Strayhorn. Other "subs" are Riddick, Kendall and Garner.

In the first two games played here with Atlantic Christian College on March 19 and Bingham (Mebane) on March 27, Guilford was an easy victor. On the southern trip we divided honors with South Carolina, taking the first and losing the second. On the return Davidson went down under Shore's mighty arm. We lost the A. & M. game in Greensboro on April 5th, but won from Elon at Burlington April 11th. The game we most prize was the one with Carolina on Easter Monday in Greensboro. It was a pretty day and a large crowd was present to see what many of them did not expect. Shore had the Carolina boys at his mercy, while our boys hit fiercely. This is our second victory over Carolina on Easter Monday. We lost the games with the Greensboro and Durham Leagues. In Virginia, our boys showed their metal, capturing three of the four games played. We defeated Washington and Lee, who was aspiring to the South Atlantic championship, Shore yielded only two hits. We won easily over V. M. I. with Edwards on the mound, divided honors with V. P. I., the first game was lost by a narrow margin.

The students here showed their loyalty and college spirit, when reports came from these games, by building bonfires, yelling, parading, serenading, etc., almost through the entire nights.

On April 29th our boys went down to the Capital City and won a hard-fought game from the Farmers. This was perhaps the most exciting game played. The Farmers had the lead of one run until the ninth inning. With two men already out Guilford scored two runs and won the game by a score of 6 to 5. As a result of this game Guilford strengthened her fight for the State championship. On the return of the team the students and faculty gave them a rousing reception, which showed some genuine college spirit.

On May 4th we won in an errorless game, on our part, from Elon by a score of 3 to 0. This was also a pretty game. Moorefield's two three-baggers featured, while Shore and Atkinson both did good twirling.

The last game of the season was a twelve-inning contest with

the University of South Carolina. At the close of the ninth inning the score stood 4 to 4, but neither team was able to change it before the game was called to catch the train. This was a pitchers' battle between Shore and Adams, both men doing excellent work. It was a snappy game.

When we look back over the past season we see that Guilford has had great success. She has won eleven and tied one of the fifteen college games played. The following are the scores:

March 19—Atlantic Christian College, 1; Guilford, 13.

March 27—Bingham (Mebane), 1; Guilford, 20.

April 2—University of South Carolina, 4; Guilford, 7.

April 3—University of South Carolina, 1; Guilford, 0.

April 4—Davidson College, 4; Guilford, 7.

April 6—N. C. A. & M., 5; Guilford, 1.

April 11—Elon College, 4; Guilford 5 (10 innings).

April 13—Carolina, 1; Guilford, 8.

April 18—Greensboro League, 2; Guilford, 1.

April 21—Durham League, 8; Guilford, 3.

April 22—Washington & Lee, 1; Guilford, 3.

April 23—V. M. I., 4; Guilford, 21.

April 24—V. P. I., 7; Guilford, 6 (11 innings).

April 25—V. P. I., 3; Guilford, 17.

April 29—A. & M., 5; Guilford, 6.

May 4—Elon, 0; Guilford, 3.

May 6—University of South Carolina, 4; Guilford, 4 (12 innings).

The kid team has some good material and has been fairly successful this season. They have played the high school teams of High Point, Jamestown, Winston, etc. Early practice makes ball players.

Some efforts have been made toward developing a track team. Track work is splendid exercise and more men should take part who are not engaged in other athletics.

The lack of courts is one discouraging feature about tennis. This is a game which requires much practice and with such few courts the men who would like to play tennis cannot get a chance to develop into good players. A plot of ground back

of Cox Hall has been given for this purpose, but for some reason it has not yet ceased to grow weeds. We hope by the opening of the next year to have more courts in order to develop this game along with the others here.

The need of athletics cannot be too strongly impressed. A man cannot spend his entire time on books alone and hope to get all there is in college life for him. In the first place he cannot get what there is in books for him, unless he takes some exercise to keep his body in good shape and his mind clear. Furthermore one learns how to get along with his fellow students by being thrown with them on the athletic field. Good clean athletics not only helps to develop a man physically, but also in other important phases of college life. J. R. B.



## LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

Sarah says laboratory work is a "cinch" since Carl has been appointed assistant.

(French II.—Reading French Drama)—Miss R.: Alma, you take Paul.

For information as to how to have three beans at the same time apply to Blanche Futrel.

Miss Julia (Bible class)—What would cause me to misjudge Katherine?

Helen—Her looks.

Blanche (looking up toward Mr. Blair's house)—Kate, just think, maybe I'll be living there next year.

Eilene says she is afraid to give all of her pictures away for fear some of the boys will want to exchange with her later.

Floy (Bible class)—O, girls, I just love Paul, don't you?

All persons expecting to join the "Bicycle Contest" hand their names to Roy Blaylock and Hazel Armstrong.

(Girls discussing week-end camping trip)—Girl—Let's go when the Clay's have their contest.

Mary Ina—I don't want to go then.

A number of old Guilfordians have visited the "hill" recently, among whom were Tegy Beaman, Anabelle King, K. T. Futrell, E. H. Marley, Geo. Dees, Rebecca Phoenix, Rush Hodgins, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Otwell, Geo. Short and Paul Kennett.

## EXCHANGES.

As the exchange editor views his pile of exchanges, picks up the magazines and reads them one after another, smilingly, musingly, thoughtfully, as he does this month after month he comes to know the colleges from whence these magazines come in a different way from what he has ever known them before and he forms in his mind a general estimate of each magazine.

From the Davidson College Magazine one gets the impression that the students of Davidson College are independent, progressive fellows, with no mean literary talent. With such an acquaintance one expects something of the Davidson man whenever one hears of him. Their magazine is always well supplied with literary articles, editorials and stories. But the stories and poetry do not quite come up to the standard set by the editorials and other articles.

The William and Mary Magazine always brings with it a breath of old Southern romance, beauty and poetry. Its stories and its poems—of which there are always a goodly number—have about them a peculiar charm. One always finds too a refreshing vein of humor somewhere in the magazine.

Most of the contributions in the Erskinian are brief, but they usually contain something very original and interesting. The poetry department is usually rather deficient, but altogether we feel that the Erskinians are a sharp, wide-awake set.

The Era comes from the Old Dominion. We know that and we know the students of Emory and Henry are intensely interested in athletics. They write stories too, though sometimes tedious ones, and believe in humor and a little sarcasm now and then.

The Wake Forest Student stands out very decidedly in its black and white. In fact there's quite a decisive note all through. The departments are well balanced with perhaps an exception in regard to poetry. But the Wake Forest Student is good and we feel that Wake Forest students must be especially characterized by their intense loyalty and determination.





